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Most recent photograph of William Randolph Hearst.

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Most recent photograph of William Randolph Hearst.

W. R. HEARST

An American Phenomenon

by

JOHN K. WINKLER

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TO

S. K. W.

My Most, Most Favorite Girl

Grateful acknowledgments to the many good fellows, living and dead, upon whom I have freely drawn for material. Their names are scattered throughout these pages.

This volume is not a definitive biography. For the activities of our absorbing subject, at three score and five, are still as incessant as the sea. Not until the last curtain closes upon one of the most mystifying products of our time may W. R. Hearst be conclusively placed within the covers of a book.

THE AUTHOR

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W. R. HEARST

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCING AN ASTONISHING PRODUCT OF OUR TIMES

I

In March, 1887, a young man not yet twenty-four, tall, easy-moving, with pale blue eyes, of gentle, almost shy, manner and pleasant smile, walked into a shabby frame building on Sacramento Street, San Francisco, to become owner of a limp rag of a newspaper called the San Francisco *Examiner*.

Seven years before, October 2, 1880, the *Evening Examiner* had been taken over for debt by George Hearst, a bearded pioneer of the swaggering days of '49. George Hearst was a multimillionaire and became a United States Senator. He had found the *Examiner* of fractional value politically, but contemptuously rated it far beneath a single foal of his famous racing horses or the least lucrative of his ranches and mines ranging from Alaska to Mexico.

Was it any wonder, then, that "Uncle George" Hearst, sturdy, cross-fibred as an oak, was bewildered when his only son, William Randolph, announced: "Pop, I want to be a newspaper man. I have some ideas how to run a newspaper too. Let me take over the *Examiner*"?

Young Hearst had been dismissed from Harvard the previous year because of overindulgence in a passion for

pranks. Will Hearst was a born mischief-maker. He was soft-spoken, but with a curious, eruptive sort of instinct that made him a leader among his classmates without ever raising his voice or openly asserting authority. Though their tastes in almost everything ran counter, George Hearst worshipped his lad. He often expressed the chuckling opinion that "Will has quality" and "When he wants something, he keeps wanting it until he gets it." When he became convinced, therefore, that the boy really wanted the *Examiner,* the kindly Argonaut had the papers made out in due legal form and William Randolph Hearst, twenty-three years and ten months of age, became sole owner and proprietor of a daily.

Thus it came about that a foggy morning in March in the year 1887 witnessed the launching of probably the most spectacular and certainly the most perplexing career in the history of American journalism.

Who then could foresee that this pale, placid, smiling adolescent was to sweep over the surface and depths of journalism, revolutionizing completely its methods and its manners, if not its morals, until to-day he controls thirty-nine newspapers and magazines in this country and abroad, half a dozen international news, feature and motion-picture services, and exerts an influence upon national and international movements, social, political, economic, that is almost immeasurable?

Whether he be a sincere progressive, as his followers believe, or a mere flamboyant sensationalist, as his adversaries assert, William Randolph Hearst in forty restless years has become a world force. As such, he merits the

close scrutiny of thoughtful men, and his fellow citizens are entitled to know the real, not the legendary Hearst.

Courted by Kings, Premiers, Presidents; watched by Wall Street and the financial great of the earth; feared or fawned upon by politicians in every city and state in the nation, this astonishing master of the art of attracting attention and swaying the multitude holds himself personally as aloof as the Dalai Lama. Hence the general belief that Hearst is a man of mystery. Hearst is not a mysterious man; he is a mystifying man.

His frontiers are perhaps as irregular as those of any human being that ever puzzled a biographer. Those who know him best unhesitatingly set him down as a genius. Their memories teem with incidents that show him incomparably brave, unbelievably timorous, generous, mean, altruistic, selfish! To some he is a Gladstone, a Pitt, a Parnell; to others a Nero, a Caligula, an Iago. No man knows him completely; some men know him partially; all men who have come into contact with him agree that he is about the most interesting individual that ever crossed their path.

His methods are dazzling. But the things he has accomplished, the things he is striving to accomplish, are as plain as a pikestaff. For Hearst has held firmly to the fœtal ideas that were stirring in him when excitement and romance—and some inward urge—first drew him into journalism.

Hearst trundled his spotlight into the center of the American stage at a time when corporate industrialism was developing enormously. Rockefeller, Morgan, Huntington, Harriman and other titans were welding great

aggregations of capital into monopolistic control of oil, steel, railroad, shipping. Monopoly fathered greed. Gas, oil, water, street-railway and other combinations entered boldly into the business of controlling legislation, the courts, administrative offices in towns, cities, counties, states, nation. Such of the press as was not purchasable was lying down on its job.

In this huge, tangled skein of corruption Hearst saw his opportunity. "Pirate privilege" was the dragon, and the American people eagerly awaited the coming of a St. George. Hearst constituted himself a St. George. He thundered against "amalgamated greed," hurling his journalistic bolts as they had not been hurled since the anti-slavery crusade of Horace Greeley and the New York *Tribune*. Hearst's barbed harpoons landed often and effectively in the quivering hide of the "highwaymen of high finance"—and Hearst won gold, glory and circulation.

For more than a generation this mystifying man has played an increasingly important rôle in our national life. Although his has more often than not been a minority voice, it has frequently proved decisive. He rolled the drums and it is alleged actually to have brought about one war—the Spanish-American conflict. By his shrewd "America First" and "No Entangling Alliances" crusading he possibly postponed our entry into the World War by many months. Incidentally, this pro-German, anti-Ally or pro-America (one's point of view determines the choice of phrase) campaign cost him millions of dollars, and he all but felt the noose of his enemies about his neck.

Historians will be long concerned with Hearst's part

in forcing revision of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to insure fortification by the United States of the Panama Canal; in thwarting Woodrow Wilson's all-consuming ambition to place us in the League of Nations; in stopping stillborn the plans of Harding and Coolidge to draw the United States into the World Court.

Nor can any unbiased observer ignore Hearst's battles against intrenched wealth in and out of court, over and over and over again; nor the victories he has won and the reluctant compromises he has wrung from what his mordant editorial writers term the "black millions" of coal, oil, sugar and gas.

As a fledgling newspaper proprietor the gangling, lymphatic looking youth from Harvard took his stand for woman suffrage, direct nominations, popular election of United States Senators, initiative, referendum and recall, public ownership of public utilities, establishment of parcel post, anti-railroad rebating and other "revolutionary" measures—many of which are now written into the statute-books. He has never let down for a moment this curious legendary man who knocks at our doors morning and afternoon, week day and Sunday, and whose news and preachments are raucously trumpeted into our ears almost hourly.

With the vim of youth Hearst is now battling for such of his original and additional "program" as he has not yet forced upon voters and legislators. He says the United States must have a paramount air armada and an unmatched navy. We must be able to say to the world: "We are the most peaceable nation with the best navy and the

best flying-machines to be found anywhere on the globe."

For many years violently denounced in England as a professional twister of the lion's tail, Hearst has seen his proposal for a union of English-speaking peoples win the indorsement of some of Great Britain's leading publicists. Hearst wants England and America to be at parity upon the sea, though such equality of power has never yet been voluntarily granted by a dominant maritime nation.

Through all his vicissitudes, through all the twists and the turnings and the backwash and the cross-currents of his curious career, Hearst's own brand of rampant Americanism has stood forth boldly. Although he has had strange bedfellows at times, and has made mistakes, numerous and ghastly, even his enemies admit Hearst has remained unbluffed, unbossed, unbribed.

No one taught Hearst his journalism. That was an evolution of his own smiling cynicism. His methods have often been denounced as vulgar, demogogic, disgusting. His defense doubtless would be that vast circulation was always his first necessity. From his very first day in the frame building on Sacramento Street he formulated a policy from which he has not deviated and which is the pith of Hearst journalism: "Get the news. Get it first. Spare no expense. Make a great and continuous noise to attract readers; denounce crooked wealth and promise better conditions for the poor to keep readers. INCREASE CIRCULATION."

The most glaring of his faults, it has been said, is that Hearst and the men he placed in charge of his growing enterprises have too often denounced the successful merely

because they were successful and painted rainbows of hope for the unsuccessful merely because they were poor —and numerous.

To this day Hearst blandly insists that his type of journalism is not "yellow" or "sensational" but merely "striking." He regards himself as a conservative and ascribes the widespread criticism of his methods to pique and jealousy. One who has been with him when many of his vital decisions were forming describes him as "a combination of conservatism and let-her-go Gallagher!"

When Hearst began operations San Francisco was a boss-ruled community and California a railroad-ruled state. The situation was paralleled in many, many other American cities and states. San Francisco was dominated by corrupt bipartisan bosses. Hearst went full-tilt against them all. He licked them.

In the heated conflicts of those early, panting years, the young man from Harvard came to an audacious decision:

"I determined to restore democracy in the United States," he says. "My program was conservative; in a sense, almost reactionary. I merely purposed to go back to what was originally intended by Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln. 'Jeffersonian democracy' was never an empty phrase with me. I had studied Jefferson and Jackson and Lincoln. I had carefully examined the history of this country until I believed I knew what it meant to say 'equal rights for all and privileges for none.' I thought I knew what this meant in words and what those words meant as to consequences."

In attempting to carry out this program the bashful youth almost turned America topsy-turvy. Through it all he himself remained an area of calm in the core of the hurricane. To-day he is as placid as the morning he strolled in the *Examiner* office, outwardly about as carefree a person as one would find in a day's journey.

With practically no burdens upon his shoulders except the individual ownership of seventy-two companies and the sole control of the largest publishing business in the world, the man seems to whistle his way through life. There is not a furrow upon his brow, seldom a frown upon his long, smooth face. Here is one "big" man who will not worry himself into premature dissolution.

Hearst permits nothing to stir the depths of his strange, agate nature. For many years past, at periodic intervals, his closest counselors have come to him sorrowfully with purported documentary proof that his lavish expenditures are outstripping even the enormous profits of his newspapers and magazines, profits said to average $15,000,000 net a year.

"Mr. Hearst, this time you are really nearing the end of your string," they warn in solemn quavers. "You must stop tossing away millions. You must cease pyramiding your properties. Why, Ponzi was a piker"——

"Gentlemen, gentlemen"—Hearst halts the clamor and grins his Cheshire-cat grin—"gentlemen, I am afraid you are pessimistic." Then his long, tapering fingers tap the arms of his chair lightly and, like a father chiding his children, gently but firmly he gives the distraught graybeards a lesson in finance. He points out a possible

saving of a million here, a million there; demonstrates that a certain property given up for loss years back is steadily mounting in profits; proves that his fortune, in actual ledger value, towers into nine figures; and, ten to one, concludes his reassuring little excursus by gleefully breaking the news that he has just purchased another collection of antique art or another ancient castle in Spain or England or Italy and will, of course, require much, much more money—immediately.

That's Hearst. A Lucullus, a Mæcenas, a chameleon genius, a man of impenetrable emotion, an individual of extraordinary merit and no less astonishing demerit. Above all a liver-stirring showman, born with a love of third-act climaxes and a genius for creating them.

France's famed Man of Destiny, whose emblem was the eagle and the busy bee, used to weary of his prolonged periods of grandeur and hint privately that he himself would willingly join in the world's expected "ouf!" of relief at his passing; but Hearst, in his unemotional manner, feeds his Napoleonic complex—and enjoys himself hugely.

At sixty-five the Napoleon of the popularly printed word is still living strictly within his own imperial microcosm. He does what he does because it pleases him and because he thinks and acts and *is* an Emperor within his own sphere. He has no thought of abdicating. "The time to retire is when God retires you and not before," he wired a recent meeting of his executives.

Casually toss the name of Hearst into any group. The effect is as though you'd flung a flaming faggot. Half the

company flee like rabbits, the others rush forward to stamp out the fire. Hearst is possibly the most hated, the most feared, the least known man of prominence in America. For forty years he has carried out, rather literally, the dictum of Mr. Dooley that the mission of a modern newspaper is to "comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable." Hearst has comforted and afflicted in equal measure. The puzzle of his personality and of his career is summed in the fact that he himself is a strange, monumental, ambiguous indeterminate—a two-hundred-and-twenty-pound enigma.

He spends money with the prodigality of an Indian potentate. He has a lust for possession. He buys relics of the Ptolemies of Egypt, of the Romans and the Gauls and the Greeks. He owns thousands upon thousands of objects that spell the story of the world's history. Some of his relics of ancient and mediæval times—priceless jades and vases and two magnificent mummies—are duplicated not even in the British Museum. Only in the curious and infallible depths of his memory are all of Hearst's possessions catalogued. Similarly, in the soundless chambers of his mind he (and he alone) has stored away the most minute details of his vast business organization.

This citizen King is a man of magnificent reach. In Mexico, in the State of Chihauhau, lies his Babicora Ranch. The distance there from his front door to his front gate is seventy-three miles; from his back porch to his rear fence sixty miles. All over the earth this astonishing man owns land and treasure—castles, monasteries, churches, homes, mines, ranches, paintings, sculpture, pottery, rare volumes

Latest photograph of Hearst's castle, La Cuesta Encantada (*The Enchanted Hill*), *at San Simeon, California, 2,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean—Moorish building on left is to house enormous banquet hall.*

and manuscripts, ancient carvings, cabinets, ceilings, chimney-pieces, mosaics. Without thought of cost, he buys and abandons. Or buys and builds and (sometimes) abandons. He moves entire shiploads of ancient ruins from Europe through the Panama Canal to his great dukedom at San Simeon in Central California. Each stone, each window, has been numbered and the original buildings are assembled at San Simeon under the supervision of Hearst, Miss Morgan, his chief consulting architect, and more than a hundred artists and mechanics.

San Simeon he plans to make his great monument and mausoleum. There Hearst is monarch of a domain lordly as any private citizen ever dreamed of. His estate covers more than four hundred square miles. It runs for fifty miles along the edge of the Pacific, with a hundred-mile view of sea and forest, rivers and mountains. Hearst is housing his rich treasures in a group of buildings set upon an eminence of two thousand feet, an eminence aptly named "La Cuesta Encantada"—The Enchanted Hill. Great Moorish towers of ninety feet guard the main building.

Leaning negligently against a portico pillar of dark-red porphyry excavated in Northern Africa from a building constructed by the Romans under Cæsar, the master of San Simeon looks down upon a hillside where sprouts a young forest of sequoias. In four thousand years these saplings are destined to develop into giant redwoods.

"They grow to pretty good size in a couple of hundred years," Hearst informs visitors in his dry, drawling voice. "Some one may find it interesting forty centuries from now

to look from this hill upon the tops of trees four hundred feet high, ninety feet in circumference."

Hearst loves to astonish. Yet there is something in his enigmatic temperament that keeps him from warm, intimate friendship. The man is Oriental-minded. No wonder the people in the West have been puzzled and perturbed by his antics for forty years. By some freakish twist of fate this fathomless person seems to have gazed across the great ocean that sounded in his infant ears and to have drawn his code, his color and his conscience from the exotic and searchless East. Though he has never smelled spice, the Orient whispers to Hearst in many ways—in his lordly, opulent living, his unceasing quest for the beautiful, his curious instinct for inflicting pain and watching others squirm, his habit of falling away from a wolfish world and embarking upon long pilgrimages attended simply by one faithful and obedient courier.

No one has ever attained more than a limited flash of Hearst's inner emotions. He is a man of infinite resourcefulness and usually instantaneous decision. The larger the problem the more quickly his mind is made up. His tones are tenor, but in periods of pressure a high falsetto note creeps in. This is the only outward indication of excitement that may be seething within. In his nature there is a curious androgynous streak that manifests itself at times in almost feminine inconsistencies and reversals. Like Louis XIV bestowing his favors as he did his snuff, Hearst delights in plunging subordinates from the heights to the depths and then again toward the surface of his complaisance.

He moves his highly paid executives about as on a chessboard. On several occasions he has caught men with their hands in his crowded till and has dismissed them in disgrace only to tender them other lucrative contracts a year or two later.

"Oh, yes, I know So-and-so has done some bad things," he answers outraged protests, with a low, cold chuckle. "But this time perhaps he will realize I am watching him more carefully."

His voice grows softer, more silken as the criticism becomes more heated. He sits, one lengthy leg swung over the other, drumming, drumming, drumming upon the arms of his chair, and appears to listen. But his mind has settled this particular problem to his own satisfaction and no amount of logic can sway him. For a man of large affairs and crowded appointments, Hearst is the world's best listener. He has the astonishing capacity of actually closing his ears—locking the tympana—at will. He possesses the singular ability to listen to several men at the same time discussing distinct and widely divergent problems. He senses the vital essence of what each speaker is pouring into his ears and catalogues the facts that interest him in the card index of his brain, and forever.

But if you are talking business with him and for one moment permit nonessentials to creep into your conversation you lose contact instantly. The man freezes before your very eyes. Oceans, mountains, seem to roll between you and the publisher.

When he is interested and pleased and wishes to please, Hearst can be as winsome as a woman. But the moment

he becomes bored he simply evaporates mentally, often physically. Frequently he interrupts fulsome individuals or groups of individuals, rubs his hands softly and, excusing himself "for a moment," leaves the room. A few minutes later an attendant appears and explains: "Gentlemen, Mr. Hearst has received an urgent telephone message calling him away. He directs me to tell you he is sorry and hopes to see you again soon."

Until his death in the summer of 1927 George Thompson was the "alibi man." George, a former bellboy at the old Hoffman House in New York, was Hearst's valet, butler, general factotum and something more. Although he spoke his lines with grave countenance, George enjoyed those little scenes to the fullest, for he had the same sort of sly humor as his master. Hearst was a hero to his valet.

Once Hearst's mother, whom he worshipped and who worshipped him as only the widowed mother of a lone child can, drew him beside her on a couch in her home in the hills at Pleasanton, California.

"Will," she began rather flutteringly, "I have something to say to you. I feel that I must say it. I don't like some of the things you are doing. I am not going to give you advice but I want you to listen to me for ten minutes."

Mrs. Hearst, tiny but indomitable, talked in earnest and animated fashion. Hearst bent forward respectfully, eyes upon his mother's face, apparently all attention. "Now, Will," she said after a few minutes, "that's all I had to say. Just repeat that quotation I gave you, so that I shall know it will remain in your memory."

A blush mantled Hearst's cheeks. For one of the few

occasions in his life he was genuinely embarrassed. He stumbled for words and finally spluttered: "Mother, forgive me. I am ashamed to say I have not been listening to you. Please pardon me." Unconsciously he had fallen into his accustomed habit of closing his ears to matters he didn't wish to hear.

It is this ability to concentrate every resource of his mind upon focal things that enables him to handle his job with the fluid appearance of ease with which a Hagen manipulates his golf clubs or a Heifetz his violin. And it enables him also to create the same unity of ideas in communities more distant from each other than Nome from Nantucket and to talk directly to more than ten millions of his fellow countrymen each day and every day.

Still Hearst always finds time for anything that interests him, whether oiling and cleaning a toy motion-picture machine for his twin sons, who were born in 1915, or constructing a huge printing-plant. Hearst is a highly technical mechanical genius. He reads a blueprint with the ease of an engineer. He can take a printing-press apart and put it together again, and more quickly than most experts. He drives a car like a professional, and could assemble a motor without difficulty. He is an expert photographer—still and motion picture—on both the technical and artistic side. No mechanical device is complex to him. Often he suggests improvements that turn out to be brilliantly workable.

"W. R. knows more about printing-presses than any man in the world," emphatically asserts George E. Pancoast, Hearst's mechanical superintendent. "Furthermore,

there is no one who knows so much about photography. Forty years ago, when I was the chief's secretary, I borrowed a crude kodak and photographed a fog on San Francisco Bay. Mr. Hearst went wild when he saw that picture. He installed a dark room in his home at Sausalito, experimented for hours and days. Of course we had no half-tone process then, but Hearst was looking forward ten years. When he had mastered the camera, he dragged me with him on extended photographing trips to Egypt and to Italy, France and other parts of Europe."

His interest in aviation is intense. In the summer of 1927 he financed projected flights across the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Both ended in disaster. As a boy he was a passenger in balloons. In 1909 in Los Angeles he flew with a pioneer French aviator, M. Paulhan.

"The sensations of flying are difficult to describe," he said when he had returned to the airdrome, "for the human mind operates through analogy and is convinced by comparisons, and there is nothing with which to compare the sensations of flying. I felt that great sense of exhilaration which all aviators describe, and in addition to a deep serenity a calm enjoyment of what seemed to be the perfect conditions of a new and better state.

"The little people below seemed to belong to the past, to a period when man walked miserably upon the earth or rolled uncomfortably in primitive autos over the rough surface. We swept over fields where green grass lay in great square patches on the brown sod. Men were toiling in the fields, toiling below in the workaday world, while we

were soaring in the sky. I felt it was a shame that anybody should have to work when he could fly."

Hearst is a man of orderly disorder. He transacts most of his business by telephone and telegraph. He maintains no personal letter-file. His office is anywhere and everywhere he happens to be. He scribbles upon the backs of envelopes, scraps of paper. He is an extremely indolent correspondent. In New York he has half a dozen luxuriantly appointed "hide-outs" to which he may repair when he desires privacy. Often he ignores important appointments and spends hours at an art or book sale.

His habits of life are exceedingly irregular. He seldom retires before two or three in the morning, and seldom rises before ten or eleven. His cellars are stocked with the finest vintages but he never touches alcohol. Head waiters, even in the days when he entertained lavishly in the famous lobster palaces of New York, were instructed to place ginger ale in his champagne glass. Even beer goes to his head, and cigarettes, once a joyful indulgence, affect his stomach. "I wish I could live up to my reputation," he once sighed, unsuccessfully attempting to sip beer with a friend in Munich.

Although he was almost born to the saddle and rides beautifully, walking is now his chief diversion. He forswore even yachting for a time, though he never lost his love of the water. A few years ago he purchased the magnificent steam yacht *Oneida* from the estate of the late Commodore Benedict. The *Oneida's* boilers are always kept

bubbling, awaiting the commands and the whims of her owner. This two-hundred-and-twenty-foot craft anchors off the Columbia Yacht Club in the Hudson when Hearst is in New York and off the San Simeon wharf when the publisher is in California. He has fitted up a special projection room and delights to show pre-release motion-picture films to small parties of guests while the yacht steams up the Sound or ploughs the blue Pacific. Often pre-view Chaplins or Lloyds are despatched from Los Angeles to San Simeon by airplane upon the hurried orders of Hearst.

Hearst was never addicted to the more violent sports. Golf he ignores. He motors merely to "get somewhere." He has always kept in splendid physical condition. Upon occasion, when on his ranch in Mexico or in California, he rides or tramps for hours. He is a crack shot with revolver or rifle, and he often astonishes yachting guests by shooting a sea gull "from the hip."

When in New York he finds greatest relaxation in strolling the streets. He is an indefatigable window-shopper. He loves to prowl about art and antique shops and book stores. He prefers the shops and private art galleries to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and other more formal exhibits. Scarcely a day passes that he does not make several purchases. So extensive is his overflow of art objects that he is building a warehouse in the Bronx to store some of the surplus.

On his exploring expeditions Hearst sometimes disappears for hours from his New York home which sprawls over the three upper floors and roof of a large red apartment house called the Clarendon at Eighty-sixth Street and

Riverside Drive. The Clarendon is one of half a hundred properties owned by Hearst in New York City.

Sometimes the publisher starts the afternoon "prowl" by motor, then abandons the machine, giving his chauffeur instructions to pick him up at, say, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street. Hours later, perhaps miles away, he suddenly recalls the rendezvous. Then the Hearst office nearest the place of appointment is likely to receive a message by phone: "Hello, Mr. Blank. This is Mr. Hearst. Would you mind sending some one to West Fifty-second Street, just off Fifth Avenue? Ask him, please, to find my car and tell the chauffeur to drive on home. I won't need him any more to-day."

II

The story of William Randolph Hearst begins in California, and some day probably will end there, but the most dramatic events of his colorful life occurred in New York. Hearst seized his chance to become a national figure in journalism in 1895 when even so experienced a trouper as John R. McLean discovered that the most expensive toy in the world is a metropolitan newspaper.

One day in the fall of 1895 McLean stirred uneasily at his desk in his office on Nassau Street and gazed ruefully at a mound of cost- and balance-sheets. The mournful figures told him he had suffered a loss of $800,000 and 80,000 circulation in the eight months since $1,000,000 of his good cash had padded the pockets of wily

Albert Pulitzer in return for title in a dull newspaper dud called the New York *Morning Journal.*

The figures drove McLean into something of a panic, and he determined to drop his wabbly purchase like a hot potato the moment opportunity offered. Opportunity came within a few days. McLean seized it eagerly.

The wavering, fugitive daily passed for a song into the possession of Hearst. Hearst was then thirty-two, in appearance still a diffident, gangling, rather silly looking youth. But he had pushed his Pacific Coast property into considerable prominence. His success in San Francisco had been more than local, but was looked upon as freakish and ephemeral by the Jupiters of Eastern journalism.

Although a yawning public was not informed for six weeks, news of the *Morning Journal's* transfer of ownership reached the omniscient ears of Joseph Pulitzer in his sound-proof study at Bar Harbor the last days of September, 1895. The blind proprietor of the New York *World* smiled into his beard.

"So that young dude from California is coming to New York," he must have chuckled. "How fortunate for us McLean has quit the field! Mac's fault was that he didn't know what to do with the *Journal.* But he had $60,000,000 back of him and he might have built up another Cincinnati *Enquirer* in New York. I am afraid young Hearst won't last long. He will find the going tougher than in his home town."

For once Pulitzer's uncanny gift of prophecy went astray.

Willie Hearst the dude came to New York with his

check suits, tan shoes, brown derbies, chromatic ascot scarves—and about half his inheritance of $17,000,000. Within a half year Hearst was doing the fiddling on Park Row, and if the *World* and Joe were not exactly dancing to the dude's tunes at least they had shaken the dust from their own fiddles and were lustily sawing away on the G strings.

Pulitzer lived to revise his hasty estimate of Hearst. Years later the indomitable founder of the modern New York *World*, generous always, placed upon paper a spontaeous tribute to Hearst: "An able, independent man."

Before a truce was declared in the great Hearst-Pulitzer dollar duel (the most sanguinary and debilitating encounter in the history of American journalism) Joe and the dude had developed enormous admiration for each other's fighting qualities and resourcefulness.

Until the last form is locked in the composing-room of the last American newspaper there will be those who will debate the relative greatness of Joseph Pulitzer and William Randolph Hearst. Unquestionably these are the outstanding geniuses of crusading journalism. In a way both are immeasurable, mirific, panoramic persons.

In the beginning undoubtedly Hearst tramped the trail blazed by Pulitzer. But like so many imitators he so widened and extended the trail that the original pathway is almost lost to sight.

Destiny, it seemed, willed that Hearst should catch his cue and enter upon the American scene just as Pulitzer was stumbling into the lowered lights of the wings. When he rode into New York an audacious, challenging ju-

venile, Hearst almost unhorsed Pulitzer at the first onslaught. But, aging, tired as he was, the gallant old warrior of the *World* caught up his spear, buckled on his shield, and did battle so valiantly that his foeman was glad eventually to declare the combat a draw. Peace with victory—a double victory—and with enormous mutual respect.

Pulitzer and Hearst were natural complements. They followed each other as inevitably as the telephone followed the telegraph. They lifted journalism from a state of almost necessary prostitution and demonstrated brilliantly that newspapers could stand militantly upon their own legs and make their way unaided by direct or indirect subsidy.

Less than a hundred years ago, when the elder Bennett broke with James Watson Webb and launched the New York *Herald* in a downtown cellar on credit, a newspaper considered itself lucky if it took in a few hundred dollars a week. A generation later, when Dana quarreled with Greeley, the gross revenue of the largest metropolitan daily scarcely exceeded $10,000 weekly. To-day a single newspaper, the Chicago *Tribune,* earns a net yearly profit of about $5,000,000. Hearst's New York *Evening Journal* takes in about $250,000 each week; and the entire Hearst chain of newspapers and magazines enjoys a gross annual revenue of about $150,000,000.

Just as the fiery forays of Pulitzer dimmed the star of the *Herald,* so the coming of Hearst halted the onrush of the *World* and eventually forced it into a different channel. The very criticism the Tories of the period leveled at the fiercely personal journalism of Pulitzer—to dip

for a moment into history—might apply to-day to Hearst.

In October, 1890, when Pulitzer retired from active editorship of the *World*, James Gordon Bennett the younger wrote in the *Herald:*

> What the Greeleys and the Raymonds and the Bennetts did for journalism thirty years ago, Pulitzer has done to-day. It is true his methods have been queer and peculiar, but after all they have suited the present American public. . . .
>
> We have not always agreed with the spirit which has made his ideas a journalistic success, and we cannot refrain from regretting that he did not encourage us in the new departure which he made, instead of merely astonishing us, frightening us, and, we may add—now that it is past—perhaps a little bit disgusting us.

Would the choleric Bennett have penned even these grudging lines if he had foreseen that a youngster from the West was to come careening into New York five years later to perfect, expand and jazz up the "queer and peculiar" ideas of the hated Pulitzer and so disgust and harass Bennett himself as to force him to become an exile?

Of the two masters of modern popular journalism, one is inclined to believe Pulitzer the less synthetic. Pulitzer hated flattery; Hearst tolerates a certain amount of it. Pulitzer was magnetic, affectionate, emotional. When his strong musician's fingers touched you, you thrilled to his mesmerism. He never hardened, never became deeply suspicious of those about him. Hearst has not survived the shocks and collisions of his great position as well. He is a man of abiding suspicion.

Hearst's handclasp is no handclasp at all. Rather a limp, clammy gesture of polite social intercourse. Pulitzer's laugh was hearty, explosive; Hearst's forced, frigid, for he is a man of low risibility. Pulitzer delighted in stern intellectual jousts; Hearst tugs away from them. Pulitzer preferred contradiction; Hearst will not brook opposition. Neither though would tolerate a witless person at his table. Pulitzer had more iron in his make-up. What he got he had to shake out of life; Hearst was born to a golden cradle. Yet it must not be forgotten that without extraordinary ability Hearst's patrimony and much, much more would have been swept away.

Who knows what Hearst would have accomplished with Pulitzer's quality of stimulating magnetism? Who knows what Pulitzer would have accomplished with Hearst's coolly detached ability to concentrate upon a dozen great projects at once?

Hearst has always been fearful of personal publicity, as fearful as his mother, who would rather have encountered a rattlesnake in the rocks than her own name in print. It was years after his public career began that Hearst summoned courage to make his first stumbling political speech. It was years later before he accustomed himself to ramping across his front pages like a thundering herd under the bold, black, capitalized signature that is now so familiar: "WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST."

This volume is to be concerned entirely with Hearst as a human being and as an astonishing product of our times. Look at him, then, as he appeared recently at one of the rare social functions he attends. A big man, upward of

six feet two. His rather narrow blue-gray eyes are set curiously in a high forehead abaft a long, prominent nose. With advancing years the eyes have become rather more grayish than blue, cold, sharp, penetrating. The nose strikes straight down from the forehead. The hair is blond, sandy in shade, thinning and graying just a trifle. One would set down his age at fifty.

At first glance also one would call him a man of will and strength but not of magnetism. This impression grows as he tosses his big, unfashionable ulster upon the floor of the entrance hall, remarking: "Some one may find this useful to sit upon." A dozen times in the next hour or two he jumps up to offer his place to an arrival, man or woman. He accepts a plate of salad and a glass of champagne. Few notice that he merely nibbles at the food and touches the wine not at all.

People are brought up and introduced to the big man in the loose-hanging dress-suit. Hearst extends a flaccid hand in welcome, tucks in his long legs and does his best to produce some small talk. He doesn't succeed over well, so he helps the waiters serve and threshes about making himself useful as assistant major-domo. A pudgy gentleman thanks him for the support the Hearst papers are affording in some matter of public moment and asks him to keep up the good work. The publisher emits his low, cold chuckle and replies: "I am not so certain my support will prove an asset, Senator. You know there are a lot of people in this country who don't like me."

Later he retrieves his ulster and drifts through the doorway leaving no consciousness of vacuity behind.

CHAPTER II

AN ARGONAUT AND HIS SON

In the late eighties, almost any morning when the sun was bright and warming, a rather pathetic group of men gathered on Montgomery Street, San Francisco, near the old Lick House owned by Jim Fair of the famous Comstock Silver Lode firm of Flood, Mackay, Fair & O'Brien. John W. Mackay of the firm was the father of Clarence H. Mackay.

Some town wit satirically christened them the "Sunshine Club." They were old-time placer miners and prospectors—forty-niners for the most part—shaggy, shabby, weatherbeaten and pretty much down and out. Some of them had eyes like hurt collies—eyes, though, that seemed to look far and beyond the houses of stone and frame about them. They talked over flush times and, though they had a certain dignity, they secretly expected an invitation to have a drink or the loan of a few coins to risk in the nearby Stock Exchange.

Toward noon, when the sun beat down straight, there was a stir in the group. A wiry man, tall, bearded, with a commanding eagle nose jutting out between deep-set eyes, could be seen leaving the Nevada Bank Building on the northwest corner of Montgomery and Pine Streets. The Sunshine Club knew he would pass their vantage-

point on his way to luncheon in the old Palace Hotel at Market and New Montgomery Streets. Each Sunshiner knew too that "Uncle George" Hearst had paused at the cashier's coop of the firm of Haggin, Hearst & Tevis on his way to the street and had sung out to Ned Greenway in his bluff, hearty way: "Let me have a bag of clinkers, Ned!"

The tall, bearded man, a Senator of the United States but just "Uncle George" to home folks, paused when he reached the group. Then his face broke into a smile.

"Well, well," he boomed in the most surprised way in the world, "didn't expect to meet so many old-timers I knew. Howdy, Tom. Hello, Tim. Well, well, Alkali, it's a long time since we went thirsty in the desert, ain't it now?" So, keeping up a rapid fire of chat and comment, he threaded his way in and out and shook every hand that was thrust out. In some curious stealthy manner a gold piece slipped from Senator Hearst's hand into each trembling palm. It was all done unobtrusively on the part of both donor and recipient. In a few minutes "Uncle George" was on his way up the street and no outsider caught the real meaning of the little daily ceremony.

To George Hearst, father of William Randolph Hearst, this daily tableau carried the memory of bitter years of privation, of desperate struggle, when he himself was seeking to wrest gold from a reluctant earth and when often he hurled himself upon his blanket under the stars and gave way to blank despair. George Hearst was a fiercely brave, free-faring wanderer, who stood out, even among the bold, adventurous, dauntless forty-niners, because of

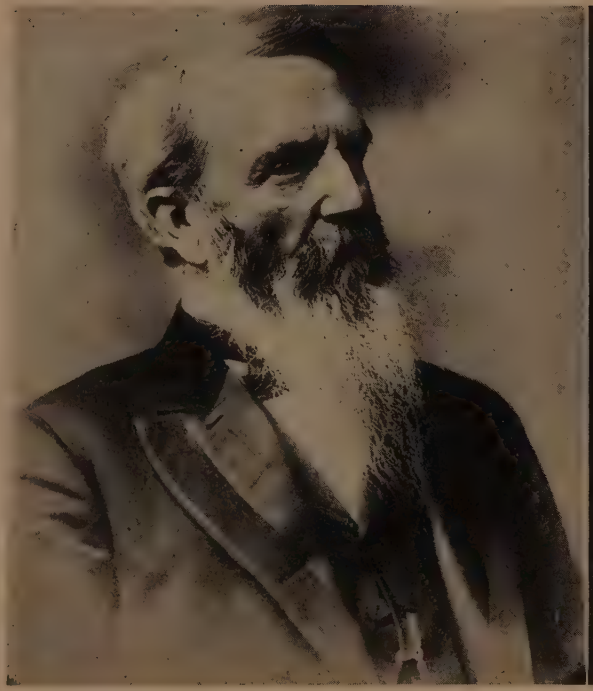
his love of sport, his reckless generosity and his inflexible honesty. Above all he is remembered for his sense of humor. He had a native flair for grave-faced satire. His aphorisms—such as "Why gamble unless you bet mor'n you can afford?"—are well remembered in California. He himself thought nothing of wagering $10,000 on a hole card in a stud-poker game even before his millions were marching in procession before his startled eyes. George Hearst must be considered in relation to his setting and the spirit of the times. He would bet $1,000 that a fly would light first on a designated lump of sugar, but never would bet on a horse, even his own, unless he thought there was at least a fighting chance of victory. His friends said of him that "he'd cut off his right arm before he'd" permit a mount to be "pulled" or "doped." He loved animals and enjoyed taming the tough mustangs and the rib-kicking mules.

There was a certain private room on the ground floor of the old Palace Hotel in San Francisco, the door of which was almost concealed from view. Here Senator Hearst and other old Californians, mainly men of unlimited wealth, used to meet and often play a little daylight poker, though generally for very moderate stakes.

One day an Eastern drummer passed by just as a colored waiter opened the door to come out. He glanced in, saw the game in progress, and walked jauntily in.

"Private game, gentlemen, or may I sit in?" he inquired briskly. "If it's open, I'd like to buy chips," throwing down a $100 bill with considerable swagger.

The Senator, who was banking, reached out for the bill,



Senator George Hearst and Mrs. Phœbe Apperson Hearst, father and mother of Hearst.

placed it in his pocket, and gravely handed the drummer one white chip.

George Hearst's waggish wit was certainly not the least of the qualities he passed on to his son. "My father was a great man, a very great man in his day," says Hearst. On both sides there is brave blood in Hearst, though one searches the man's ancestry in vain for traces of the turbulent talent, his deep, intuitive understanding and sensing of crowd and mob psychology.

Hearst's father was a rough, kindly sort of human grizzly bear. His mother, Mrs. Phœbe Elizabeth Apperson Hearst, was a gentle and cultivated woman, a distinguished leader in education and philanthropy, founder of many schools, patron of many charities and a regent of the University of California. She was a modest woman, small, erect, witty and tactful. Yet she had something of the grand lady. Her eyes softened visibly at first sign of distress in those about her or hardened into disdain when her spirit was aroused. She was earnestly interested in the education of young girls, hundreds of whom she assisted through college or sent abroad. Beautiful things she always cherished, and a work of art she sought out by instinct.

Her son retains vivid boyhood recollections of walks with her, hand in hand, through the great galleries of Europe while her low-pitched, awed voice caressingly described the masterpieces of ancient and mediæval painting and sculpture.

Hearst's father was the son of William G. Hearst, who was nourished upon American soil. The Appersons were of

solid English strain; the Hearsts a mixture of English and Scotch. An employee of the publisher touring England some years ago came across a number of stones marked "Hearst" in the churchyard of Salisbury Cathedral and, upon his return, told Hearst of the discovery, but Hearst manifested not the slightest interest.

William G. Hearst was a South Carolina farmer and cattle-raiser. The Christian names of the publisher's grandfathers are combined into his own given names. When Missouri was beyond the range of civilization William G. Hearst decided to make it his home. He moved from South Carolina to Franklin County, Missouri, in 1808 and sold cattle to the trappers. He married Elizabeth Collins of Georgia. They had two children, a boy and a girl. The girl died unmarried; the boy became the father of William Randolph Hearst. In 1846 William G. Hearst died, leaving his fine farm to his son George, then twenty-six.

About the time William G. Hearst pushed into Missouri, Randolph Walker Apperson and his family moved over the mountains from Virginia and settled in Missouri, also in Franklin County. Randolph Apperson sprang from a long line of land-owning Virginians. His wife was Drusilla Whitmore, whose family had resided in South Carolina from colonial days. Apperson became the wealthiest farmer in the county, but his richest treasure was his beautiful daughter Phœbe.

In 1850 the news of gold discoveries in California worked fiercely in the breasts of the youth of the country and more than two hundred and fifty thousand young men started for the Pacific Coast. George Hearst was drawn

from his Missouri farm by the gold lure. He walked two thousand miles beside an ox-drawn covered wagon, fought Indians and cholera and began his search for gold in Eldorado County, California. He became a placer miner. He hunted and slept on the earth and in the savage mountain solitudes endured hardships about some of which he was afterward a little hesitant in speaking. There was no question about George Hearst's tenacity or courage.

In 1857 he made his first big strike and acquired a one-sixth interest in the Ophir Mine at the time the famous Comstock Silver Lode was discovered in Nevada. This started him on the road to wealth. Later he sold his interest in Ophir Mine to Ben Halliday for a fortune. As a judge of the value of a mine, George Hearst was reputed to possess an uncanny sort of sixth sense. It was said that a brief trip through the underground workings in any mine was enough. On his return to the surface he was ready to deliver his opinion, to make his offer if he decided to buy into the property, and he was rarely mistaken in his valuation. Old placer men swore he was the best judge of a mine in the entire country. His word was as pure gold, and the discoverer of a rich vein could disclose his secret to him, confident George Hearst would not take unfair advantage.

On horseback the young Missourian, with a pack burro trailing, explored a vast region from Alaska to the City of Mexico and from the Pacific slope to the plains of Missouri. He staked other miners and shared in their profits. Anaconda was one of the big finds. Save for this discov-

ery it is doubtful if William Randolph Hearst would ever have been able to establish himself in national journalism.

In 1861, well on the way to wealth, George Hearst returned to Missouri, a romantic adventurer, and won the hand of Phœbe Apperson. She went back with him over the prairies and the mountains to California and two years later, April 29, 1863, their son was born in the Hearst home on Taylor Street, San Francisco. This is a part of the district now spoken of as the "old, aristocratic, residential section."

In time George Hearst became a multimillionaire. He was versatile. He turned also to ranching, cattle-raising and the breeding of horses. He was a great gambler and he traded and raced and backed thoroughbred horses. He was a leading member of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse Association, forerunner of the California Jockey Club, and later he raced for many years in the East. Tournament, Ballarat, Gorgo and the yearling King Thomas for which he paid $40,000 carried his colors.

George Hearst lived to the hilt in the high old spirit of that jovial, gold-romantic time. Often his blanket comrades came to him for help, and they were never turned away. He would grubstake them in distress and buy their mines at a fair price in prosperity.

Twice his adventurous spirit brought him to the verge of poverty. Twice great fortunes were swept away from him; twice he recovered. Gradually the great Hearst estate was acquired, and presently it included mines and ranches and properties of all sorts scattered from Montana to Mexico. The Mexican ranch alone contained 1,000,000 acres and

48,000 cattle. The Hearst interest in the Anaconda Mine was sold for $7,500,000.

Even in those astonishing days when California was in the making, George Hearst stood out boldly from his fellows. With his partners, James B. Haggin and Lloyd Tevis, he conducted a sort of private banking and general promotion business. The partners were a study in contrast. Haggin and Hearst were gamblers, adventurers, buccaneers in a way but square-shooters. Haggin would risk all on an alluring venture in a new mine. Hearst would wager the proverbial last nickel on a sporting proposition. Tevis was a Scot, with thistles and heather in his throat, and tempered the recklessness of his partners.

Senator Hearst's tales of his early prospecting days were always salty. Once some one asked him what food the miners found most nutritive.

"Cheese," he replied emphatically; "good, plain old American cheese. A man can live for a year on cheese. Why once I myself lived for two weeks on a pound of cheese and a few pieces of hardtack."

Of all the very rich men of California—Flood, Fair, Mackay, O'Brien, Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford, Crocker and the rest—"Uncle George" Hearst was perhaps the only one who was really loved. Some of the others bought or acquired friends of a sort, but "Uncle George" was almost worshipped by rich and poor alike. The day news of his death reached San Francisco there was scarcely one in the Sunshine Club group who did not openly weep.

What a meaty old character was "Uncle George" Hearst!

He never could, or pretended he never could, remember names. After the first meeting he seldom addressed a man by his correct appellation. With gravity and guilelessness, he would call you, at various intervals, "Dooflicker," "Siegelbaum," "Dusenbury," "Collander," "Skoals" or "Brown," though he rather hesitated over the last—it did not seem distinctive enough.

Senator Hearst rarely entered the *Examiner* editorial rooms, and never early in the day. Once a member of the editorial staff found him sitting alone in his son's office. The Senator peered at the editor from under his eyebrows and queried abruptly: "Where's Willie?"

"Not down yet," was the reply.

"That's right, son," he said later, "never waste time getting to work early. Let the other fellow do that. You come down about noon and beat him out of what he's made during the morning."

That ended the conversation, but "Uncle George's" eyes glittered gleefully.

It was only to be expected that so jovial, open-hearted a man should be drawn into politics. Though with no pretensions to scholarship, statesmanship or oratory, "Uncle George" was possessed of great natural sagacity. He was a Democrat and called himself a "Jeffersonian Democrat." He served a term in the Lower House of the California Legislature, contributed freely to the party funds and advanced sizeable sums for the support of the clumsy, old-fashioned party organ, the San Francisco *Evening Ex-*

aminer. In 1880, when his political ambitions were broadening, he took over this paper for debt.

The sheet dated back to Civil War days but had never amounted to much. Its paid circulation probably totaled less than 5,000—much less. Hearst's partners, Haggin and Tevis, were as amused as he at the idea of his becoming a newspaper proprietor. The paper was run by Philip Roach and Clarence Greathouse. Roach was a dignified gentleman of eighty with a snowstorm of white hair. Greathouse, a lawyer, retired after a couple of years, went to Hawaii and practised law in Honolulu. He was appointed Attorney General after the annexation of Hawaii by the United States. After the retirement of Messrs. Roach and Greathouse, A. B. Henderson and a bushy-whiskered, conservative man named Cable ran the paper for Senator Hearst.

The change in ownership was welcomed by the *Evening Examiner's* slender staff. The new owner tendered the men, printers and all, a Saturday night banquet. He accepted the opinion of advisers that the sheet might stumble less if issued in the morning. So the staff passed the Sunday following the banquet getting the office and equipment in order, and on Monday, October 4, 1880, the "new" *Examiner* was born. The circulation department consisted of one man who trundled a bundle of papers on a pushcart over the cobblestones to the post office; then took another bundle to the waterfront. Here a rowboat, manned by two sturdy oarsmen, went across the bay to Oakland, there connecting with the stages and steam trains. Those bundles weighed as much perhaps as a couple of dozen of to-day's bulky Sun-

day papers. The *Examiner* of 1880 was a four-page affair. Local news, railroad and steamship timetables occupied leading columns on page one.

Though he had no newspaper instinct, "Uncle George" was popular with every one on the paper. He established a regular payday, a welcome innovation. He also increased wages and sought more printers. The best printer in San Francisco was approached by the *Examiner* foreman, who held out every inducement and told him: "Our boss is thinking of getting out an eight-page paper soon."

"That settles it," exclaimed the horrified printer, "Hearst will be broke in six months. I'll stick to a steady job."

In 1882, when he sought the Democratic nomination for Governor, the paper did its best for the boss. However, "Uncle George" was roundly defeated by his warm friend General Stoneman. The General showed he held no malice by later appointing his rival to the United States Senate to fill a vacany caused by the death of Senator Miller. Hearst was subsequently elected for a full term and had served four years of this term at his death on February 28, 1891.

In Washington Senator Hearst was not a brilliant figure but he was a much liked personality. He was a warm friend of President Cleveland. His wit and ruggedness and the charming hospitality of his gracious wife drew the most noted men and women of the period to his mansion on New Hampshire Avenue. Invitations to Mrs. Phœbe Hearst's receptions and balls were eagerly sought.

The senior Senator from California was Leland Stan-

ford. Although of opposing political faiths, the two Californians warmed to each other's spirit.

Before Senator Hearst's arrival in Washington, Senator Stanford sent for Thomas Ochiltree of Texas, a famous wit and a railroad lobbyist.

"Tom," said Stanford, "my dear friend and colleague George Hearst is due next week. It occurs to me that he may be a little dry after his long trip. Would you oblige me by ordering a hamper or two of liquor for him? Send the bill to me."

"Certainly, Senator," replied Ochiltree. "Shall I send a little bourbon and white wine?"

"Send an assortment of liquors," directed Stanford. "I trust to your taste."

Ochiltree went out whistling merrily. Half an hour later he dropped into Chamberlain's, the most famous resort in Washington in those days. That afternoon hundreds of demijohns of whiskey, magnums of champagne, basket after basket of cognac and liqueurs, a couple of truckloads, were delivered at the newly leased Hearst home. It was the largest order John Chamberlain had ever filled. The bill was sent to Senator Stanford and that gentleman paid it without a whimper.

Ochiltree and the new Senator from California became staunch friends. One of "Uncle George's" pet stories concerned Ochiltree's custom of introducing as strangers two men who were well acquainted with each other. Once he presented Major George Wilbur Peck of "Peck's Bad Boy" fame to a Southerner. They had been acquainted for years but played their parts perfectly.

"Sir," asked the Southerner, "were you by any chance serving in the Northern armies at the Battle of Bull Run?"

"I was," replied Peck.

"Strange," rejoined the Southerner, "I was at Bull Run. I don't seem to recall you. Were you at all the Battles of Manassas?"

"I was, sir."

"Curious, I don't remember you"—doubt creeping into his voice—"I suppose you also wish me to believe you were at Chickamauga?"

"Yes, I was there also."

The Southerner rose and walked around slowly until he got a full view of Major Peck's back. Then a gleam of recognition came into his eyes. While Peck and every one in the room roared, he said slowly:

"Ah, yes, now, *now* I believe I do recall you, sir."

One noon time late in 1886 Senator Stanford was lunching with a newspaper correspondent in the Senate restaurant when Senator Hearst paused at the table. By the hand he led a slender shoot of a fellow whose sandy hair was parted in the middle and who wore a tie of Harvard crimson.

"Leland," boomed "Uncle George," "I want you to meet"——

"What's that, George?" the senior Senator from California cupped his ear and leaned forward, for he was very deaf.

"I said, Leland, I want you to meet my boy Will. What do you think, Leland, Will's got an idea he wants to run

that paper of mine in San Francisco. Did you ever hear tell of such a damn fool idea!"

Senator Hearst's infectious laughter filled the room. Senator Stanford laughed also.

Will leaned bashfully on one foot and grinned.

For the most part William Randolph Hearst's boyhood was passed in San Francisco and on a ranch of 3,000 acres in the Santa Lucia Mountains in the central coast region of California. The ranch was called Santa Rosa. Later Senator Hearst bought San Simeon and Piedra Blanca Ranches, north of Santa Rosa and far larger. These form the nuclei of Hearst's present vast property in Central California.

Here young Hearst rode and hunted and fished. Here he watched his father superintend the breaking and training of horses. Here came bluff, crude individuals who called his dad "George" and were treated like Kings. Also famous men, vital forces of the West, who told tales that made the boy's ears stand out and who sat in at poker games where the stakes ran into five figures.

There were frequent visits too to the Hearst ranch in Mexico and at least one trip to the beautiful palace in Mexico City of his father's friend Porfirio Diaz, President and dictator of all Mexico. On the ranches the boy learned to play the banjo and to sing the cowboy laments and comic songs of the period. In those days, and even to-day, Hearst could probably earn a neat salary in vaudeville.

He is an unusually clever mimic, fancy-step dancer, Dutch comedian, has an exceptionally true ear for music and was a star in Hasty Pudding and "Dicky" performances at Harvard.

In boyhood Hearst loved pranks and he loved animals—traits that were forever to remain ineradicable. Never would he miss a good show, whether a circus, a fire or a parade. He was always quiet, always in apparent repose, but was looked upon as a natural leader by his playmates, most of whom attended, as he did, the Washington Grammar School at Mason and Washington Streets. He attracted the attention of Principal Joseph O'Connor and his teachers by his interest in American history. Mathematics he calmly ignored, but he reveled in geography.

When he was about eight years old, Blossom Rock, a menace to navigation in San Francisco Bay, was blown up by the United States Government after months of drilling and preparation. The blast was to be tremendous and the sight impressive. The lawn of the Hearst home was a splendid vantage-point to witness the explosion, so many neighbors availed themselves of the opportunity and crowded the grassy slope.

Of course there was the usual delay, during which one fussy lady declared she could not stand "another minute." She simply must have a chair. Young Hearst, hearing this request, tried to slip out of sight but his mother caught him and despatched him after the needed chair. Like a snail Willie walked toward the house, his head almost twisted off his shoulders, his eyes glued upon the shining blue waters of the harbor.

Hearst at the age of five or six (this photo was rescued from the San Francisco fire).

Reaching the house at last, he dashed in the door, along the far-reaching hall and seizing a heavy chair prepared to drag it forth. Just as he put his hand upon it a loud boom announced the expected explosion. Rushing frantically back to the door, he saw only the subsiding waves. He had missed the big show.

"Do you know," he said one day when relating the story, "I don't think I ever cared much for that woman after that."

Young Hearst's first experiment in attracting attention was staged when he was sixteen. On September 20, 1879, ex-President Grant returned to San Francisco from his round-the-world trip. He had not visited the Pacific Coast since he served there as a Lieutenant of infantry. Preparations were made for a great reception, and the demonstration in the harbor formed a pageant equal to anything that has been seen in modern times.

The new Palace Hotel had just been completed. The inner courtyard rose clear to the glass roof, galleries running around it at each floor. The youthful Hearst and his cousin Jack Follansbee provided themselves with several bags of birdshot and, ensconced in one of the galleries, awaited the moment when the General's carriage and escort should enter the courtyard below.

At the proper time, with the General's carriage just below them and the courtyard crowded, they hurled down double handfuls of small shot.

People began to run in all directions, screaming: "The roof is falling! The roof is falling!"

Why there wasn't a panic, stampede, and perhaps even

a terrible loss of life, Hearst says he doesn't know to this day. At any rate, there wasn't. But the youngsters were so frightened they fled across the Bridge of Sighs, across the street to the Grand Hotel Annex, hurled themselves into an empty room and under a bed where they remained hidden for hours.

The experience rather cured the budding Hearst of trying to surprise people. For a time at least.

There was always a large proportion of the very small boy in Hearst's make-up. On one occasion he dragged one of his editors out to North Beach to see a monkey which would turn somersaults for peanuts. On another he fed an ostrich in Golden Gate Park a dozen oranges just to see how funny its neck looked with three or four oranges slowly following each other down its throat, plainly indicated by the bulges visible outside.

The oranges being disposed of, he offered the bird the keys on his key-ring one at a time. The ostrich swallowed the keys with relish and Hearst was in no whit disturbed by their loss.

Two laughing jackasses, a strange kingfisherlike species of bird from Australia, interested him particularly because for a week after their arrival from the Antipodes they refused to open their bills before the large crowds that went to see them, but which, Hearst declares, burst into shrieks of derisive laughter the very first day he stood in front of the cage!

He enjoyed going to a waterfront resort called Warner's and play with the parrots and the cockatoos and other animals the sailors brought in from the Southern Pacific

and the Orient. Animals instinctively took to him and he would have possessed an extensive private zoo if his parents had permitted it. The sufferings of an animal always pained him. Once he sent his yacht for a doctor at midnight and paid a fee of $500 to have a pet guinea pig's broken leg set. A short time ago he kept a group of motion-picture potentates, oil magnates and publishers waiting in the patio of his California lodge while he sought to cheer up his latest pet, a little desert lizard named Clarence that had lost part of its tail.

In childhood he developed a craving for fruit and candy that has never left him. He frequently walked through the streets with a large open box containing five or six pounds of cherries or chocolates, munching them as he walked, totally oblivious of people who stared at him.

When he had had enough, he would pass the box to the first children he met. Often he strolled on Market or some other populous street with a pie in one hand and a roll of some sort of jelly cake in the other, taking alternate bites of each. Frequently now, as then, he leaves a theatre party between acts and hurries to a nearby store to purchase a bag of sweets.

Another odd trick developed in boyhood is his dislike of having his shoes blacked. He would wear them until they were quite gray, though otherwise very painstakingly dressed. Once, after his chain of papers had made him famous, he dropped into H. H. Kohlsaat's office in Chicago. He had just come from San Francisco. Kohlsaat laughed and pointed to Hearst's feet. The publisher looked down and saw he had worn one dress pump of patent leather

and one street shoe all the way across the continent! Hearst has never taken any interest in his attire, and without the attention of his valet would appear in the first suit he picks up.

After a credible if not brilliant period at Washington Grammar School, young Hearst was sent East to St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, to prepare for Harvard. He didn't like it East and returned home. But his mother was eager to have him go to Harvard. Without much enthusiasm, therefore, he consented to "bone up" on entrance requirements, and in the fall of 1882 he enrolled at Cambridge.

Bluff old George Hearst and his gentle wife never dreamed that their tall, gangling, rather silly looking boy would become a storm center of some rather exciting events, nor that he would return home, sooner than expected, without his sheepskin and with a curious request that he be permitted to take charge of the sickly, practically moribund little newspaper Hearst senior had casually attached to his other holdings a few years before.

CHAPTER III

HARVARD SHAPES A DESTINY, ROUGHLY

It was "Bloody Monday" night at Harvard in the year 1884.

For the uninitiated it must be explained that this was the first Monday of the academic term, when it was a custom of those pre-Volstead days for foolish freshmen to provide, unwillingly, of course, punches for the equally unwise sophomores to drink. Riot and discord were rampant. Harvard Square and the adjacent streets resounded with the revelry and the cheery yowling of exuberant undergraduates. Small groups of snipers took pot shots at all and sundry with petulant Roman candles. Everybody was out for a grand time.

On this occasion the center of disturbance was Mount Auburn Street, near Holyoke, where student admirers were conducting a flag-raising in honor of Cleveland and Hendricks, candidates for President and Vice President on the Democratic ticket. From a student boarding-house a banner had been flung across the street. Good spirits flowed copiously. A terrible brass band was doing its worst to raise the roof, while the walls fairly bulged with noise and undergraduates.

These proceedings were being directed patently by the host, a tall, loose-jointed, pale youth of twenty-one. This

was Will Hearst of San Francisco, California. Although he was just entering his junior year, the young man was business editor of the college comic paper, the *Lampoon*.

Will Hearst was an indifferent student and no athlete at all, but he was something of a natural leader and always a romantic and extravagant figure. For there was a flair about him. He wore Piccadilly clothes and his scarves were as chromatic as any ever seen on the campus. He had an incurable levity, and his boyhood love for pranks was undiminished. He could sing songs, both comic and weepy. He could play the banjo and shuffle his feet or give imitations in the best vaudeville manner.

He had piled up profits for the *Lampoon* so fast that the unaccustomed monthly surpluses had to be dissipated in gorgeous beer banquets in Boston's tap-rooms. Added to this was the knowledge that his allowance was unlimited. It was rumored his fabulously rich father sent him little souvenirs in the shape of solid gold nuggets now and then. Whether or not this was true, Will Hearst certainly spent money as no other Cambridge undergraduate ever had. He gave his friends a continuous and continuing good time. Withal there was a certain dignity about him, and he ruled the gang quietly and mildly. But he ruled.

On this particular night in the fall of 1884, if you had been standing in the suburbs of the crowd, you would have seen Will Hearst and a happy group surrounding a highly inebriated German, who, seated in about three inches of punch at the bottom of a washtub, was striving to hoist "Die Wacht am Rhein" above the cheers of the populace through a brass horn more than a foot in di-

ameter. The musician's problem was simple. He either had to succeed—or explode. He succeeded. But never have the inspiring bars of "Die Wacht am Rhein" sounded so sour as on that night.

Later most of the throng adjourned to a large roller-skating rink in the vicinity, which promptly telephoned for police reserves. Here again Will Hearst was in the heart of things. With others he was trying to persuade a tearful youth (could it have been E. L. "Phinney" Thayer who later wrote that deathless classic "Casey at the Bat" for a paper called the San Francisco *Examiner?*) not to set fire to the rink.

This youth was insisting that roller-skating was demoralizing *per se,* and a distinct menace to the morals of Harvard undergraduates, which nothing but a holocaust could remove. However he had no matches and, being unable to borrow any, the threatened building escaped what a Hearst feature writer might later have described as the "fell clutches of the fire fiend."

A few weeks later, when Grover Cleveland was elected President, Will Hearst hired many bands of music, bought wagon-loads of beer, set off fireworks in all directions and raised such a blazing, ear-splitting, rip-roaring, all-night racket as to scandalize old Cambridge and almost cause his expulsion. It was the first outburst of that Hearstian genius for fireworks, brass bands and spectacular demonstrations which have startled and entertained the populace so frequently since.

With an innocent smile upon his countenance, he stood before the dean and was told the college authorities had

decided he might, for a period of some months, be able to give more undivided attention to his studies as a non-resident of Cambridge. The climate of Washington, D. C., was recommended enthusiastically by the dean and others. So young Hearst flitted for a spell while the campus settled down and sighed for him.

He returned to the gentle censorship of his mother, and if he smoked cigarettes and essayed to drink beer he did so surreptitiously. The brief period of his suspension was important in the development of the boy. Washington had never been more interesting, more thrilling a city than during the spring of 1885 that witnessed the inauguration of the first Democratic President since the Civil War. Hearst enjoyed a close-up view when his father's friend was sworn in as twenty-second President of the United States. The pageantry fired Will Hearst with enthusiasm and turned his interest and his reading more intensely upon American and world history. He devoured every detail of the lives of the early and sturdy Presidents and promptly pedestaled Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Jackson. When he returned to Harvard he was solidly interested in national affairs.

It would be romantic perhaps to record that Hearst, chastened, settled down to serious labor when back at Cambridge. But it was not to be. He still lived high and wide. He still smoked cigarettes, tried manfully to drink beer, sang comic songs, indulged his passion for pranks and sponsored gorgeous parties. He was a member of Hasty Pudding and appeared in a Hasty show called "Joan of Arc, or the Old Maid of New Orleans." Prophetically

enough, he played the part of "Pretzel, a German valet, with a penchant for legerdemain"!

As formerly, Hearst took most interest in the progress of the *Lampoon.* On the paper's staff while he was the leading torchbearer were several young men destined to achieve subsequent success and even fame: E. L. Thayer; Samuel E. Winslow, member of the House of Representatives from Massachusetts; William W. Baldwin, Third Assistant Secretary of State under Cleveland; Hammond Lamont, editor of the New York *Evening Post;* Professor F. T. Cooper of New York University; Judge Lockwood Honoré of Chicago; Grover Flint, war correspondent of the New York *American;* Ervin Wardman, editor of the New York *Press,* and George Santayana, poet and philosopher.

As a writer Hearst leaves in the minds of his surviving *Lampoon* buddies no lasting impression; in fact, most of them do not recall that he wrote anything. But as a business editor he was a go-getter of considerable ability and never failed to rustle up advertising enough to pay for the necessary *Lampoon* dinners, with ample moisture included. The sanctum beer keg gurgled when you shook it; the cracker barrel held out like the widow's cruse of oil; and occasionally the janitor got "something on account." No one seems to recall where or how fuel for the stove was obtained, but every one remembers there was warmth. Besides, coal bins in the college buildings at that period were never locked. The Lord provided!

Hearst and his gang still frolicked evenings. Sometimes the boys enjoyed the refining society of the shriller sex.

Of course tales got out, and Hearst was set down as a "hell-raiser" and a wastrel. There was a large amount of libel in this, as we shall presently see.

But Harvard men of the class of '86 still recall a box party at the Howard Athenæum, even before Charlie Chaplin was born, wherein a group of undergraduates discovered that custard pies were excellent substitutes for bouquets to express satisfaction with the work of the performers upon the stage.

This novelty delighted one and all—in the audience. It was not checked until a lady soloist, in extreme décolleté, received an entire pie upon her chest and the trap drummer found another neatly encircling his neck like an Elizabethan ruff. Then the management was obliged "to take steps."

Again, dimly through the mist of the years, some of Hearst's college mates seem to envision two episodes connected with herdics. It is probably necessary in this degenerate age of automobiles and flying-machines to describe these vanished vehicles. A herdic was a sort of pocket omnibus on two wheels which seated four persons face to face, and was entered by a door in the rear. The driver sat upon a little perch in front, above the horse. The passengers, when they were Harvard students, usually sat on the roof with their legs dangling, holding that both the view and the ventilation were better than inside. The whole outfit was painted a cheerful yellow and the cost was a dollar from Boston to Harvard Square. Double rates after midnight. The herdic hackman invariably collected two dollars.

In the first vision the herdic rattles merrily over the old West Boston Bridge Cambridge-bound. The hour sufficiently late to cause any graveyard to yawn. On top of the herdic four youths and a liberal supply of cannon crackers. This long bridge was in those days lighted by four-paned gas lamps on iron posts set alternately on the curb on each side of the roadway. The height of the lamps and the top of the herdic was identical.

Behind the herdic the bridge was wrapped in darkness; ahead it glittered brightly, and for this reason, approaching a lamp-post, the vehicle would draw up at the curb. Reaching out from the roof, one student would open the glass door of the lamp while another would insert a giant cracker, lighted. The driver would then whip up toward the next lamp-post.

A moment later *bang!* The gas-jet and the glass sides of the lamp would be blown out simultaneously. Back at the drawbridge the Boston police raged impotently. Their jurisdiction extended no farther. Ahead the Cambridge cops were not yet aware of the recurrent gaslight eclipses. Anyway, the numbered lamps of the herdic were carefully concealed, each by a student's hat. It was a highly enjoyable evening.

The second vision has a sadder ending. A dimly lit Boston street. A herdic is drawn up near a watchsmith's small emporium. It rains pitilessly, so three students sit inside the herdic, not on the roof as is customary. Inside with the students is a varied collection of tradesmen's signs which have just been "ragged" (i. e., appropriated without consulting the owners). A fourth student—who can he be?—

swings pendant above the sidewalk clinging to a large wooden effigy of a watch about the size of a bicycle's wheel.

Crack! The fastenings of the wooden watch give way. With a merry laugh the student (a long, loose-jointed fellow) runs to the rapidly departing herdic and jumps upon the rear step, his companions holding the door open. He turns and waves his hand triumphantly at a breathless policeman who has just turned the corner. "All's well with the world."

Suddenly there is a startled yell from the driver, who performs an aerial parabola as the shafts, released by some break of the harness, fly up past the ears of the astonished horse. Straight up until they point heavenward.

Neatly imprisoned within the herdic—the rear door of which is flat upon the ground and tightly closed—are the four students and their booty. When the officer of the law gets through laughing, he picks the students out one by one through a window of the herdic as one extracts plums from a cake. Thus grim fate is forever spilling the raspberries of joy.

Was Will Hearst on the screen in those two moving pictures from a dim and dusty past? As our Mexican brothers say: "Quién sabe?" It was long, long ago. Mid-Victorian, in fact. The corner of the curtain thus lifted has fallen again forever.

In those days Hearst was Harvard's "Good Time Charley," a jovial agent provocateur for rollicking, red evenings, and blue, headachy mornings, but he was far from a wastrel. Often while he was running the *Lampoon*, and

while envious campus gossip had him supping in state with some vestal of the footlights, the gangling youth from California was really indulging a new-born passion for journalism. Some desire to attract attention on a big scale was stirring in him. He wanted a larger audience than he could gain merely by force of his quiet, provocative personality.

So he began to haunt the editorial- and press-rooms of Boston's newspapers. He talked with every one, from oilers to owners. He secured a letter of introduction to General Taylor, distinguished proprietor of the Boston *Globe*, and spent hours and days in the *Globe* office. He asked questions interminable. His curiosity was insatiable. He made himself a damned nuisance at times, and was told so. But he gained a pretty good working knowledge of the way newspapers are made. He learned that more, much more than the mirific wave of a wand was necessary to cause the morning paper to prop itself abaft the coffee-pot on the great American breakfast table.

Editorial, mechanical and circulation problems interested him enormously. But it was the actual manner in which news was assembled from the ends of the earth and the way it was played up and made palatable that most fascinated him.

At this time the telephone was new. Typewriters were unheard of in newspaper offices. All presses were belt-driven. The *Globe* and other progressive papers possessed sheet-fed cylinder presses. Hearst watched the paper being fed from rolls into the presses and passed between cylin-

ders upon which were clamped stereotyped plates. Printed on both sides, the paper was cut and delivered in flat sheets.

Photo-engraving also was in its infancy. There were no half tones; no photographs were to be reproduced upon newsprint paper for more than a decade. The practice of photographing pen-and-ink drawings and transferring these photographs to zinc plates, etched with acid (so-called "zinc etchings"), had just been devised (1884).

The young *Lampoon* business editor, with a new ambition seething in him, subscribed to the leading papers of the country and fairly ate up all the meagre exchanges that came limping into the *Lampoon* office. One evening a group of his cronies found him stretched on the floor of his room eagerly examining a mound of newspapers. Hearst extracted one paper from the pile.

"Say, fellows," drawled the youth from across the continent, "do you know who's running the best paper in the country? It's a man named Pulitzer down in New York. I have been studying his methods and I think I have caught on to what he is trying to do. Maybe I'll start a paper and give you fellows jobs."

There was a deal of good-natured banter before the bunch dragged him out for the usual nightly tra-la-laing. None realized how soon the Californian's joking promise would be translated into fact.

Hearst would incur any expense and go to the very limit of ingenuity to put over a practical joke. Representative Winslow tells a characteristic anecdote:

"Part of his time at Harvard," said Mr. Winslow,

"Hearst roomed in a house presided over by Mrs. Buckland, an estimable and interesting woman. She liked Hearst, but his pranks kept her busy. Hearst was not noted for going to bed at sundown. From nine o'clock each evening his quarters became a jovial rendezvous for friends.

"On one occasion a classmate came in late in the evening. He had indulged in a pancake and a little more beer than he may have needed. After a while he rose from his seat, not so far from an open fire, and walked to the hearth. After gazing at something on the hearth for a puzzled moment, he cautiously kicked it, picked it up and laid it down, and then returned to his chair, apparently satisfied. The object was a paper alligator about four inches long.

"A few nights later the same man, quite in accord with custom, came again in like condition. This time he looked at the hearth, saw the alligator, went toward it and started to pick it up. But the darn thing crept away from him. Hearst had tied an invisible thread to its tail and was able to pull it across the hearth. After a little investigation the visitor got the trick.

"Some days later he picked the alligator up again and put it in place. For several weeks he'd fuss with the toy every time he came in. Finally one evening he leaned over in the semi-darkness and put his hand on the alligator. This time a live baby crocodile opened its mouth and hissed at him. He lifted his hand and let out a yell. There was a mild panic. Hearst had sent to Florida for a live animal in order to put over a moment of real fun. The careful planning of the incident and its execution suggests defi-

nitely the turn of mind which has characterized Mr. Hearst ever since."

Hearst was always in more or less of a muddle with the faculty. But it was not until his senior year (though he was a junior in some subjects owing to time lost on suspension) that he was actually rusticated. The powers that be had long set him down as a bad influence upon his fellow students. After every party, or extended song fest or poker session in his rooms, the young man from California was hauled on the carpet and warned that one more offense against discipline would mean his permanent departure from Cambridge.

There are varying versions of the specific incident that caused the patience of the authorities to snap. The story generally credited (and Hearst merely grins when asked about it) is that the incorrigible mischief-maker's expulsion followed an unsavory practical joke. The prank was concocted in the early morning hours after Hearst and a few "hell-raising" buddies had been over Boston way until dawn.

Just at breakfast time, messenger boys rang the doorbells at the homes of certain members of the faculty. "Package for Professor Blank," announced each boy. "Got to give it to him himself and git a receipt." The professors, mostly old and scholarly gentlemen, a little thrilled with the mystery of the proceedings, opened their packages. Each consisted of a homely article of domestic usage adorned with the recipient's picture.

This was Hearst's l'envoi to Harvard. He has often since expressed regret that he did not finish his course.

Hearst promptly went to New York to learn something more about the "man named Pulitzer." But he kept up his interest in the college and the *Lampoon* pals with whom he had loafed and joked and worked.

Late in May, 1886, a little group of youngsters, hardly twenty in all, were gathered in a parlor car en route to New York. It was the Harvard track team on its way to the intercollegiate games in New York. Though Harvard had won for several years in succession, this was not a very cheerful bunch. Yale was reported unbeatable, and Harvard's team was far from strong. Harvard's mainstay was Wendell Baker, '86, who later made the world's record for the quarter mile which stood for years. Jim Lathrop, the trainer, was plainly worried.

At Stamford a telegram was brought into the car for Baker. The quarter-miler tore it open and exclaimed:

"Hey, fellows, here's a wire from Will Hearst. Listen to this," and he read: " 'Bet all you like for me on Harvard. W. R. H.' "

Baker and Hearst were close friends.

A hurdler on the Harvard team, a youth who was christened Francis Lester Hawks Noble but known at college by the shorter and more affectionate nickname of "Cosy" Noble, speaking of the incident recently, said:

"Don't talk about the huge wagers of 'Bet-You-a-Million' Gates, 'Plunger' Walton or 'Pittsburgh Phil'! Mere flea bites! Chicken feed! This was the real thing! Our gloom and distrust vanished like morning mist. We felt we must be good, unbeatable, if any one would back us for 'all you like.' Well, we won the big cup the next

day. But it was close, fearfully close, and I honestly think it was that telegram that turned the scale. So in a way Hearst helped Harvard to a championship. I was inspired myself, but in the high hurdles I couldn't do better than second, beaten by Ludington. However, seconds didn't count in those days, only firsts."

Incidentally, Noble, who was on the staff of the *Lampoon*, was to have many years of long and intimate association with Hearst. For when Hearst broke into Pacific Coast journalism he took from the old *Lampoon* crowd "Phinny" Thayer, Eugene Lent and Frederick Harris Briggs. When he wanted more *Lampoon* men, he wired George H. Lent, brother of Eugene Lent.

One day in the spring of 1888 Noble was crossing the yard at Harvard when his classmate George Lent met him with an open telegram in his hand.

"I've just received a long wire from Will Hearst," he said, "asking if there are any more *Lampoon* men who want to come out and work on the San Francisco *Examiner*, his paper. He needs an exchange and telegraph editor at $20 a week."

"For one or both?" asked Noble.

"He doesn't say."

"Tell him he's hired it or them," ejaculated "Cosy"; "when do we start?"

"He doesn't say that either," replied Lent. "I'll ask Lock Honoré too. Maybe he'll go."

Honoré decided, however, he would enter the Harvard Law School upon graduating and become a Judge.

A few hours later a second telegram came reading:

"Tell Noble all right. Come on now or when he graduates in June."

"And that was decisively that," chuckled Noble. "One day in early August, 1888, I walked into the editorial rooms of 'The Monarch of the Dailies,' for so the San Francisco *Examiner* had christened itself, as I learned from copies of the paper I had purchased each day after the Overland train I was on had passed Ogden, Utah. The office was at 508 Montgomery Street, having moved around the corner from Sacramento Street.

"I stated to the office boy guarding the portcullis that I was the new exchange editor, adding 'or telegraph editor' as an afterthought. The boy, who was shadow-boxing and displaying a remarkable Jim Corbett shift and upper cut, paused and regarded me thoughtfully as if I were some sort of bug.

" 'Whood-jer-wanta-see?' he asked at last.

" 'Mr. Hearst.'

" 'Heezzin-Yurrup!'

"I felt all at once completely hollow from the ground up, and looked at him dumbly. The boy, who was offensively red-haired, instantly delivered himself of a terrific full-arm swing which apparently stretched his imaginary opponent upon the floor for the count. This so pleased him that he smiled upon me and said: 'Gotta card? Gimme it!'

"I had and did and the boy vanished through the door like a conjuring trickster. A moment later Fred Briggs, Harvard '85, whom I had seen just once at a *Lampoon* meeting in Cambridge, came out in his shirt sleeves, grinned as he shook hands and said: 'You're "Cosy" No-

ble. We've been expecting you. Come on in,' and led the way through the fateful door. I had arrived. I was a journalist, a Hearst journalist!"

After his sudden severance from Harvard, Hearst had determined definitely to go into journalism, for the reason that it appealed to him as the "most interesting" pursuit he could take up.

"I didn't want to go into any business that would take a long, dull preparation," he told Huntington Archer of *Printers' Ink* years ago when he was still in the habit of granting an occasional intimate, chatty interview. "The newspaper business seemed to offer more attractions than any other—more immediate attractions, and as many ultimate rewards. I drifted about New York, acquainting myself with newspaper methods, and then went into the *Examiner*."

This "drifting about" in New York lasted less than a year, yet it was of real importance in the development of William Randolph Hearst. There had been an upheaval in metropolitan journalism. A keen, frenetic, hawklike man, who looked like a titan and acted like a demon—an umplumbable admixture of sensationalism and idealism—had taken over the little Gould-owned toy, the *World*, a sheet held in universal contempt, and by a bold series of forays had raised its circulation from 15,000 to 250,000. This was Joseph Pulitzer, the man of whom the stripling student had said drawlingly some time before that he was "running the best paper in the country."

William Randolph Hearst, with a great itch to become a newspaper proprietor, was in New York in September,

LEFT—*Hearst, late Harvard, early* Examiner *days;* RIGHT—*Hearst in his early thirties, as proprietor of the New York* Journal; CENTER—*Hearst at Harvard—at his right is Carleton Brabrook, class of '85.*

1886, when Pulitzer ordered a silver medal struck off to commemorate "the largest circulation ever attained by an American newspaper."

It was natural, then, that Hearst disregarded the small and scholarly *Evening Post* of Edwin Lawrence Godkin; the temperate *Times* of George Jones and Charles R. Miller; the comparatively moderate *Tribune* of Whitelaw Reid; the sparkling *Sun* of Charles A. Dana and his able coadjutors, Edward P. Mitchell, Chester S. Lord and Selah M. "Boss" Clarke; even the powerful *Herald* of the younger James Gordon Bennett, which was still a world-wide symbol of personal journalism and newspaper enterprise.

Hearst, like Pulitzer, wanted eventually to talk to a nation, not to a "small coterie" like Godkin and Dana and Reid. So he turned instinctively to Pulitzer and to Pulitzer's method of crusading and "stunt" journalism. His quick though still groping mind sensed instantly that Pulitzer's success was based upon the simple theory: "Attract readers, readers, readers!" He studied and catalogued the methods by which Pulitzer got readers: striking features, bold woodcut illustrations, sensational campaigns, diagrams of the spot where the body was found, and the like.

Evening after evening Hearst would return to his hotel rooms more than ever convinced that the type of newspaper he intended to establish should be modeled definitely on the Pulitzer pattern. As a matter of fact, Pulitzer, after the lapse of half a century, was merely reviving the popular emotional appeal of the crude, blackguardly penny pa-

pers of the thirties. Both geniuses simply revived penny-paper emotionalism with striking success.

His period of pondering over, his mind definitely set, Hearst went back to San Francisco. In his luggage he carried bound volumes of the New York *World*. Back in New York was Joseph Pulitzer not dreaming that a youth he had inspired was to outstrip even the master in the practice of "striking" journalism.

Senator George Hearst was at his desk in the offices of Haggin, Hearst & Tevis when his son, still shy, still gentle, still smiling, walked in to take up the subject of his future activities. Senator Hearst eyed his tall, handsome son gravely and stroked his gray beard.

"My boy," he said, "I assume that you are not content to live simply as a rich man's son, but that you want to get out and do something for yourself."

"That's right, father."

"I have great ranch properties which you might develop."

The young man shook his head vigorously.

"Mines?"

Another emphatic shake of the head.

"What do you want?"

"I want the San Francisco *Examiner*."

"Great God!" cried the Senator, throwing up his hands. "Haven't I spent money enough on that paper already? I took it for a bad debt, and it's a sure loser. But, if you are set, Will, and want it, go ahead. Only I want you to go into it seriously and earnestly."

"Uncle George," flustered, his windbeaten countenance

a bewildered red, sent for his friend T. T. Williams, editor of the *Post*. Williams who later became manager of the *Examiner*, was jocularly called "Good Tom" to distinguish him from the President of the California Jockey Club who was known, also jocularly, as "Bad Tom" Williams. "Good Tom," who will figure later and often in this narrative, was a rough and ready sort of person, a genius in his way. Many years earlier he had rolled into San Francisco on a sailing-ship, got a job as a street-car driver, educated himself and by long, hard tugs had become a successful newspaper man.

"Tom," spluttered Senator Hearst, when the editor made his appearance, "suppose a man made a great success of a newspaper, greater than anybody ever made? How much could he profit?"

"Oh," replied Williams carelessly, "maybe $100,000 a year."

"Hell!" exploded Hearst senior, "that isn't any money! What do you think, Tom? I been saving the *Examiner* to unload on some enemy and along comes my boy Will here and says he wants to take it over. He won't take the mines or the ranches or the horses or something useful. But, hell! he's so set guess I better let him have his way."

So Will Hearst of Harvard, gay and successful manager of a college paper, at twenty-three years and ten months became proprietor and sole owner of a daily newspaper. Undoubtedly to his adventurous nature the newspaper world was an enchanted playground in which giants and dragons were to be slain simply for the fun of the thing; a never-never land with pirates and Indians and

fairies; a wonderful, wonderful rainbow, with uncounted gold at the other end of the arch.

San Francisco laughed when the news got around that George Hearst's long-legged, soft-voiced dude son was to assume the dignities and responsibilities of editorship. It was a public joke.

But San Francisco was mistaken. Hearst brought to his task a personality and an intelligence hitherto unsuspected. Vigorous, energetic, courageous, he had plans which he had confided to no one—plans which were to mature and to have far-reaching effect upon his city, his state, his country and the world at large.

CHAPTER IV

"THE MONARCH OF THE DAILIES"

No one of Hearst's many publications can ever be to him what the San Francisco *Examiner* was when he first found the newspaper trail. And there never was, never will be, never can be, in fact, another newspaper office like that of the *Examiner*.

San Francisco of the late eighties and early nineties was a dream city that never can be dreamed again. That storied period has faded into the mists like Father Junipero Serra's Mission Dolores and the Presidio under its sleepy Spanish Commandante. It has vanished as utterly as the days of '49 and the incredible riot of frenzied finance that followed the tapping of the Comstock Silver Lode and the building of the first transcontinental railroad.

Of the dream San Francisco that was, Hearst and the few surviving members of his little newspaper band can truthfully say: "All of it we saw. Part of it we were!"

When young Hearst took over the *Examiner* on March 4, 1887, the paper was easily the worst daily in San Francisco. It was a journalistic joke, with very little paid circulation and advertising. Folks who were on the fat free list told the mail carrier: "Oh, well, chuck it on the piazza. It'll burn all right in the stove."

Within a few weeks after the new proprietor took the helm, people no longer used the *Examiner* to light fires. They waited eagerly for its arrival or sometimes journeyed downtown and purchased copies. For William Randolph Hearst was giving the public what it wanted in large, generous doses.

Within two years the twenty-six year old editor, owner and sole proprietor, had converted the *Examiner* into the greatest feature newspaper in the West—and within five or six years the paper had become by far the greatest money-maker on the Coast. No man ever mastered the root elements of journalism so speedily as the youth fresh from Harvard. From the first, as Roosevelt said, he manifested uncanny ability at cutting across lots and anticipating public opinon. He knew what would please the mass even before the mass began to move toward his bargain counter with its calliope, gaudy headlines, juicy morsels and (later) colored supplements, cartoons and comics. Years afterward, Stephen Crane, that ironic and terrible infant, was to say: "Nobody understands the popular mind as well as Oscar Hammerstein, unless it's Willie Hearst. I see no difference between the *Journal* and Hammerstein's roof garden. You get the blonde with the tin can in her gullet and the comic speaker and the song about mother's wayward boy in both shows."

In a community of 300,000 the *Examiner's* circulation boomed by steady, ladderlike rises from practically nothing to 80,000. Within three months San Francisco no longer laughed. Hearst jazzed up the town. He launched a dizzy series of crusades, campaigns and spectacular ex-

ploits. He attacked abuses, proclaimed radical democracy, introduced a sort of typographical violence into the make-up of the paper and smashed all journalistic traditions in his effort to arrest public attention. Hearst stuck to his task, sometimes working the night through. He made the members of the staff his chums and showered presents upon them. He courted the applause of the crowd and invited the opposition of the hated railroad despotism and its allies. He championed union labor.

He had all sorts of ways of varying his life. He built the *Aquilla* and the *Vamoose*, a $60,000 yacht that steamed twenty-five knots. Later, finding that the *Vamoose* could not be brought from New York to San Francisco, he sold it for $22,000.

In those days they called him "Wasteful Willie," but after he had converted the *Examiner* into a profitable business and a recognized power the humorous smile faded from the face of San Francisco, and the tall young editor with the pale blue eyes and wistful smile was denounced by those he was attacking and by many timid "respectables" as a clever but unscrupulous sensation-seeker. But Hearst continued his course of militant independence. He was laying the foundation for future activities on a hitherto undreamed-of scale, just as Pulitzer had done in his conduct of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

When Hearst took charge the *Examiner* was printed, one side of a sheet at a time, on a single web press—printed direct from type. There was no stereotyping. Hearst installed sheet-fed cylinder presses, such as he had seen in the Boston *Globe* and New York *World* press-rooms,

and acquired every modern mechanical device as soon as it was perfected. Later he was to go beyond this and do a little inventing and improving on his own hook.

In some ways the *Examiner* was Hearst's plaything. What young American ever had a more wonderful toy? It need never be outgrown, worn out or broken. It grew as he grew. Its working parts, like the diamond bearings of a watch, were well-nigh indestructible. Every newspaper day was one of new adventures and new experiments. Modern journalism was just a-borning and Hearst and his cohorts were at the cradle's side. Failures and mistakes there were a-plenty but the successes far outnumbered them.

The survivors of those days may be wearing the rose-colored glasses of sentimental reminiscence, but all of them assert they have never seen a like group of eager newspaper folk gathered under one roof or such a "one-for-all" and "all-for-one" spirit. Personal jealousy never seemed to breed dissension in the ranks. There wasn't much "dignity" about the shop, less ceremony and no "high hat" at all.

Hearst was a real comrade leader. He was in and out of the office day and night. Outside the office he played like a schoolboy. He'd take some of the staff out to help him fly kites, set off fire-crackers and balloons, sail boats and steam launches at Sausalito and all over San Francisco Bay. Or they would dash to the San Simeon Ranch in San Luis Obispo County on the *Aquilla*, ride after cattle, catch trout or shoot at quail.

But somehow, no matter what they were doing, Hearst

and his playmates, new and old, always seemed to talk newspaper gossip and plan newspaper schemes, and no one seemed sorry to get back to the office. There the unexpected was always turning up, and there centered the chief excitement and fun of those thrilling days. There was more merriment in Sam Chamberlain's room than in most theatres. Samuel S. Chamberlain was news editor and Hearst's right bower. His quarters were a sort of club room open at all hours. Hearst had a fine big office of his own but scarcely used it. Chamberlain's little eight by ten cubby-hole was more homelike and so that was where the gang sat around most, laughed most, and made most of its plans. The *Lampoon* office over again! Hearst frequently contributed anecdotes and jokes. He could (and can) tell a story superbly, especially if it requires mimicry of any sort.

In this experimental period he would write out his directions in long hand with a pen. The first year of his *Examiner* ownership he never used a typewriter or dictated. Almost daily the sub-editors would find on their desks pages of directions or advice all in his own handwriting, written late at night.

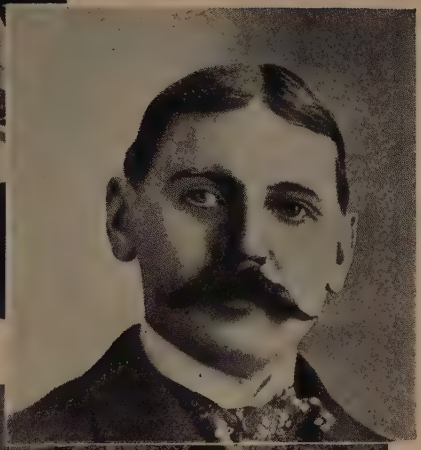
He had an odd trick in those days: He would come to the door of an editor's office, put a hand on either side of the door frame and, with a perfectly grave face, dance a clog or jig while he was making up his mind just what he wanted to say. This was not a pose. He actually thought better while he shuffled his feet.

The responsibility of his new task didn't dampen his fun-loving spirit in the least. Once he insisted that "Cosy" Noble, his Sunday editor, walk up the street with him

while he exhibited a trick cane he had bought in Mexico. The cane had a hollow head, about the size of a golf ball, containing a sort of miniature rotary fan. Blowing in the top of the cane the fan would revolve rapidly and continue to do so for nearly a minute, all the time making a whistling sound like the wind blowing through a keyhole.

When a man with particularly long whiskers approached, Hearst would start the hellish thing going and pass the stranger holding the cane carelessly in his hand. It was at the period when the slang phrase was "And the wind blew through his whiskers—*phew!*" The whiskered stranger would look in all directions to see who was mocking him but never suspected the apparently dignified Hearst. This caused the young publisher perfect rapture.

Hearst early staffed the *Examiner* with the best reporters, editors and business executives he could find. Distance, cost, labor—nothing daunted him. Superior newspaper men began to flock to his service. Even then he showed astute judgment in picking men and inspiring them. Within a year or two he had the best staff in the West: Arthur McEwen, the war horse of the editorial page, with a pen of acid; gentle Sam Moffit, McEwen's chief coadjutor; Sam Chamberlain, quick and flashing as a rapier blade; the caustic but admirable Ambrose Bierce, one of the most brilliant satirists and essayists of the epoch, who wrote his column of "Prattle" for the editorial page; Winifred Sweet ("Annie Laurie"), wholesome as a May morning, first of the famous sob-sisters and who, as Winifred Black, still writes charming copy; Alfonso "Blinker" Murphy, political man, feared, yet somehow liked and



UPPER—*Arthur McEwen;* CENTER—*Charles M. Palmer, as he looked when he bought the New York* Journal *for Hearst;* LOWER—*Miss Winifred Sweet ("Annie Laurie"), first of famous sob-sisters (now Winifred Black).*

respected by boss and ward heeler; "Big Bill" Naughton, sporting editor, who could watch two "pugs" hammer each other to pulp at the ringside unmoved but weep when some one sang "Ben Bolt"; Jake Dressler and Charley Dryden, wizard baseball writers; Edward H. Hamilton, Frederick Lawrence, William N. Hart and Charlie Michelson, masters of clear, incisive English and reporters to the finger-tips; Eddy Morphy, the wild Irish boy from Dublin University, and Petey Bigelow, both flagrantly uncertain and unreliable but able writers, hence pardonable. "Phinney" Thayer was with the gang all too short a time, for the East lured him back to Massachusetts. Not, however, until he had written the immortal "Casey at the Bat" for the *Examiner*.

In the art department under the pioneer Charles Tebbs worked and played at one time or another Fred Briggs, Theo Hampe, Homer Davenport, Haydon Jones, Jimmy Swinnerton, T. A. Dorgan ("Tad"), Harrison Fisher, Robert Carter, "Bud" Fisher and others famous now or deeply mourned.

In the business office there were Edward W. Townsend, creator of Chimmie Fadden; Charles M. Palmer, the "Northwestern miller"; and "Bogey," alias William F. Bogart, a newspaper cashier actually regarded as a human being by the staff. (If a thirsty reporter wanted an order cashed at night and "Bogey" didn't have the money, he'd actually run across the street and borrow it from a trustful bartender!)

In his first year Hearst began casting his lines for famous writers and artists as well as young men of promise.

Hearst persuaded Thomas Nast of Harper's, foremost cartoonist of the day, to do staff work for him in 1888. Mark Twain, Max O'Rell, Gertrude Atherton and Joaquin Miller were among the *Examiner's* special contributers. Edwin H. Markham wrote for the enterprising young paper "The Man With the Hoe," which was first published January 15, 1899.

Six weeks after he assumed charge of the *Examiner* Hearst gave his chief rival, Michael de Young's *Chronicle*, something to ponder over. Word filtered into San Francisco that the famous Hotel Del Monte at Monterey, some 200 miles down the coast, was in flames. While the other papers waited for the news to reach them in the leisurely, traditional way, Hearst chartered a special train, filled it with staff writers and sketch artists and rushed south.

The following morning the *Examiner* came out with a fourteen-page extra containing one of the most vivid stories of a disaster that had ever been published in the West. There were banner heads, zinc etchings and a typical Hearst make-up. Most of the head and legends had been written by Hearst himself. Three editions were run off to appease the popular demand.

The *Examiner* followed its first big beat by taking firm and abrupt stands in civic problems. Hearst went full-tilt against boss control of the city and state politics. He came into almost instant collision with the bipartisan bosses who controlled San Francisco. A new city charter was proposed. The paper fought the charter on the ground that it would intrench the bosses in power. The charter was defeated. Then the *Examiner* proposed a new charter

that would give the people a greater measure of home rule, and put it across. It opened a crusade to force a privately owned water company to lower its exorbitant rates. It won that, as well as a campaign to force the electric companies to place their wires underground in the downtown district.

Hearst plainly and openly planned an attempt to restore popular rule. Such announcement, with the methods he employed, made the bosses and their owners look upon him as a mad bull in a china shop. They appealed to Senator Hearst. "Uncle George" had a heart-to-heart talk with his son. The latter told him he intended to battle both the Democratic and Republican machines. The Democratic state machine was controlled by Chris Buckley, the notorious "blind boss," a likeable but corrupt old saloonkeeper. His chief lieutenant was Sam Rainey. Martin Kelly and Phil Crimmins were the Republican bosses. All were dominated by the Southern and Central Pacific Railroads—the Collis P. Huntington combination—gas, water and other corporations.

"But, son," remarked Senator Hearst, "every party must have a leader. Buckley is a pretty good sort."

"Yes, pop, but he is a thief," returned Hearst.

"Well," continued the Argonaut warily, "do you think you can lick him?"

"I most certainly do."

"All right, son. Go to it and good luck."

The young publisher "went to it" and soon Buckley and Rainey were fleeing special grand jury indictments. They were fugitives from San Francisco for three years. Thereafter, Senator Hearst, though a bit bewildered by his son's

pyrotechnics, never sought to influence him. And when friends of his father came to him and used their friendship as an argument to call him off in some crusade he was engaged in, Hearst's invariable silencer was: "My father is thoroughly capable of fighting his own battles and taking care of his friends. So am I. We never interfere with each other."

Chris Buckley's saloon on Bush Street was a hang-out for Jimmy Hope, the notorious bank robber. Under political protection and financed by a corruption fund raised by the underworld of the country, Hope openly walked the streets of San Francisco for six months, though there were charges against him all over the Union. Hearst's vigorous exposé of Buckley on this and other counts resulted in the convening of a special grand jury by Superior Court Justice Wallace. The boss and his henchmen were indicted and took French leave. Then, with Hearst's backing, the New Democracy was formed by Gavin McNabb, Franklin Lane, Frederick Lawrence, a stationer named Watkins, Judge D. J. Sullivan, Frank H. Dunne and others.

The new *Examiner* instantly caught the public favor, and within two months after taking it over Hearst announced the paper was gaining circulation at the rate of 1,000 a week. He summed up his policy in a slogan: "There Is No Substitute for Circulation." A branch office was opened in Oakland. Special trains were chartered to carry the Sunday edition to subscribers at distant points.

Flushed with success at home, Hearst made an ambitious bid for national attention. In 1888 the *Examiner* started an agitation to bring the Democratic National Convention

to San Francisco. Eastern newspapers opposed, citing the difficulty of securing telegraph service from so distant a city. Hearst accepted the challenge. He offered to publish a New York edition and supply more telegraphic news than an Eastern newspaper could use.

He went to Washington in the spring of 1888 and published the first anniversary edition of the *Examiner* under his management. He took half of his staff with him. So convincingly did Hearst demonstrate his point that President Cleveland himself was obliged to step in and save the Democratic Convention for the East. The stunt cost Hearst $80,000. He said it was worth it in advertising value.

Hearst went back to San Francisco and continued to demonstrate that his knowledge of news and his ability to treat news in fascinating fashion indicated much more than a mere raw sense of values, that it was a sixth sense with him. Thomas Nast was in San Francisco when Hearst was seeking to force the street-car companies to put fenders on the trolleys. Hearst asked the famous cartoonist to draw something he could use in the campaign. Nast was unfamiliar with the subject and did not produce a very striking effort. At dinner that night, though, Hearst praised the cartoon highly.

"The cars have been maiming and killing a good many children, Mr. Nast," he said. "Sometimes I look at those cars and see not a man but a skeleton at the control. The skeleton, it seems to me, leers at the little children at play as they run thoughtlessly across the path of the approaching Juggernaut."

"By George, Mr. Hearst, that would make a wonderful picture!" exclaimed Nast. "Kill that other drawing. Let me work on this."

Nast was so excited he labored half the night in his hotel room and next day brought in a graphic masterpiece of the cartoonist's art, a drawing that did much to force the street-car companies to capitulate. Hundreds of similar examples could be given of Hearst's gift of artful suggestion. He has supplied literally thousands upon thousands of ideas for cartoons and comic strips to brilliant artists in his employ, men whose names are household words. He himself sketches more than passably well.

Hearst took a long-legged country boy named Homer Davenport fresh from twisting brakes on the Northern Pacific Railroad and made him or gave him the chance to make himself probably the most noted cartoonist in the world. From a little furnished room with a balcony on Ellis Street, San Francisco—the balcony was the home of a couple of pet gamecocks—Davenport rose to ownership of a great stock farm in New Jersey, a sublimated stock farm with a flock of Chinese ducks sent him by Li Hung Chang, a covey of English pheasants presented by Gladstone, a number of silver pheasants sent by the Shah of Persia, a nice little herd of fat-tailed sheep from the Sultan of Morocco, and quite a number of little odds and ends of live stock besides, all presented to him by great and gifted admirers from all over the earth.

Davenport was fêted and dined and flattered until he forgot his early days and forgot perhaps the man who had helped to make him what he was. Years later he went over

to the staid New York *Globe* at an enormous salary guaranteed, according to rumor, by certain rich Republicans who did not wish to risk the biting humor and terrific blasting force of the Davenport cartoons as directed by Hearst. Then Davenport signed a lecture contract and went about the country making cartoons and speaking, and he never spoke without some sarcastic reference to William Randolph Hearst!

Somehow, though, he was not happy in his new environment. He yearned for the exciting good fellowship of the old "shop" and the old crowd. He wanted to go back to Hearst but lacked courage. Finally he asked a friend to see Hearst and intercede for him.

"Davenport is homesick. He wants to come back," Hearst was told.

"What makes you think so?" asked Hearst.

"He told me so himself."

Hearst whistled softly between his teeth—and changed the subject. The friend's heart sank. But next day the cartoonist received a one-line letter from Hearst. It read:

Dear Davvy: Come home. HEARST."

Poor Davenport never equaled his best work after he came back, and he died within a few months. Hearst paid the medical bills and the funeral expenses and sent Davenport's body across the continent to be buried in the little town in the Walso Hills of Oregon where he was born.

By 1889 the *Examiner* was an established success and Hearst had flung forth on the first page masthead the

proud slogan: "The Monarch of the Dailies." On October 20, 1889, Hearst issued a forty-page edition, announcing that thereafter the paper would be ten pages daily. The *Examiner* had attained the impressive circulation of 55,000 daily, 62,000 Sunday.

The *Examiner* took aggressive editorial stands and followed them up with action. In 1889, confronted by the Asiatic problem, the paper sent out special labor trains and established free employment bureaus for white labor that exist to this day. It never tired in pointing out the menace of Oriental labor and suggesting constructive measures to solve the problem. In 1891 it revived the slumbering project of the Panama Canal.

The paper also was giving its readers the news, well-seasoned and fast.

In 1889 Hearst spent a sizeable sum for the longest cable message ever received in San Francisco, making a spread of the romantic double suicide of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Baronne Marie de Vetsera; later in the same year he sent a staff correspondent to China to investigate the causes and describe the ravages of the great famine, and in 1891 a special correspondent was in Japan to cover the first story of the earthquake that ravaged the Mikado's kingdom.

Winifred Sweet did some brilliant reporting for the *Examiner*. She "fainted" in Market Street and was taken to the City Receiving Hospital in the Hall of Justice Building at Kearny and Washington Streets. Within thirty-six hours the *Examiner* printed a sensational exposé of conditions in this emergency first-aid institution. At that time

victims of street accidents were carried to the hospital in old-fashioned express-wagons, horse-drawn, the patients lying on the hard boards of the wagon floors. Miss Sweet's stunt resulted in the establishment of regular ambulance service.

Moreover, women were subject to insult and indignity by a gang of rowdy male attendants at the hospital. Miss Sweet was so treated. Her exposé cleaned out the gang and reformed conditions.

At this time also the young publisher made the first of many hundreds of subsequent Hearst appeals for public funds for public projects. This resulted in the establishment of the Little Jim Hospital for Crippled Children. This famous institution was founded in a curious way: A baby was born in the underground noisome City Prison Hospital to a drunken prostitute. The child would have become a charity charge had not Hearst stepped in. The birth occurred a few weeks before Christmas. The *Examiner* started a fund for the baby and called it "The Little Jim Fund."

"Jim" was the shortened name of a Russian anarchist prisoner trusty who had done a bit of dynamiting during a street-railway strike. The Russian was the only "nurse" in attendance upon the unfortunate mother. Senator George Hearst was the first contrbutor to the fund. Some $20,000 was raised, but the baby died.

The $20,000, however, was used as a nucleus for building the much-needed hospital for crippled children. Hearst personally guaranteed the entire sum of $250,000 for the completion of the hospital and organized a com-

mittee of physicians and public-spirited women. Hearst planned to get himself out of the hole by various money-raising stunts, and to stand the loss if the money did not arrive.

The publisher pulled out even eventually, but not until he had paid out nearly $200,000. The final few thousands were raised through an *Examiner* boys' baseball tournament. Hearst practically designed Little Jim Hospital. It is a beautiful building standing on a hill, a two-story circular structure, the entire roof a sun-parlor. The day before the building was dedicated, Hearst called in a friend and said: "Come on up into the woods with me. Let's have a look at the redwoods." Next day he was nowhere to be found. At that time he fled from personal publicity like a bashful schoolboy.

The *Examiner* began to be quoted and watched all over the country. The hitherto despised sheet contained the first news of the hoisting of the American flag in Honolulu. It sent a special trainload of public-school children to the World's Fair in Chicago. It published the largest paper ever printed until that time in this country—120 pages. When the Federal census of 1890 was given out Hearst happened to be in Washington. He sent the *Examiner* the entire census of the Coast, filling an entire page, giving the figures for every state and city, down to the smallest towns!

Hearst's chief aids, Chamberlain, Charles M. Palmer and T. T. Williams, were real executives. To this day ground-at-the-stone newspaper men bow down and murmur "Allah!" at the mention of Chamberlain. He was a news-

paper man of bold enterprise and of international experience. Scion of a well known Eastern family, he had been secretary to James Gordon Bennett; founder of *Le Matin* in Paris with John W. Mackay's backing, and editorial director of the *Evening Telegram* and other metropolitan papers. Chamberlain joined Hearst early in 1887 and soon became news editor.

Hearst and Chamberlain were cut from the same bolt. "The story's the thing" was their creed—the only journalistic creed they swore by and practised. In San Francisco, and later in New York, they carried personal journalism to the very limit of its development. Until the end of his racing life a big story could always lure Sam Chamberlain from his desk.

During a political upheaval in the Sandwich Islands Chamberlain bobbed up along with numerous other American correspondents. A lordly, impressive figure of a man, he mingled with the people of the court, gave wine suppers, and so ingratiated himself with the native Queen that she spent pleasant hours with the magnetic American and told every detail of what would now be termed her "true life story."

Chamberlain, they say, wrote the interview in the presence of the Queen and remained with her until the steamer, San Francisco bound, was ready to warp out of the dock. Whereupon, he rushed down to the vessel and, as the gangplank was being pulled in, exultantly waved his manuscript at his disconsolate rivals.

Chamberlain seldom made a mistake. Although his enterprises cost a great deal of time and money, they proved

paying investments. During the Hopkins-Searles will case in Boston, Chamberlain ordered a complete verbatim report for the *Examiner*. The paper paid telegraph tolls on 17,000 words in one day, but the people of California devoured the story. It was an irresistible combination—Hearst and Chamberlain. Each tried to outdo the other in daring schemes. There was great affection between the two. Like most newspaper men of that day, Chamberlain delighted at times in testing the potency of the flowing bowl. Once when Hearst was on one of his periodical trips to Europe, his editorial manager, A. B. Henderson, a holdover from the pre-Hearst régime, cabled: "Chamberlain drunk again. May I dismiss him?" Hearst promptly cabled a characteristic reply: "If he is sober one day in thirty that is all I require."

Hearst often dramatized news events to force correction of public matters that required attention. One afternoon the evening papers carried a story of a fisherman marooned on a rock outside Golden Gate. Hearst ordered A. M. Lawrence, his legislative correspondent, and Ned Hamilton, a star reporter, to rouse the United States Government life-savers at the beach below the Cliff House. Then he ordered out a tug with Allen Kelly and H. R. Haxton, "Cosy" Noble's predecessor as editor of the Sunday supplement, and a special writer aboard.

Lawrence and Hamilton found the life-saving crew could not get the boat into the water and had left it in a cow-yard to call the roll of names for about the fifth time. But the tug got close to the fisherman on the rock and Haxton went overboard with a line and rescued the buffeted

man. The other morning papers came out with the tale of the lone fisherman stormheld on the rock. The *Examiner* had the story of the rescue.

Under the lash of the *Examiner's* prompt crusade the life-saving service was reorganized so that it could at least put a boat into the water during rough weather. There was laxity of life-saving drills on the Southern Pacific ferryboats plying between San Francisco and Oakland. Hearst had Haxton jump overboard from a ferryboat and note the time taken to rescue him. This caused a complete revolution in ferry apparatus and drills for life saving. Haxton, a notable swimmer, was an Australian.

And so it went. While posses hunted the notorious train bandits Sonntag and Evans in their mountain fastness, Henry D. "Petey" Bigelow, an *Examiner* reporter, found them and brought back an interview. A railroad train was stalled in the snowshed in the mountains and the *Examiner* sent a special engine, equipped with a snowplow, laden with food and clothing, and rescued it. Allen Kelly went into the mountains and captured a live grizzly bear to make a story. Frederick Lawrence, another staff man, made a long trip on horseback over the Canadian border and found the leak through which thousands of Chinese and hundreds of pounds of opium were pouring into the United States.

News, first, last and all the time! One night in the composing-room the foreman damned at the top of his lungs a man who was lifting advertisements from a form. Then he saw it was Hearst, who was making room for news, as was his custom. The foreman wasn't even mildly rebuked for his swearing. "News first!" "Wasteful Willie" was per-

fectly willing to face red-ink figures of $10,000 a month on his ledger if he could make people read the news he served to them hot and rich. He knew real news would bring circulation and circulation would bring advertising revenue and power. The *Examiner* to-day pays him close to $1,750,000 net annually.

Those were happy-go-lucky days at 508 Montgomery Street. There was drama enough, too, to stir the liver of the most blasé. One afternoon a bespectacled man, rather shabby-looking and with skin burnt almost to the color of leather, appeared at the office. He was interviewed by black Dan, the doorman. Dan had originally been a retainer of Senator Hearst's, but as the alcoholic urge got a little the best of him at times "Uncle George" thought he'd fit in with his son's tolerant crowd, so he sent him down to join the *Examiner* group.

On this particular occasion Dan was slightly under the weather.

"Whut yuh all want, suh?" he inquired of the visitor.

"I'd like to interview the literary or the Sunday editor," replied the stranger, in an accent that was English and yet strangely unlike the English of Leicester Square. And he produced a formidable envelope.

Old Dan had seen a lot of sweet-singing poets and amateur writing pests during his brief service around the fascinating *Examiner* shop, so he stalled:

"He's out, suh," he said soothingly. "But efen yuh leaves yo' package an' calls 'round to-morra, ah'm sho' he'll be heah, suh."

The stranger left the envelope with Dan. The old darky

took it in to one of the sub-editors and described the interview. The editor tossed it carelessly among a mound of papers. For a week the bespectacled man came round, patiently inquiring after the disposition of his manuscript. Dan stalled him, as he had done a dozen others. But the stranger finally lost patience and demanded peremptorily return of the envelope or a sight of the elusive "literary or Sunday" editor. Then Dan roused himself. He rescued the envelope from the pile and returned it to the man with the leathery skin, repeating the insinuating formula: "It's mighty good, suh, what's in dat 'velope, but us can't do nothin' wid it jes' now, suh."

The stranger was Rudyard Kipling, just in from India and rather low in finances.

The envelope offered to the *Examiner* (for just about anything the "literary or Sunday" editor wanted to pay) contained eight-and-twenty tales that were later grouped with some others into a volume called "Plain Tales From the Hills"! Kipling was a guest at the Bohemian Club and was on his way to New York, or anywhere, if his pocketbook could stand the strain, to find a publisher.

Hearst's bitterest battle in his early activities as a newspaper crusader was against the Southern Pacific Railroad. That fight lasted for years. The railroad combination had pretty much of a strangle-hold on the state. It bought legislators en bloc, voters in wholesale fashion. But Hearst used the so-called "Colton letters" with telling effect. David H. Colton was an eminent California attorney, the legal mind necessary to carry out Collis P. Huntington's original railroad organization projects. After Colton's

death his widow sued the Central Pacific Railroad. The suit brought to light astonishing letters from Huntington to Colton revealing almost unbelievable corruption. Hearst employed this ammunition and thundered against Huntington. The railroad despotism—"Public Plunder by Pirate Privilege"—was an issue in every state campaign for twenty years.

The journalistic crusader seized every opportunity also to attack local bosses. Word came to the *Examiner* one day that Martin Kelly, Fire Commissioner, who, with Phil Crimmins, ran the local Republican machine, had personally pocketed the proceeds from the sale of a second-hand fire-engine to the City of Chihuahua, Mexico. The *Examiner* printed the story. Boss Kelley promptly instituted a libel suit, asking damages of $100,000. Hearst retained W. W. Foote, Tennessee born, a typical fire-eating attorney. Foote discovered the *Examiner's* information had been faulty and, at the trial, introduced a novel defense:

"It is true that Kelly didn't steal this particular fire-engine. But, gentlemen of the jury, no matter what is said about the plaintiff Kelly, true or false, we hold that it is impossible to libel him."

Despite the plain, prima facie evidence of libel, two trial juries found for the *Examiner*. Each time the verdict was reversed and the higher court ordered the case retried. Each time Foote interposed the same defense. The third trial jury, upon instructions from the Court, awarded Kelly damages of $1.

The jubilant and fun-loving *Examiner* crew made quite a ceremony of the payment. "Good Tom" Williams got

a brand-new silver dollar from the mint, placed it in a plush case, drove to Kelly's house, and presented the "damages" to the boss. Kelly took the demonstration good-naturedly and the *Examiner* ran a sprightly story on its front page next morning.

A year after he had launched the *Examiner*, Hearst happened upon a man who was destined to be of inestimable value to him as he proceeded to enlarge and expand his publications. This was George E. Pancoast, one of the few surviving original Hearst "forty-year men." Pancoast, a Boston printer, drifted into the *Examiner* office in 1888 and got a job from Ike Allen, then chief copyreader in the editorial department, who later became the *Examiner's* New York correspondent and until his death recently was exchange editor of the paper.

One night Allen called for volunteers to read and headline telegraph copy. Pancoast volunteered. He wrote what he considered a snappy head on a story about a young man in Los Angeles acquitted of a robbery charge. Ike didn't like it and changed the head to read: "It's All Right Now." When work was over, Pancoast ran off a few handbills and posted them in the ad alley. They read: "Ike Allen's Patent Adjustable Head: 'It's All Right Now.' Used in every emergency with change of just one letter: 'It's All Right Not.' "

Every one laughed, including Hearst, who asked: "Who's the comedian?" Next day Hearst sent for Pancoast and asked if he could use a typewriter. The youthful proprietor had had a typewriter installed in his office and wished to dictate direct to a typist.

Pancoast, a jack of all trades, replied that he could operate the newfangled machine. "All right," Hearst grinned, "then you're my secretary." Thus began an association that has lasted to this day. The two became warm friends. Both possessed inexhaustible funds of humor. Pancoast became a noted inventor and made a fortune. He designed the beveled linotype slug, experimented first with motor-driven presses, and invented the Pancoast color press, first of its type. But he is still proudest of his title: mechanical superintendent of the Hearst papers.

Largely because Pancoast was fussing around a good deal with kodaks, Hearst became an amateur camera fiend in the late eighties. He and Pancoast dashed off on trips to Europe and the Near East, taking pictures wherever they went. They photographed celebrities and strange animals. They made their way into the interior of a harem. They flashlighted the bats beneath the pyramids and sent photographs to be etched and stories to be printed by Chamberlain in the *Examiner*. They explored the battlefields of Italy and France and explored the byways of the British Isles.

Once, in Paris, after a photographing expedition through England, Scotland and Wales, Hearst suffered a slight bilious attack. He said to Pancoast: "By crickety, we forgot Ireland! You go to Ireland, take some more pictures and then go home. I'll sail from France. We'll meet in San Francisco."

Pancoast carried out instructions and sailed for home. He went from New York to Boston for a brief visit, then left for the Coast. He arrived at 508 Montgomery

Street at 8 o'clock one morning to find a cable message awaiting him from Hearst. It read: "Going to Egypt. Would you like to go? Please suit your own convenience entirely." It was a characteristic Hearst "order," Pancoast knew from the wording of the cable. Further, he had read there was a cholera scare and passengers from Europe were being held in quarantine. He judged Hearst was wisely ducking danger of quarantine. So at 5 in the afternoon he left San Francisco on the long journey back to Paris. He got passage on *Le Champagne* and went to the Hotel Continental where he had left Hearst six weeks before. No Hearst! The hotel attaches knew nothing. Monsieur l'Americain had not been seen about the hostelry for a week. The next day Pancoast went to the Paris bank that served as correspondent for Wells, Fargo & Co. The bank had not heard of or seen Hearst for weeks.

A week passed, a fortnight, and Pancoast's funds were exhausted. He wondered if the cable calling him back to Europe was a hoax. Then one morning the concierge brought him a message. It was from Chamonix, the charming little resort on the Franco-Swiss border nestling at the foot of Mont Blanc. The message read:

Come here at once. Bring two thousand dollars. HEARST.

Pancoast was absolutely strapped by this time. But he went to the Paris agents of Wells, Fargo & Co. and showed the telegram. After much pondering the bank advanced the $2,000 and the secretary joined his employer who calmly remarked: "Hello, George, beautiful views here. Hope you had a pleasant trip."

In 1893 Hearst and his secretary were at the Hotel Wagram in the Rue de Rivoli on their way to Egypt. The rich Parisian food had given them indigestion, but one night they found a hole-in-the-wall restaurant run by an American, where beans, codfish and chowder were served. The proprietor admitted these "delicacies" were shipped to him in cans from the United States.

"George," said Hearst, "we've a three-month trip up the Nile ahead of us. I don't see how we can make it without some good plain American grub. Suppose you cable Ike Allen to send us a shipment of beans, chowder and codfish."

Ike by this time was Eastern representative of the *Examiner.*

Just at closing time next afternoon, into Allen's imposing suite of rooms in the new Pulitzer Building in New York, came this cable:

Rush dozen cans Boston beans dozen cans clam chowder two codfish Alexandria Egypt. HEARST.

Ike shook his head in perplexity. He took the message about and around town with him that night.

Next morning he dropped down to the Wells, Fargo & Co. Bank on Lower Broadway.

"Mr. Parsons," he asked the dignified gentleman who greeted him, "what cable code is Mr. Hearst using?"

"Why the regular ABC code, Mr. Allen."

"Well, here's a message that is apparently in a new code," replied Ike, displaying the cable. Parsons puz-

zled over it and could offer no solution. Ike sadly wended his way back to the Pulitzer Building and cabled Hearst: "What code are you using?" He received a reply pronto: "No code. Want beans chowder codfish."

Thus were Hearst and his boon companion Pancoast liberally supplied with cans of New England's favorite fodder when the steam dhahabiyah *Nitrocris* set forth on a cruise up the Nile. On this trip Hearst and Pancoast made 3,200 negatives. For the first time in history the tombs of the ancient Egyptian Kings were flashlighted. The tombs were carved out of solid rock. The Americans set up two cameras and had their dragomen hold candles so they could reproduce the depths of the tombs and the beautiful wall carvings. Undisturbed for thousands of years, the great crypts reverberated throughout the sound of the flashlights. The visitors were disturbed only by bats which swooped down upon their pith helmets.

On this trip Hearst picked up some wonderful mummies. Two of these, still in his possession, are said by experts to be as perfectly preserved as any in existence. When the British Government learned of the activities of the harum-scarum young Americans, cameras were barred from the tombs of the Kings. But Hearst got safely away with his photographs and he had Lévy of Paris color his lantern slides.

Back in America, Hearst was gratified to learn the *Examiner* was still bounding forward under the dynamic Chamberlain and Williams and Palmer. His mother, it was said, had hopes he would settle down and marry. Mrs.

Hearst had in mind a charming young lady of Washington, the daughter of a former American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. But he had greater ambitions.

Forty times forty teams of mules couldn't have dragged Hearst to the capital then.

For he had conceived a plan more far-reaching than anything he had ever before attempted. This project had been nourished for years in the inner recesses of his mind. One day he pulled out a railroad map of the country. He was on a boat on his way across the bay to his cottage in Sausalito. His long legs were crossed. His smile was as bland, as guileless, as ever. But, with nervous pencil, he drew rings about the principal cities of the country and remarked to his fidus Achates George Pancoast:

"George, some day, a paper here and here and here."

The curious, detached sort of genius drew a double ring about the point on the map marked "New York." For he had definitely decided to transfer the *Examiner* idea to that metropolis. He had determined to become a national factor in journalism. It was a bold, a very bold project. For, while the *Examiner* was coining money, Hearst had not been noted for his economy, and there was no great sum tucked away. His father had died four years before. The Senator's $17,000,000 fortune would come to him eventually. But not all the wealth of Crœsus would carry him through what he had in mind unless he was able to stand on his feet after a time and forge a chain of income-producing newspapers.

And there was immediate need for funds for the New York experiment. So when his mother next came West the

publisher, still a soulful youth in appearance, went to her and gave a brief outline of his plans.

"Mother, I'll need a lot of money to go into the New York field," he said.

Mrs. Phœbe Hearst had already arranged to sell the Hearst interest in the Anaconda Mine. Without the slightest hesitancy she offered to advance any money her Will wished. Shortly after Hearst closed the deal for the crumbling New York *Morning Journal* he received from his mother $7,500,000!

He was then thirty-two years old. And he was facing inevitable contest with a man whose fortune might easily outlast his and who had been an onrushing, journalistic genius when Hearst was in short trousers.

CHAPTER V

HEARST VS. PULITZER: A DUEL OF DOLLARS

JOHN R. MCLEAN, proprietor of the *Morning Journal,* was conferring with David B. Hill in the reception room of the Perry Belmont home on Fifth Avenue when, through the open window, came the crunch of a carriage's wheels. An old-fashioned hack drew up at the door. Mr. McLean asked Senator Hill to step for a moment into the rear study with its high ceiling and sparse furniture still covered with summer linen.

"A little matter of business," explained the canny McLean, and turned to greet Charles M. Palmer, manager of the most powerful paper on the Pacific Coast, the San Francisco *Examiner.* Palmer, genial, heavy-set, assured, came to the point at once.

"John, Mr. Hearst is back from Europe," he said. "He wishes to close a deal right away for a New York newspaper, yours or some other. Have you decided upon your final terms?"

"Yes," replied McLean. "I am willing to have Mr. Hearst come in with me as a partner. He can have a half interest in the *Journal* for $360,000."

Palmer laughed and reached for his hat.

"If that's the best you can do, the deal is off. Mr. Hearst believes in going it alone. If you knew him as I do, you'd

realize you could never team with him in running a newspaper. Why, man, gold pieces are like so many grains of sand with him when he is out to accomplish something. No use my wasting your time. Guess I better be going."

McLean raised his hand to stay his visitor and asked cautiously:

"Well, what is the best offer you people will make for the *Journal?*"

"One hundred and eighty thousand dollars for the property exactly as it stands, lock, stock and barrel," Palmer replied. "You'll get your money in cash immediately. And let me tell you, John, you're lucky. Three months from now, the way things have been going, you won't be able to give the *Journal* away."

McLean rubbed his chin a moment, and then surprised Palmer by yielding without further parley.

"All right," he said, "a hundred and eighty thousand dollars it is. I'll meet Mr. Hearst to-morrow and we'll close the deal."

An hour later, in a downtown hotel suite Palmer sat opposite a sphinx-faced young man and said ruefully:

"Mr. Hearst, I feel I have made a bad bargain. We could have gotten the property for a hundred thousand dollars."

"Never mind," countered Hearst happily, "we are in the big picture now," and he celebrated by dancing a jig and cracking his heels together. Then he sent a jubilant wire to Samuel S. Chamberlain in San Francisco directing him to come to New York at once and to bring with him Homer Davenport, Arthur McEwen, Charles Tebbs, Winifred

Sweet, "Cosy" Noble and the cream of the *Examiner's* staff of brilliant reporters.

Hearst acquired title to the *Morning Journal* on September 25, 1895. Formal announcement of the change of ownership was not made, however, until November 8, when the paper appeared as the "New York *Journal*, W. R. Hearst, proprietor." Hearst did not learn for some time he had also acquired a German edition, *Das Morgen Journal*. "So I bought a frankfurter too," he remarked with a chuckle.

In appearance the thirty-two-year-old proprietor of the *Journal* was still a retiring juvenile, diffident in manner and with a voice, in the words of Ambrose Bierce, "like the fragrance of violets made audible." His bashfulness, except with those he knew well, was extreme, and he still shrank from personal publicity.

In those adolescent days there can be no doubt that he had no desire for political leadership or for public office. The excitement and romance of newspaper life satisfied him. He avoided political attachments and reveled in the society of working newspaper men.

In the *Examiner*, however, two years before he came to New York, he had taken delight in debunking the ponderous utterances of President Cleveland. These ukases were the wonder and delight of a Democratic Party newly restored to power. But Hearst monotonously repeated his prediction that unless the Democratic Party had the courage to be "really democratic" it would be swept from office. However, nobody paid much attention to the personal views of the young "freak journalist."

The nervously demure W. R. Hearst of 1895 had but one iridescent ambition: He wanted to conquer New York in a newspaper sense, to make a grand splash, to build up "the biggest circulation in the world" and be the acknowledged master of "striking" journalism.

To accomplish his purpose he was prepared to risk every dollar he could secure in advance of the $17,000,000 inheritance that was to come to him and every penny of the substantial income the *Examiner* by now was earning for him. He had lost $450,000 in San Francisco before he made the *Examiner* pay. Before he could turn the corner with the New York *Journal* he was to lose practically every penny of the $7,500,000 advanced by his mother over the bitter protests of her most trusted business advisers. Years later, when he embarked upon his ambitious motion-picture projects, it is interesting to note that he suffered losses approximating the amount sunk in the *Journal.*

Although he did not at once blazon his purpose, the young Californian had deliberately picked Pulitzer for his foeman. He adopted the size of page and general typographical appearance of the *World* and dropped the price of the *Journal* to a penny. At first also he followed the general news treatment of the *World.* His plan was simple. He argued: "Every one loves a bargain. I will supply them with a better paper at a penny than Mr. Pulitzer gives them for twice as much."

In his placid but implacable way Hearst continued seeking to give the public a better bargain for a penny than the *World* did for two cents, and Pulitzer felt the pres-

sure, for on the evening of February 7, 1896, he turned to his trusted advisers John Norris and S. S. Carvalho, riding with him toward Jekyl Island, Georgia, and said: "Gentlemen, I agree with you. On Monday the *World* will reduce its price to one cent."

Hearst grinned cheerfully. He thought he had his rival on the run. He blared forth in advertisements on billboards and wagons, and made much of the "victory" over the *World.* He opened his financial throttle still wider. His expenditures frightened some of his advisers. A visitor dropping into the office of Charles M. Palmer on a matter of business was told by the manager: "Oh, we don't bother about money around here. Open any closet and you'll smell money burning."

Pulitzer's price-cut marked the newcomer's greatest triumph during that first hectic year. Years later Pulitzer said musingly, as quoted in Don C. Seitz's able biography *Joseph Pulitzer:* "When I came to New York Mr. Bennett reduced the price of his paper and raised his advertising rates—all to my advantage. When Mr. Hearst came to New York I did the same. I wonder why, in view of my experience?"

The *Examiner* had been but the prelude to Hearst's bid for journalistic fame. The *Journal* was to be his full-blown effort. But, while feeling his way, he intended to continue following the Pulitzer tactics so successfully adopted in the *Examiner* experiment. Though the circulation of the *Journal* began to rise with ever-increasing momentum and to cut holes into the other penny papers, the *Press, Morning Advertiser* and *Mercury,* Pulitzer did not at first sense

that Hearst's audacity was equal to locking horns with a journal that was at once the greatest money-maker and the most powerful crusading organ in the country. Perhaps the bold, blind proprietor of the *World* was a bit overconfident. For had he not successfully clipped the wings of Dana's *Sun* and Bennett's *Herald?*

Awakening came within two months. As soon as the wily newcomer got his soundings, he burst into the *World* and other newspaper offices like a young bull elk challenging the patriarchs of the herd to combat. He raided all of his rivals. He doubled salaries. He went squarely against tradition. And he gave New York such a display of fireworks as never was seen before and probably never will be seen again.

Hearst began the warfare by luring away the *World's* entire Sunday staff, editors, artists, writers, and followed this up by other acts of war. Almost three months to the day after his name had gone up on the masthead as proprietor of the *Journal,* Hearst forced Pulitzer to reduce the price of the *World* to a penny. At that time the circulation of the *Journal* had boomed from 20,000 to 150,000, bringing it within 35,000 of the *World's* average.

Then was launched the most costly and spectacular conflict between newspapers in the history of American journalism. Hearst felt he had Pulitzer on the run. Now he showed his genius for effective combat and spectacular news exploits. He advertised radically and challengingly in trade organs and the other newspapers. He took the traditions of Park Row by the scruff of the neck and tossed them out of the window. He marshaled about him the

greatest staff of reporters and special writers ever assembled upon an American newspaper: Julius Chambers, Julian Ralph, Stephen Crane, Edgar Saltus, James Creelman, Robert H. Davis, Murat Halstead, Henry W. Fischer, Julian Hawthorne, Richard Harding Davis, W. J. Henderson, Alan Dale, James L. Ford, A. C. Wheeler ("Nym Crinkle") and many others.

Richard Harding Davis went to St. Petersburg and reported the coronation of the Czar exclusively for the *Journal.* Ralph was sent to London, Fischer to Berlin, Halstead to Cuba. Mark Twain became a Yankee at Queen Victoria's court and reported the Queen's jubilee for the *Journal.* As "Dan Quinn" Alfred Henry Lewis wrote for Hearst the best Western stories since Bret Harte bade farewell to John Oakhurst. Hearst showed developing genius for picking the right man for the right job—plucking them especially from Pulitzer. And he lived, worked, ate, slept almost with his men. Invariably he would go into the composing-room at midnight to help make up the paper, and his gift for striking display and news arrangement was the marvel of his associates.

When Hearst took over the *Journal,* the plant was in the Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street. It remained there for ten years.

During his first year Hearst devoted himself almost exclusively to building up circulation. He got out a paper that was bright, enterprising, full of clever sketches and striking cartoons, saucy, but without malice or ruffianism. It caught the fancy of the crowd and won friends. The raw, head-smashing and abusive politics were developed later.

Circulation was his one thought. He was committed to the belief that only the newspaper which could alarm and excite could secure circulation. So he set out deliberately to outdo the *World* with bigger pictures, bigger headlines, livelier, peppier reading matter. And he used the checkbook as it had never been used before to secure the men who could give him what he wanted. The ink in Hearst's pen never seemed to run dry. It was harvest time on Park Row.

A young man from Maine named Morrill Goddard was Sunday editor of the *World*. The newspaper trade called him an infant marvel. He was known as the greatest circulation go-getter on earth. He was the pioneer exponent of that startling form of graphic art which demonstrates to the reader without demanding undue effort of brain how much taller than Pike's Peak would be New York's consumption of dill pickles if piled perpendicularly. In Goddard's fertile brain originated nearly every new, striking scheme for handling Sunday newspaper matter which had surprised the East for several years and had boomed the circulation of the Sunday *World* from 125,000 to more than 500,000.

Goddard to-day is one of the comparatively unknown brilliants in the Hearst service. He sits in the library of his city mansion, or upon the deck of his yacht, incessantly reading scientific and popular periodicals from all over the earth; and he still gets up his freakish, circulation-making Sunday ideas better than any of his numerous imitators. He is one member of the "King's cabinet" seldom disturbed by suggestion, criticism or instruction.

Goddard's story is worth the telling. Although he has tracked the noted and notorious all over the earth and forced them to unveil before the masses of readers he serves, Goddard had never given an interview until he talked recently with the writer of these lines. Even then he almost paled when it was suggested a photograph of himself should adorn these pages! One gathers an impression that the gray-haired, thin-lipped, icy-eyed "greatest Sunday editor" looks upon his achievements with mingled feelings.

The conservative blood of New England flows in Goddard's veins. He came to New York at nineteen from the campuses of Bowdoin and Dartmouth. He had been forced to change colleges when he and a dozen other sophomores were expelled from Bowdoin for insisting upon their ancient and inherited right to haze freshmen.

In New York Goddard settled in a furnished room and began to seek employment on a newspaper. He was unsuccessful, but the *World* city desk told him he would be paid space rates for any stories he brought in. So he tramped about the city searching for news in that most uncertain of capacities—a free lance. Finally he found his field: He learned that no newspaper adequately covered the City Morgue, situated at the foot of an inaccessible East River street. It was a gruesome spot at best, and on wind-swept winter evenings no one was to be found there save the driver of the mortuary hack—the "stiff wagon"—and the one-legged old war veteran keeper, "Peg Leg" Fogarty.

Night after night Goddard left his gloomy room and tramped to the gloomier Morgue where he foregathered with "Peg Leg." Grateful for the companionship and

warmed by an occasional glass of whiskey or the gift of a cigar, the keeper kept his ears open and supplied Goddard with copy that led to a staff job on the *World.*

Within a few months the new man proved he was a "hound" for news. After other reporters had left a train wreck in New Jersey satisfied that the story had been "cleaned up" for the night, Goddard went back and discovered that a fire had started and that other victims were trapped in the ruins. He was sent to Washington to interview a Papal delegate who was carefully guarded in a monastery. With infinite patience he wrote out and memorized questions in Latin, got in to see the holy man by a ruse and landed a real beat. The distinguished visitor was glad to fill several pages of Goddard's notebook with his "priceless" replies.

Within a year the *World* tried him out as Sunday editor. He began to spread before the public bizarre and sensational stories of fundamental human appeal, illustrated with flaring zinc etchings.

"My idea was to give pictures that would focus and force the attention," said Goddard. "Circulation began to go up, three and four and ten thousand a week. One Sunday we presented the picture of a chimpanzee, the first full page that had ever appeared in an American newspaper. The more timid editors of the *World* sought to curb my layouts but the sales figures told the story and Mr. Pulitzer, after much pondering, stood back of me."

One day, a few weeks after announcement had been made of the change in ownership of the *Journal,* an artist's model walked into Goddard's office. She was one of the

numerous people about town who earned the price of a new hat by giving tips to the Sunday editor of the *World*.

"Mr. Goddard," she exclaimed, "there was a marvelous party last night in Jimmy Breese's studio! Mr. Breese and Stanford White were the hosts. At the end of the banquet they brought in a great big pie. Mr. White and Mr. Breese pulled ribbons and who should step out but Sadie Johnson. And, Mr. Goddard, what that girl *didn't* have on!"

Sadie Johnson was also a model. Goddard drew what details he could from his visitor, and then turned his staff loose. The following Sunday he printed two pages of the startlingly illustrated feature that came to be known as "The Girl in the Pie" story.

Within a day or so Goddard received a message from Hearst asking him to luncheon in Hearst's rooms at the old Hoffman House. Hearst offered him the Sunday editorship of the *Journal* and told him he would like to hire his entire staff. The new owner of the *Journal* seemed so inert, so bashful, so flaccid in manner that Goddard hesitated.

"Your proposition might interest me, Mr. Hearst," he explained, "but I don't want to change a certainty for an uncertainty. Frankly, I doubt if you will last three months in this town."

Hearst smiled faintly and, without a word, reached into the pocket of his vest. He fished about and pulled out a piece of paper carelessly crumpled. This he tossed across the table. Goddard opened it and found it was a Wells, Fargo & Co. draft for $35,000.

"Take all or any part of that," said Hearst, quietly. "That ought to convince you I intend to remain in New York quite some time."

Negotiations were continued in the beautifully furnished rooms in the Pulitzer Building that were occupied by Ike Allen. Goddard yielded and moved his whole staff to 154 Nassau Street. Pulitzer ordered Solomon Solis Carvalho, his publisher, to get them back. They returned to the *World* for twenty-four hours. But, according to Goddard, Pulitzer refused amnesty to Murphy, Goddard's assistant, so Goddard, Murphy and company again went over to Hearst and have remained ever since.

The war was on! Pulitzer was so stirred over the episode that he forced the San Francisco *Examiner* to give up its office in his building.

That Pulitzer fully appreciated the value of his lost editor was shown by an incident five years later—upon the belated arrival in New York of Admiral Dewey two years after the Battle of Manila Bay. Pulitzer sought in every possible manner to secure Dewey's personal story for serial use in the *World*. He pulled every wire he could think of, social and otherwise, and twice sent William Bradford Merrill, his brilliant editorial manager, to talk with Dewey. The old sea dog was obdurate, however. When Merrill reported the final failure of his mission, Pulitzer shook his head sadly and remarked:

"Well, Mr. Merrill, we seem to have exhausted every resource. I suppose there is nothing we can do now except wait for Goddard to print the story."

Sure enough, within a few months Dewey's story ap-

peared in the *Journal,* and Goddard, the bulldog, was the man who had landed it.

Goddard reveled in his new surroundings. Under the stimulus of a free hand, and Hearst's constant applause, he outdid himself in sensationalism. He used full streamer headlines and blazing pen-and-ink drawings. His feature articles dealt with what satirically came to be known as "crime and underwear," liberally sprinkled with bizarre Biblical allusions and stories of alleged scientific discoveries. Ancient American monsters, prehistoric creatures labeled "The Jumping Lælaps of 50,000 Years Ago," were shown in lurid copy and half-page or full-page sketches. Stephen Crane wrote a series based upon "real life" in New York's notorious Tenderloin district. Murderers were interviewed. Alan Dale, the *Journal's* dramatic critic, who had been brought over from the *Evening World,* interviewed the French comédienne Anna Held. The article was headed: "Mlle. Anna Held Received Alan Dale, Attired in a 'Nightie,' " and a page pen-and-ink sketch showed the lady thus robed. Winifred Black wrote under such headings as "Why Young Girls Kill Themselves" and "Strange Things Women Do for Love."

The *Journal's* circulation went forward by spectacular bounds. Sometimes it was doubled weekly. Within ten months the *Journal* had grown from 20,000 to almost 400,000. It was cutting into every paper in New York. Pulitzer, though, was the only rival who really fought back. He and Hearst continued to raid each other's business and editorial staffs to the vast joy of innocent bystanders and to

the financial advantage of reporters, cartoonists, advertising men and others.

The "Yellow Kid," progenitor of American colored comic characters, came over to the *Journal* with Goddard. After New York and Chicago publishers had experimented for years with colored printing, a press was installed by the *World* in 1894 that would make four colors register without the effects resembling a Spanish omelette. On November 18 of that year the *World* brought out the first successful Sunday funny-sheet. Goddard prevailed over other editors who wanted to use the colored press to print colored fashion plates.

Richard F. Outcault, then a draughtsman for the *Electrical World*, offered a comic showing a clown and a wolfhound as characters. This was the first Sunday comic. Outcault then created "Hogan's Alley," and one of his background characters was a kid with big ears and funny toes wearing a yellow dress. New York went wild over the "Yellow Kid." Outcault put him into the spotlight and the comic craze that has swept over the country and has extended to Europe and South America was thus put in motion.

Meanwhile Hearst had installed a color press. He was advised by George Pancoast, who had been given a free hand in experimenting with color and motor-driven presses.

Sensing the popularity of the "Yellow Kid," Hearst had the Sunday *Journal* wrapped in the comic section. The *World* followed suit. The *World's* "Yellow Kid" was drawn and colored by George B. Luks, later famous as a

painter. "Yellow journalism" traces its origin to these comics of the Hearst and Pulitzer newspapers, a phrase credited to Ervin Wardman, who, before he died in January, 1923, was publisher of Munsey's *Herald.*

Pancoast smashed three presses in an attempt to develop a motor-driven printing machine. R. H. Hoe & Co. wrote to Hearst advising the publisher to save money by calling a halt to Pancoast's expensive activities. Hearst only grinned and said: "Smash as many as you have to, George; only give us what we need."

The result was that by the fall of 1896 Hearst had a special Hoe color press capable of printing from four to sixteen pages all in colors, "something," the *Journal* proudly quoted the makers, "that had never before been attempted." The Sunday *Journal* added an eight-page colored comic—"eight pages of iridescent polychromous effulgence that makes the rainbow look like a lead pipe" —and sneered at the *World's* comic supplement as "black and tan," "weak, wishy-washy," four pages of a "desolate waste of black." Shortly after this a sixteen-page section was added to the Sunday edition under the name of the Sunday *American Magazine.* This was the forerunner of the present thirty-two page *American Weekly* printed simultaneously in six cities by seven mammoth twenty-four cylinder presses and which, it is claimed, is read by 20,000,000 people weekly.

During his first year, as has been written, Hearst closely imitated the *World* in his headlines and treatment of news. Both papers played up accidents and disasters, criminal trials and suicides. Diagrams marking the spot where the

body was found were common. But type was moderate, except in the Sunday feature section. Single-column headlines were the rule. The *Journal* like the *World* sought eye-catching drop lines, alliterative heads.

Within a short time Hearst had built up an unexampled array of features, and circulation was rolling in as fast as money was rolling out. He found advertisers chary as usual of quickly acquired circulation. But though he had dropped perhaps $2,000,000, those close to him caught no outward sign of worriment.

Now he determined upon a move that, for boldness and display of self-confidence, perhaps has never been equaled in journalism. He deliberately doubled his outlay by establishing an evening edition of the *Journal* in September, 1896. This also sold at one cent, and was intended to rival the *Evening World*. The young Californian purposed now to expand and to carry his activity into the field of crusading journalism. It was his most audacious step. He intended to make the newspaper an even more striking organ than the morning edition.

The *Journal* was handicapped by lack of an Associated Press franchise. He purposed to compensate for this by presenting through such well known writers as Alfred Henry Lewis, Edward W. Townsend, Julian Hawthorne, Arthur McEwen, Rudolph Block and many others "news novelettes from real life; stories gathered from the live wires of the day and written in dramatic form." The *Evening Journal's* treatment of news was the herald of the present melodramatized "human-interest" form of portraying current events.

Following a disagreement with Pulitzer, S. S. Carvalho had come over to Hearst in April, 1896. Carvalho was made news editor of the *Evening Journal.* Hearst peered about for another able executive, a circulation builder, and preferably a writer of popular appeal. By a curious concatenation of events he found his man in Arthur Brisbane, whom Pulitzer had placed temporarily in charge of the *Evening World.*

Brisbane, now famous as the "highest salaried editor in the world," was to prove Hearst's most valuable viceroy. He came over to Hearst originally for a mere $200 a week plus a simple little bonus arrangement. This arrangement and alliance between Hearst and the youthful editor is now in its thirty-first year. It has proved most profitable for both men. Brisbane possesses a gift of attracting attention second only to Hearst himself. His genius in putting newspapers over with the people and with the advertisers has made millions for Hearst and yielded additional millions for himself.

Many persons ask: "Where does Hearst begin and Brisbane end?" The implication is that Brisbane really supplies Hearst's ideas. Those who believe this forget that Hearst was a highly successful newspaper proprietor ten years before he hired Brisbane. Hearst has always been greater than the sum of his men. And Brisbane would doubtless be the first to admit this.

Hearst always has been willing to pay any price for the man he wants. Often, very often, his investments in men have proved expensive. Publicly he has never admitted a blunder. Privately he has handed the hat to many a

$50,000 a year executive, generally taking the full financial loss and emitting not even a small squeak of dismay.

Arthur Brisbane's father was Albert Brisbane, the eminent social reformer. Brisbane went to work on the *Sun* on his eighteenth birthday, the youngest reporter the *Sun* had ever hired. He had been intensively educated in America and abroad. In his first three or four months he was a puzzle to his superiors, his colleagues and perhaps to himself.

"He sat around," says one of his contemporary reporters, "like a fellow who didn't understand what it was all about —and then he came out of his trance like a shot from a gun and seemed to know everything about everything."

Brisbane was handsome, athletic, popular, interested in all lines of life and literature and eager for adventurous assignment. After two years of reportorial work he went to France to continue certain studies, later becoming London correspondent of the *Sun*.

In March, 1888, when John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell went to Chantilly, France, for their celebrated fight Brisbane went with them and wrote a fine two-column story about it—a story that contained never a word of pugilistic slang but a great deal of interest. He saw the human side:

> Deeply interested were the handfuls of Frenchmen who gathered and watched from such a safe pavilion as we would select to look upon a hyena fight.

And when the other reporters were deafened by the battle Brisbane heard the plaintive appeal of Baldock, Mitchell's tough second:

"Think of the kids, Charley, the dear little kids a-calling for you at home and a-counting on you for bread. Think what their feelings will be if you don't knock the ear off him and knock it off him again!"

At twenty-three Brisbane was made managing editor of the *Evening Sun*. In 1890 he went to the *World*, where he wrote in the same clear, simple style which had endeared him to the *Sun*. Brisbane's newspaper style goes directly back to the writing of Willard O. Bartlett, *Sun* editorial writer and book reviewer, who died in 1925, when Chief Judge of the State Court of Appeals. It has its terse, cutting qualities, avoidance of all but the simplest words, and direct drive at the object to be attained. He adopted, too, the Dana principle of editorial writing, iteration and reiteration, incessant drumfire.

After Goddard deserted to Hearst, Brisbane was made editor of the Sunday *World*. Followed a battle royal. Brisbane and Goddard outdid each other in freak ideas. Some of them were so lurid that both the Sunday *World* and the Sunday *Journal* were excluded from many homes and club houses. Pulitzer ordered Brisbane to discontinue the freak features. Goddard kept on and the *Journal* continued to bound forward.

Pulitzer, cruising abroad, cabled to Brisbane to take charge of the *Evening World*. For years Brisbane had nursed an ambition. He wanted to do a daily editorial column on a New York newspaper, a column to be set boldly on page one, in column one. His idea was to write short editorial comments along the line of his present widely syndicated "Today" column.

Several times Brisbane had asked Pulitzer's permission to sign an editorial column either on the morning or *Evening World*. But invariably that acidulous genius replied: "No. You may do big features, news stories, assignments in any part of the globe, but no man, so long as I live, will express independent editorial opinions in my newspapers."

Now, though, Pulitzer was thousands of miles away, and Brisbane was in entire charge of the *Evening World*, and he thought: "I know my idea is a good one. If I can do one or two of these columns and get away with them, Mr. Pulitzer may let me keep on." So he wrote one column, a second, a dozen. They were placed each day on page one, in column one, of the *Evening World*. Weeks went by. Brisbane was beginning to congratulate himself. Then came a furious cable from a European port: "Stop that column at once. I don't want the *Evening World* to have an editorial policy. If you want good editorials, rewrite those in the morning *World*.

Brisbane, of course, obeyed orders. But he was disgruntled. A few days after the Pulitzer explosion had blown his column off the front page of the *Evening World* the disconsolate Brisbane wandered into the Café Martin. By chance he there ran into Hearst. They chatted and Hearst said: "Mr. Brisbane, I wish you were with us. If you will come over, you may name your own salary. Suppose we talk it over to-morrow."

Brisbane agreed. Next day he met Hearst in the latter's bachelor suite in the Hoffman House. It is worthy of note that Hearst's four rooms were beautifully decorated with tapestries, bronzes and paintings. Brisbane said: "All right,

Mr. Hearst. I'll come with you. But I don't want Mr. Pulitzer to think I am leaving for more money." Hearst, in his usual indolent fashion, asked: "How much do you want?" "Just what I am earning now," replied Brisbane. "Two hundred dollars a week. If, in addition, you want to add a small bonus, I have worked out a plan: Give me a $1 a week for each thousand in circulation I put on the *Evening Journal.*"

Hearst laughed. "That's only a flea bite," he said. "Suppose I make it $15 a thousand." "No," said Brisbane, "I'll make enough at a $1 a thousand." So Hearst sat down at his desk, pulled out a sheet of his pigeon-blue stationery, and, in the informal way in which he was accustomed to do business, wrote out a contract in the form of a note to Brisbane. The contract was of doubtful legality—there was no witness, no consideration—but that's how Arthur Brisbane went to work for Hearst. Brisbane's tiny two hundred a week went up to thirty thousand, forty thousand, fifty thousand dollars a year. The informal Hoffman House contract was based on a survey of circulation each six months. After a year or two Hearst and Brisbane got together and revised it. Then Brisbane was paid his famous $52,000 a year salary. It is said that Brisbane's salary now is at least $250,000 plus other payments which add comfortably to this amazing total.

A few years ago, when Brisbane's salary had mounted to $3,000 a week, Hearst was strolling one day on Fifth Avenue, window-shopping, as is his constant custom, with Moses Koenigsberg, former head of Hearst's feature services, which supply to newspapers in more than a thousand

cities feature articles, articles that are translated into sixteen languages and read daily, it is estimated, by more than 30,000,000 persons. Casually the name of the chief Hearst editor cropped up. "Three thousand dollars a week is a lot of money to pay a man," remarked Koenigsberg. Hearst peered at a jade statue mounted under soft lights in the window of an art store. Then he remarked softly: "I wish I could find some more Brisbanes. I'd pay them more than $3,000 a week."

It was Hearst's way of delicately advising Koenigsberg to make himself valuable enough to him to earn $3,000 a week. Koenigsberg, it is said, took the hint and earned "more than $3,000 a week."

Like most of the key men Hearst has selected to carry forward his constantly expanding activities, Brisbane is a man of broad mental horizon. Yet he is a creature of contradictions. He astonishes scholars by the depth of his knowledge, as he startles them by his way of popularizing it. He has fluent command of a dozen languages. Once he dazed an audience of rabbis by addressing them in ancient Hebrew. At the same time he wins huge advertising contracts from hard-headed business men and discusses stock promotion like one to the ticker born.

Yet, so curiously contradictory are his qualities that he will often bitterly oppose a trifling salary advance for one of his sub-editors or staff reporters. He has a passion for realty investment. On Park Row they call Fifty-seventh Street "Brisbane Boulevard." He owns much property in this section. Often the "great thinker" will interrupt lofty flights of philosophy that roll through the dictaphone into

which he "talks" his editorials, pick up a telephone and argue heatedly with a realty broker over the value of an option.

His money-making schemes are endless. In many of them he has interested Hearst. The latter has great confidence in Brisbane's business ability but humorously remarked recently to a friend: "Arthur comes to me all the time with some wonderful plan to make money, but when I examine into it I find the profits are to be divided ninety per cent. for Arthur, ten per cent. for me."

In June, 1925, S. W. Straus & Co. offered the public $7,000,000 in first-mortgage bonds on five projected buildings in mid-town New York called "Hearst-Brisbane Properties." Hearst, described as "one of the wealthiest men in the country" and "publisher and sole owner of the most valuable group of newspapers and magazines in the world," unconditionally guaranteed the payment of interest and principal. The prospectus continued: "Arthur Brisbane is President of the borrowing corporation and, with Mr. Hearst, controls the company. While probably best known to the public as editor of the Hearst papers, Mr. Brisbane is a most successful real-estate investor. His holdings of income-producing real estate in New York City alone total over nine million dollars, and he has a very large income from this source. We have had many satisfactory dealings, aggregating millions of dollars, with Mr. Brisbane, covering a period of ten years."

Brisbane is never more fascinating than when discussing his theories of journalism. "Newspapers are not dull," he said once; "they are simply more or less accurate re-

Arthur Brisbane.

flectors. People are dull, life is dull, crime, races, politics, divorces—all these are dull when seen by dull brains. The newspapers are very much alike in their telling of news. They hire good reporters. The writing, considering the hurry, is remarkably well done in the principal newspapers. The newspaper is not alone what the reporters make it. It depends for its character and for its 'groove' on the view which the newspaper's directing mind takes of the events which the reporters describe.

"Perhaps headlines do take up too much space. The display windows of the big stores take up much space also. But in a busy nation the first necessity is to attract attention. The big store window wasting space and the big type apparently wasting space are necessary features of quick development. I am not sure that it is good that regularity in make-up should compel big heads on trivial pieces of news. But I observe that nature puts on the bodies of trivial men heads of about the average size. Nature, apparently being incapable of supplying the world with enough great men, observes uniformity in the headlines or headpieces to atone for much inferiority. And the editor, for the sake of uniformity, is justified in imitating nature and making up with big heads for the lack of a sufficient supply of big stories."

"How far are editors governed by the customs and practices in other offices?" Brisbane has been asked.

"Just about as much as sheep, I should say, are governed by the customs and practices of other sheep," he replied. "Each small newspaper man imagines that he is doing something very different. But the best of us are

very much like the sheep in the German comic paper. It observed that all of the foolish sheep copied the leader and jumped off the left side of the bridge into the river. It proved its originality by jumping off the right-hand side into the same river. No individual is capable of actual originality. It is not possible for the individual to invent a working language, but he may make it more effective by loud talking or individuality of style. It takes a race to create a journalism as it takes a race to create a language."

Brisbane believes that the newspaper independent of the opinions of organized capital is rarer than it used to be, and for this reason: "If a newspaper does not make money it ceases to exist. If it does make money, it becomes, of course, the property of a very rich man. Newspaper success to-day means great wealth, and the rich man in this country and everywhere else, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, lets his money think for him. There are men owning newspapers in this country who could not be bribed by any amount of money outside of their own pockets. But the money in their own pockets edits their papers and talks in their editorial columns every day. A newspaper owned by organized capital has of course only one character. A Greek said that if the camels had a god, the god would have four legs and a hump. Whenever organized capital has a newspaper, it has the dollar mark stamped on both sides of it. A man's newspaper, like his god, is likely to reflect his own peculiarities."

Brisbane has the most intense admiration for Hearst's mentality. And he insists both Hearst and himself are conservatives. "Some people," he explains, "are opposed to

the Hearst papers for the same reason that John Ruskin hated a railroad. He condemned railroads without having tried them. By the same token people decry our work. If they would read our newspapers and learn Mr. Hearst's principles they would admire them. The plutocrats and the anarchists are against Mr. Hearst. The first class because they want to plunder the people; the second class because they want no law. The richest men of the country owe Mr. Hearst a debt because he is trying to solve the problems of civilization by persuasion and helpful discussion."

Until his expanding responsibilities and interests robbed him of the time required, Brisbane was a devout poker player. He came into his office one morning in the early *Evening Journal* days and found Carvalho there. That keen news editor remarked: "Ah, Brisbane, you have been up all night playing poker and you have lost."

"How on earth do you know?" asked Brisbane, puzzled.

"Why, it's very simple," smiled Carvalho. "Although you have evidently been shaved, you are wearing a soiled collar. That tells me you have been out all night. Nothing but poker would keep you up. And your manner is dejected. That indicates your night's labors were in vain."

"Right you are," admitted Brisbane. "And, if I am as transparent as all that, Carvalho, I think I'd better cut out poker playing."

The most highly paid newspaper man in the world did curb his passion for poker. But, as the years went by, he indulged his eagerness for speculation on a much greater scale.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIRST BRYAN CAMPAIGN AND THE "NEW JOURNALISM"

One afternoon in July, 1896, a few days after William Jennings Bryan, a young lawyer from Lincoln, Nebraska, had won the Democratic Presidential nomination by a single speech, a small group of men gathered in the New York office of Hearst. They were the youthful publisher's editorial and business advisers.

"Gentlemen," announced Hearst, "I have asked you in to discuss our attitude in the coming campaign. Shall we support McKinley and the gold standard or Bryan and free silver?"

Each man spoke his opinion. And each man was outspoken. "You must either remain on the fence, or support McKinley," advised Sam Chamberlain, managing editor. "Of course we can't support Bryan here in the heart of the gold country," chimed in Arthur McEwen, whose editorials were the dominating force of the rising newspaper. "Any other course than support of McKinley would be suicide," insisted Charles M. Palmer, business manager. "Why, chief, we have worked like slaves getting advertising contracts. Come out for free silver and every ad of any importance will be taken out of the paper automatically."

Hearst whistled softly and listened carefully. At the end of half an hour, he said very calmly:

"I am sorry to disagree with you, but I have made up my mind. Mr. McEwen, write a good strong editorial for Bryan and silver. Get it into to-morrow's paper. Have it played up right, Sam. Good day, gentlemen."

He fingered his scarf-pin, fashioned from the first twenty-dollar gold piece taken over the counter of the San Francisco *Examiner,* picked up his light brown derby hat and walked out of the room, still whistling softly.

In the issue of the following morning the editorial—"The *Journal* for Bryan"—was featured and advertisements began to drop out of the paper by the dozens. They stayed out for some time. Hearst lost over a million dollars by that performance and he knew he was going to lose it. But he put the *Journal* on the map once and for all, established it as the leading Democratic paper of the country and made it nationally known.

The New York press was bitterly antagonistic to the free-silver movement and all its concomitants, and the great Eastern newspapers, led by the *World,* bolted the Democratic ticket. Hearst, with his flashlight instinct of opportunism, seized his chance. In the South and West the *Journal's* circulation jumped like a scared rabbit, and within a few months it was the best known and most faithfully read paper from Maine to Texas and from Florida to the Rockies.

It made not the slightest difference to the diffident-looking man from California that he had never previously been an advocate of free silver. He saw that popular

appeal was on the side of Bryan. His sense of showmanship was aroused. He at once took up the abandoned Democratic cause and made a campaign which startled the country by its dash and brilliant audacity. He hired the ablest writers he could get and spent money in a way to make the richest New York newspaper proprietors gasp. His expenditures were so lavish that the salaries of newspaper men on most of the rival journals were raised to keep them from him; and the present larger incomes of American newspaper men are to some extent due to the pace which he set then and since.

Hearst's support of Bryan was a stroke of pure journalistic genius. It threw the other New York newspapers into a steamy bubble. Muddy epithets were tossed at him. He was called "anarchist," "Jacobin," "socialist," "destroyer." Hearst and his men enjoyed the fight and proved no green hands at tossing verbal chords.

"I am supporting Mr. Bryan because he is his own man," said Hearst. "No syndicate controls him. He came to his nomination by no tricks or dark methods. Slanders and abuse showered upon him after his nomination hastened and heated my judgment to support him. Bryan is not an anarchist, not a public menace. The convention which selected him was not moved by lunacy nor made up of Satan-inspired traitors seeking the overthrow of American institutions."

In the campaign Hearst began unleashing the terrific attacks upon McKinley which were to continue, with brief intermissions, until the latter's assassination in Buffalo five years later. The *Journal* and *Evening Journal* printed car-

toons by Homer Davenport, spread over five or more columns, depicting Mark Hanna, McKinley's mentor, as a gross, bulging figure attired in suits or dresses covered from ankle to neck with dollar signs. Hanna held his money-bags close to his bosom and generally dandled McKinley upon his knee, like the dummy of a ventriloquist, or permitted the puny little figure labeled "McKinley" to timidly grasp the Hanna skirt. The cartoons were forceful, sarcastic, savage. Almost all of them were the ideas of Hearst, Chamberlain or Alfred Henry Lewis. Davenport was strong on execution but weak on initiating. Afternoons he'd drop into Chamberlain's or McEwen's office, listen to the talk and pick up his ideas. Then he'd dash to the art department, work feverishly for an hour, and bring back a drawing that would be shown to every one from office boy to proprietor. Generally Hearst or Chamberlain captioned the cartoons.

In the 1896 struggle Hearst hit upon a new plan to raise campaign funds. Asserting that Wall Street and the interests, generally described in capital letters as "Boodle," had raised a huge McKinley corruption fund, the *Journal* opened its columns for a popular subscription "for the education of the voters of the United States" and offered "to duplicate every dollar so subscribed with a dollar of its own." More than $40,000 was subscribed, a lot of money those days.

Bryan was heavily defeated in the Electoral College, but so close was the popular vote that an overturn of 37,000 votes properly distributed would have reversed the result. On the day before Election Day the *Journal* displayed

prominently on its front page a telegram from Bryan reading in part: "The *Journal* deserves great credit for its splendid fight in behalf of bimetallism and popular government. Its influence has been felt in the West as well as in the East."

On the day after the election the *Journal's* presses ran continuously around the clock, without a second's pause, in an effort to supply the demand for papers. Special trains were chartered to carry the election extras to Buffalo, Boston and Washington. The *Journal, Evening Journal* and *Das Morgen Journal* printed 1,506,634 copies—"an achievement," it was declared, "not only unparalleled in the history of the world but hitherto undreamed of in the realm of modern journalism."

Hearst relates an amusing story in connection with the Bryan campaign. Two weeks after the *Journal* had come out for Bryan, some one rushed into Hearst's office one afternoon with a copy of *Das Morgen Journal* and spluttered: "Chief, did you know this Heinie sheet of yours is still supporting McKinley!"

Hearst summoned one of the "Scare Heads," as the hairy German editors were called. The editor spoke roller-coaster English. With many "yahs" and "achs" he explained that he and Hearst had talked "ott diss vera table" about the coming campaign. He (the editor) had asked the boss for permission to come out for McKinley. The boss had said: "Go ahead." There was more locution, a lava of it. Hearst suddenly stopped the flow.

"By Jove, I remember!" he grinned. "I did tell you to go ahead, but, do you know, I thought you were arguing

about the need of another press for *Das Morgen Journal.* Sorry we misunderstood each other. Now, though, I guess we had better support Bryan in both German and English!"

In those days Hearst was one of the gang. While he had a large private office in the front of the building overlooking City Hall Park, he spent much of his time in the city room and knew every one in it. Regularly it was his custom to go down into the composing-room with Randall, the night editor, and help make up the first edition. In this way he got to know every one of his compositors. After the paper went in everybody hustled to the plant restaurant on the Frankfort Street side of the building, Hearst and the editors included. After his marriage, Mrs. Hearst supped there with him several times a week. Hearst, though, was never successful in persuading her to follow his fancy for frankfurters. Incidentally, many of Hearst's most important decisions were made while he nibbled at a "hot dog" liberally garnished with mustard. Every one in the old *Journal* office called Hearst "Chief" or spoke of him merely as "W. R."

One night he came into the composing-room and looked over the make-up of the first page. He said the story they were playing as second in importance was really more interesting than the first and suggested that they remake. "I agree with you," said the make-up man, "but I am afraid there is no time to reset." Hearst smiled, pushed the whole form off the table, making a beautiful pile of pied type, then asked: "Now, is there time to reset?" Adding: "There is always time to make a thing better."

If a reporter or artist did a particularly brilliant piece

of work he was rewarded with a liberal money gratuity, though the gift of bicycles was common. In a popular play then running the chorus girls sang of the "beautiful, bountiful Bertie," Bertie being an Englishman of great wealth who spent his money freely on the girls. Park Row paraphrased the refrain: "The beautiful, bountiful Willie." Hearst waved a golden wand and bent over his paper like an artist over his picture. He conquered tremendous mechanical difficulties. With enormous but cool energy he directed everything about the plant and editorial rooms. Yet, miraculously enough, he seemed to find time to loll in the park and on Fifth avenue, to attend art exhibits and theatres, to dine leisurely and well, and to play host at sprightly parties where the food and the wines were of the best and the entertainment most enjoyable, though, as has been noted, Hearst drank none of the wine which flowed so copiously for his friends.

If any threads of fear that he would be unable to realize his ambition to become the "greatest newspaper publisher in the world" wound themselves about his heart, he showed not the slightest outward sign. Even when the managers of his father's estate advised his mother to withdraw further support of his New York venture on the ground that all of the late Senator Hearst's laboriously amassed millions would be engulfed, he refused to admit discouragement. Always his mother heartened him. Often, in the midst of a crisis, he would stroll with an intimate up the Bowery in the early morning hours and scarcely utter a word. The pedestrians would pass the blinking lights of Fifth Avenue, go up to Hearst's apartment in the Hoffman House. Then

the proprietor of the *Journal* would spread the *World, Herald, Times, Press, Sun* and *Tribune* upon the carpet, spurn them with his toe and remark: "This story isn't so badly handled by the other papers, is it? But our story is a lot more striking!"

In his first year as a metropolitan journalist Hearst had devoted himself principally to building up circulation by giving the public a better bargain at a penny than the other papers were offering at two and three cents. Also he lost no opportunity to sound the cymbals of self-praise. In its first anniversary issue, November 8, 1896, the *Journal* boasted proudly of its "amazing and wholly unmatched progress":

> The *Journal* has made it its business to reach out for news wherever it is to be had, considering neither precedent, difficulty nor cost. When the ordinary news channels are blocked or inadequate, the *Journal* despatches its own correspondents to the points, however distant, where the news is to be obtained, and even presses monarchs and statesmen into its service. And these dignitaries are often graciously obliging. His Holiness the Pope and the Queen of Spain and her Prime Minister are among those who have been kind enough to respond to the *Journal's* cabled request for news.

Now Hearst determined upon a new and more spectacular policy. With his ready aptitude for catch phrases, Hearst christened this policy the "new journalism." Two Hearst coinages give the nub of the new tack: "While Others Talk the *Journal* Acts" and "What Is Everybody's Business Is the *Journal's* Business."

Hearst determined to prove himself the "champion of

the people" not alone in words but in action. In December, 1896, he went into court and secured an injunction preventing the Board of Aldermen from granting a gas franchise. The *Journal* claimed the franchise was worth $10,000,000. The paper asserted the franchise was illegal, and within three days the application had been withdrawn. A beautiful scare head blossomed on page one (Hearst's own title): "While Others Talk the *Journal* Acts." Other local crusades were undertaken both in the courts and in the columns of the paper. The *Journal* asserted it had stopped "the trolley-franchise grab in Brooklyn, the death terminal of the [Brooklyn] Bridge, the gas-franchise grab in Brooklyn, the $10,000,000 light monopoly in New York," and added this editorial summation of its activities during the second year:

> Within the past year a new force has appeared on the side of good government in New York. It has been a simple matter for unfaithful servants to squander the resources and trample on the rights of the public. Complaints and denunciations in the press have been as idle as the breeze from a lady's fan. There seemed to be no remedy. But suddenly the jobbers have discovered that the control of a corrupt or careless or stupid board is not enough to carry through a scheme of plunder or of oppression. Above the boards and councils and commissions stands the new journalism ready to touch the button that sets the ponderous machinery in motion. . . . The *Journal* has adopted the policy of action deliberately and it means to stick to it. It thinks that it has discovered exactly the engine of which the dwellers in American cities stand in need.

These spectacular strokes of Hearst at thirty-three marked the beginning of the numerous court battles against

combinations of capital in oil, sugar, beef, gas, coal and traction, exploits that show no sign of abatement at sixty-five. He frequently employed the writ of injunction, though often criticising government by injunction, particularly in labor disputes. He saw no inconsistency in this.

Hearst has a curious perspective in such matters. He repeatedly denounces dilatory court tactics, for instance, yet permits his lawyers to drag out actions brought against him and his papers. A certain intellectual arrogance often blunts his vision. Invariably he believes his side to be always right, the enemy's always wrong. Assuredly this is a quality that engenders complacency and peace of mind.

In the second year the *Journal* reached out for the news even more eagerly than before. December 6 and 7, 1896, it provoked an international sensation by printing exclusively the full text of the Anglo-American treaty of arbitration regarding the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana. A year before this dispute had threatened war between the United States and Great Britain. At this time Hearst began using banner heads and full-page streamers in the *Journal.*

The inauguration of President McKinley on March 4, 1897, gave Hearst an opportunity for an exploit that boosted circulation many tens of thousands. He ran a special train from Washington to New York that broke the record for speed between the two cities—228 miles in 249 minutes. Special writers pounded typewriters and "lightning" artists made their sketches, the *Journal* told the public, while the train traveled a mile in thirty-four seconds. In his spare moments Hearst had been experimenting with

vitascope motion pictures, and he and his operators took pictures of inauguration scenes. In its story of the exploit the *Journal* said these early motion pictures would soon be on view in every city in the country.

Events followed each other with bewildering rapidity. Hearst conceived the idea of "sewing up" the prize-ring battle between Bob Fitzsimmons and James J. Corbett in Carson City, Nevada. He purchased exclusive rights to all photographs, interviews and signed statements by the principals for his expanding sports pages. The *Journal* sent Robert H. Davis to the battleground. The versatile Davis pulled a sweater over his head and became "secretary" and sole spokesman of Fitzsimmons. Deliveries were speeded up so enormously that Hearst's extras on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight beat competitors to the street by a full fifteen minutes.

In March, 1897, the Sunday *Journal*, steadily soaring in circulation under Morrill Goddard, used the first half-tone photographs printed on newsprint paper.

Hearst made no attempt to hide his light under a bushel. He wired to Mayors and prominent citizens of cities all over the country for indorsement of the *Journal's* action in going into court to remedy local abuses and printed symposia under such modest spread headlines as "Journalism That Acts; Men of Action in All Walks of Life Heartily Indorse the *Journal's* Fight in Behalf of the People"; and "The Development of a New Idea in Journalism" followed by two banks that read "The Value and the Propriety of the Action of a Newspaper in Invoking the Courts When Public Interests Are in Jeopardy" and "First Em-

ployed by the *Journal*, the Novel Conceit Seems Likely to Become an Accepted Part of the Function of the Newspapers of This Country."

Hearst took his readers fully into his confidence. When he bought the tottering *Morning Advertiser*, April 2, 1897, to secure an Associated Press franchise, he accused the *World* of deliberately plotting to keep the *Journal* out of the Associated Press and denounced Joseph Pulitzer as "a journalist who made his money by pandering to the worst tastes of the prurient and horror-loving by dealing in bogus news, such as forged cablegrams from eminent personages, and by affecting a devotion to the interests of the people while never really hurting those of his enemies, and sedulously looking out for his own." This was the opening gun in a battle of invective between Pulitzer and Hearst that was not to end until a truce was declared after the Spanish-American War.

With the possibility of a Greco-Turkish war looming, Hearst sent James Creelman to Europe as a sort of wandering commissioner. As the forerunner of many notable exploits, Creelman interviewed King George of Greece and even succeeded in persuading the monarch to send a cable message to the *Journal*. When the war broke out, Hearst put seven correspondents in the field, including Stephen Crane and Julian Ralph, and sold their exclusive cables to other newspapers. Thus Hearst laid the foundation for the present enormous news and feature services that enable him to play so large a part in shaping public opinion in every state in the Union.

On April 27, 1897, the *Evening Journal* came out with

the first page in colors, and printed five editions to celebrate the dedication of Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive. Two expeditions, jointly representing the *Journal* and the San Francisco *Examiner*, joined the gold rush to the Klondike, and on August 22, 1897, the Sunday *Journal* devoted a special twelve-page section to special articles and pictures of the Klondike.

Under the constant but unflurried prodding of the proprietor, the *Journal's* editors and reporters outdid themselves in enterprise and sensationalism. A mobile "murder squad" was formed to solve criminal mysteries independent of the police. Liberal rewards were offered. In the summer of 1897 the dismembered body of a man named Guldensuppe wrapped in oil cloth was found. The *Journal* reproduced the pattern on the oil cloth in colors and assigned thirty men to find the purchaser. One of these was George Waugh Arnold, one of the cleverest reporters New York ever produced. Arnold was something of a character. Although a little man he had a chest like a wrestler and wore medium-weight suits, without overcoat or vest, and low-cut shoes even in winter. He was a great mixer and was at home with every sort of human being.

Arnold found the purchaser of the oil cloth. This led to the arrest of an east side midwife and the man who had aided her in doing away with her former lover, Guldensuppe. Although the characters in the drama were lowly and drab, the *Journal*, by its treatment, "lifted" the story to the level of a fascinating fiction mystery and thousands clutched eagerly at the paper's extras.

The *Journal* boasted the case had been solved by its

great news-gathering machinery "under the personal direction of the best editorial brains in the world" and offered this conception of the function of the new journalism in criminal cases: "Time has been when the utmost art of the literary man or the journalist has been employed in making a criminal a heroic figure in an engrossing romance. That was in the era of the old journalism. The new journalism strives to apprehend the criminal, to bring him to the bar of justice and thereafter not to convict him but to show him as he is."

Again, the new journalism proudly asserted that it did not await the "cautious handling of professional detectives" but "investigated along its own lines, examining every clue, tracing every rumor and unraveling every theory . . . the *Journal* has made itself the most efficient ally of justice in this city. By the terror it has inspired among criminals it has added materially to the safety of human life. Not only has its staff of reporters constituted a detective force at least as efficient as that maintained at public expense by this or any other city but by enlisting its millions of readers in the work it has created a new instrument of detection of incomparable power."

Hearst was insatiable in his demand for features, especially melodramatic news with "woman appeal." On one occasion the entire third page was given over to "Stories of Love and Romance Gathered From the News of the Day." Each of the seven columns were headed by heart-shaped illustrations. Soon "Letters From the Lovelorn" blossomed out. Beatrice Fairfax, Dorothy Dix and other pioneer menders of broken hearts would write syrupy replies to

requests for advice from young girls and, on occasion, young men. These columns, dripping with sentiment, undoubtedly led the way for the present-day flood of "heart-throb" and "confession" magazines.

One of the star *Journal* men was Henry Terry, who won the nickname "Deacon," a title that stuck to him until his death, by refusing to divulge a confession by an ignorant Italian murder suspect. "Deacon" was not a Roman Catholic, but because of his appearance—clean-shaven, black suit of conservative cut and piccadilly collar and black ascot tie—the man awaiting trial in the Tombs mistook him for a priest, and instantly began a confession. It was not until the confession was over that the Italian and "Deacon" realized the mistake. Then the murderer went into hysterics. Terry calmed him by assuring him the story would never reach the world through him. The reporter was as good as his word. He refused to write the story for his paper and, when subpœnaed as a witness at the trial, pleaded that the words of the prisoner were sacred and therefore privileged. He was adjudged in contempt, but his action was vindicated by the higher courts and a precedent established.

The *Journal* and the *Evening Journal* of those days became the training-ground for men Hearst later sent to various parts of the country as executives of papers purchased or founded. Among the men famous in the newspaper world who developed or flowered under Hearst in the late nineties and early years of this century were Charles Edward Russell, Alfred Henry Lewis's brothers, Charles E. and Irving, who later became the owners of the

Morning Telegraph; Joseph Johnson, Reginald Foster, Robert H. Davis, Thomas Vivian, Foster Coates, John L. Eddy, James J. Montague, Clinton B. Fisk, Joseph Mulcahey, Robert McCabe, Martin Dunn, Victor A. Watson, William Curley, P. L. Campbell, and Fred E. Eldridge.

At that time Astor, Vanderbilt and Gould balls were events of the social season. The other newspapers treated these functions rather decorously. Hearst showed his rivals how to cover them in a way that would interest the masses. On February 11, 1897, the *Journal* devoted its first five pages to a fancy-dress ball which, it declared, cost $369,200. The entire front page contained a sketch drawn by Archie Gunn. There were additional elaborate drawings by E. W. Kemble, Granville Smith and other popular illustrators. Kemble's seven-column sketch showed "Some of the Four Thousand Who Were Not in the Cotillion" as contrasted with the four hundred who were. Hearst's society columns have always been chatty, intimate, satirical and a little bit naughty, aimed to catch below-stairs as well as drawing-room circulation.

Under Hearst's insistent leadership and unabated energy the pace in the *Journal* shop was terrific. Everybody except Hearst himself showed the strain at times. One morning Sam Chamberlain came down to the office arrayed as usual like a lily of the field. But he seemed restless. He rang his desk-bell and said to the head office boy: "Joe, get me a list of sailings for Europe."

Chamberlain found a Dutch boat was sailing that day. He rose, locked his desk, put the key in his pocket, took his hat down from a nail, donned his smart London over-

coat, pulled on his smart London gloves, stepped gaily out of the office—and was gone.

Two or three days later Arthur McEwen was looking for Chamberlain. No one knew where the managing editor was. McEwen called the head office boy. Joe told his tale of the steamer lists. "Ah," said McEwen, "get me a list." McEwen read the steamship schedules, drew a deep sigh of satisfaction, grabbed his broad-brimmed Western hat from the top of his desk, pulled it down over his eyes, thrust his arms into his rough overcoat—and was gone.

A few days later Hearst, returning from a trip to Washington, sought out Chamberlain. No managing editor. Then Hearst tried to find McEwen. He was a "mysterious disappearance" also. Finally Joe came and told his tale. "Ah," said Hearst. He went to the city desk and said: "Give me your brightest young man." And to the brightest young man he said:

"Go down to the business office and get some money. Take the first steamer for Europe. I think you'll have to get one to England. From England go to the Hook of Holland and get to Amsterdam. When you land in Amsterdam, walk for about three blocks along the big street where you land. Turn to the left in a little side street. There you will find a small, low house with a green door. Open the door and walk in. There will be a fat, good-natured Dutchman in the room you enter. Ask him where the two tall Americans are, and where he tells you, go and find Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. McEwen and ask them to be kind enough to take the next boat home."

The bright young man did as he was bid: Arrived in

Amsterdam, walked up the broad street, turned to the left up the narrow street, found the little low-roofed house, met the fat, good-humored man smoking a large Dutch pipe. The fat, good-humored man regarded him attentively, marked well his pantomime describing the two tall Americans, blew a gust of smoke from his pipe, nodded and threw open a door into a small inner room. There, with a glass of schnapps in his hand, on one side of the tall porcelain stove, sat Samuel Chamberlain, managing editor of the New York *Journal*, and on the other side sat Arthur McEwen, chief editorial writer for the same interesting publication.

Both started to their feet. The bright young man delivered his message. The gentlemen nodded courteously. "Arthur, it was a fatal mistake to describe this place so accurately to Hearst," remarked Chamberlain sadly.

"Are you in need of money?" asked the bright young man.

The answer was miraculously "No," and in a very short time the missing editors were on their way back to New York, the *Journal* and William Randolph Hearst. When they arrived, there was a new man in charge of the editorial page and a new managing editor sat in Chamberlain's chair.

"Pardon me," said Chamberlain, "just a moment."

He hung up his smart English hat, disposed of his smart English overcoat, sat down at the suddenly vacated desk without disarranging a petal of the flower in the lapel of his smart morning coat, opened his mail and telegrams and stepped into the local room, inquiring as was his wont:

"Well, what is this array of talent and beauty doing to make the world brighter and better this morning?"

The new editorial writer stepped down and out, the nice new managing editor was no more, and life resumed in the *Journal* office its hectic but customary course. When Hearst came in, he greeted the deserters politely, without a word of reproof or admonition, just as though he had seen them every day for the past month.

Although he blazoned to the world his journalistic achievements, the singular owner of the *Journal* would go to any lengths to conceal acts of charity and personal kindness. Even to-day he maintains confidential and discreet almoners to take care of old employees or former supporters who have fallen upon evil times, and his personal charities are enormous. When he learned a school teacher in San Francisco had sacrificed for a sick pupil's family money she had saved to take her mother on a frugal Cook's tour of Europe, he sent the teacher and her mother off on a de luxe tour as representatives of his paper "inspecting foreign school systems." The teacher was given a batch of blue envelopes in which she faithfully mailed back weekly reports. But not a line of her essays was used.

A stenographer in the *Journal* office suffered a stroke of paralysis one day and was taken home. She was a straight-forward, light-hearted girl, always willing to work overtime and do it cheerfully. Hearst sent her to Europe to take a famous cure and, when this failed, supported her in an expensive sanitarium here. One day word reached him that the final tragedy had occurred: "She has fallen in

love with a man she met in the sanitarium," Hearst was told. "They are both hopeless cripples."

Hearst whistled his soft little tune between his teeth and directed:

"Find out about the man, what sort he is and what are his circumstances?"

The report on the man's character was favorable, but he was poor. Hearst had an apartment leased in Brooklyn and moved the two invalids there. The girl's sister and the man's sister went to live with them. The former was provided with a position in New York, the latter kept house. The cripples played chess and read together and eventually died in peace and happiness.

When Bill Hart, one of his star *Examiner* men, was taken ill of cancer, Hearst wired Hart's mother to take a drawing-room on a fast train and bring her son from San Francisco to New York. Then he cabled to France and brought over a Pasteur specialist who had won a great reputation in Europe through the treatment of cancer. Help came too late. Hearst paid all the bills and timidly exacted a promise from Mrs. Hart that she would never tell his part in the affair.

Hearst always had great personal affection for Homer Davenport, his famous cartoonist. He had a tolerant and protective feeling for the great, hulking man who was never other than a small boy at heart. Davenport enjoyed to the full his growing fame but his head was easily turned by flattery. Once Davenport came to Hearst in great distress and said: "I have been invited to a dinner party, chief, and I haven't any evening clothes."

"Oh, that's all right, Davvy," replied Hearst. "Go up to Brooks Brothers and get yourself a dress suit and any other little things you need. I'll take care of the bill."

Several days later George Pancoast, still including the duties of secretary among his many activities, came to Hearst and indignantly showed a bill for Davenport's purchases. The cartoonist had ordered a tuxedo, as well as full evening clothes, a silk hat, a dozen dress-shirts, two dozen pairs of silk sox, studs, pumps and patent-leather shoes, dress ties, underwear, a couple of canes and numerous other "little things." "Chief, I don't think you ought to pay this bill," spluttered Pancoast.

A faint smile overspread Hearst's features. He gazed quizzically at the long list of items and then said: "Don't get angry, George. Let's pay for Davvy's toys. Besides, George, this is a pretty cheap way to get the measure of a man."

Hearst joyed in the companionship of Alfred Henry Lewis. Lewis was equally skilful as a fiction and political writer. With the most vigorous and vitriolic pen in New York, he made many men prominent in politics writhe. He wrote with the strength and freedom of the West he knew so well. He was no tapper, no mere word embroiderer. His blows were clear and heavy; his art consisted of the deftness and certainty with which he placed them. His extemporaneous bons mots were famous. Once, during one of Sam Chamberlain's occasional "trips to Holland," Andrew M. Lawrence was placed in temporary charge of the *Journal*. Lawrence had been one of the secretaries in Washington of Senator George Hearst. He was a postur-

LEFT—*The late James Creelman;* RIGHT—*S. S. Chamberlain;* CENTER—*Homer C. Davenport.*

ing, pompous man, somewhat resembling Mussolini facially and in physique. He was a great contrast to the easy-moving, masterful Chamberlain; but he sought to stir things up. Lewis halted him one afternoon, while he was dashing around, and growled: "Calm yourself, Andy, calm yourself. You remind me of a little dog barking after an express and thinking he is making the train go."

Early in the second year under its new ownership the *Journal* showed no abatement of its astonishing progress. But continued success in the metropolitan field was dependent also upon the breaking of "live" news. So Hearst welcomed various sporadic outbursts of groups of patriots in Cuba who were agitating for freedom from Spanish rule. Cuba was just a canoe length, comparatively, from our shores. Naturally interest could be easily stirred in a tiny island seeking freedom from despotic European rule. So Hearst sent Murat Halstead, Richard Harding Davis, Frederick Lawrence and others to Cuba with instructions to expose Spanish oppression. At the same time he sent to the Governors of all states these questions:

First—Do you favor on the part of the United States such interference in the Cuban revolution, by recognition or the giving of material aid, as would promote the war of independence?

Second—How many volunteers would your state probably furnish for the sea and land forces respectively in case of war with a foreign power?

The Spanish commander in Cuba, General Valeriano Weyler ("Butcher" Weyler, the *Journal* christened him), expelled some of the Hearst representatives. Hearst

sent others and the *Journal* managed to get the news—and to make the news. One of the special correspondents was Frederic Remington, the eminent artist, who drew notable sketches of Spanish cruelty. After a short time Remington sent this telegram from Havana:

W. R. Hearst, New York *Journal*, N. Y.:
Everything is quiet. There is no trouble here. There will be no war. I wish to return. REMINGTON.

This is the answer Hearst is said to have written:

Remington, Havana:
Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war. W. R. HEARST.

Hearst has since privately denied that this telegram was actually sent. It is doubtful whether such an inflammatory message would have been permitted to go through by the Marquis de Palmerola, secretary to Weyler and chief censor at Havana. But there is no question the words quoted represented the attitude, the desire and the hope of the owner of the New York *Journal*.

Whether or not he made the boast in a wire to Remington, the new genius of sensationalism tried to "furnish the war."

Fifteen months later found Hearst in a state of proud ecstasy. It was claimed he had forced a reluctant administration into war. Entertained, thrilled through and through by the romance and excitement of the achievement, he could truly say, as he sailed toward the arena of conflict with his battalion of correspondents and photographers and artists

to watch the United States end Spain's bloody and cruel rule in Cuba:

"This is the new journalism's war. Come on, fellows, let's get in it!"

A new madness of big type and red-ink appeals to public passion had begun.

CHAPTER VII

HEARST SEEMS TO OWN A WAR

THE Spanish-American War came as close to being a "one man war" as any conflict in our history. From 1893 Spain had been butchering *pacificos* in Cuba through Governor General Weyler's *reconcentrado* policy. Whole families, inhabitants of entire villages and towns were herded into unhealthy concentration camps so that the civilians could not aid their brothers battling for Cuban liberty. It was incomparably inhuman, as bad as the Armenian massacres by old Turkey. Assassination was rife at the doors of the United States. As far back as 1896 Hearst and his New York *Journal* had begun to clamor for American intervention.

Hearst had even printed editorials in 1893 and 1894 in the San Francisco *Examiner* advocating intervention, but he had been unable to rouse the stolid Cleveland. Now he was having equal difficulty with the Republican President. So he determined to apply the policies of the new journalism: "Don't wait for things to turn up. Turn them up!"

Up the street the *World* and *Evening World* were playing down the possibility of war. Joseph Pulitzer's brief service as a cavalryman on the side lines in the Civil War had taught him something of what war was and he hated

it. Later he was forced in self-defense to follow Hearst; and the two so-called "yellow journals" outdid each other in such a display of sensationalism as to earn the condemnation of many thoughtful observers. The Hearst-Pulitzer rivalry reached almost the limits of absurdity after the *Evening Journal* editorship was taken over by Arthur Brisbane, glowingly eager to prove to his new boss that he could hit bull's-eyes and boost circulation tremendously.

As soon as the McKinley-Bryan campaign was over Hearst turned the attention of the country toward Cuba. He beat the drums and shouted for intervention and Cuban independence. As early as December, 1896, when Congress was about to meet, the owner of the *Journal* sent out to the Governors of the states the list of questions already quoted. During 1897 the *Journal* printed special despatches from Richard Harding Davis and other correspondents narrating in blood-curdling fashion the oppression of Cuban patriots and their families. It devoted pages to the sketches of Frederic Remington.

But Hearst's real opportunity to plough the war soil did not come until a sultry August day in 1897. He was languidly fingering a sheaf of wires and cables in the *Journal* office. A despatch from Havana, buried in the mound, caught his eye: "Evangelina Cisneros, pretty girl of seventeen years, related to President of Cuban Republic, is to be imprisoned for twenty years on African coast for having taken part in uprising of Cuban political prisoners on Isle of Pines."

Hearst sat, as he still sits, legs crossed, drumming upon chair or table. He whistled softly and pushed a bell. "Ask

Mr. Chamberlain to come here a moment." Chamberlain, quick, energetic, perfectly groomed, popped in. "Sam!" cried Hearst—and this was one of the few occasions in his entire life when excitement was permitted to creep into his voice—"we've got Spain! Look at this! Get every detail of this case from Havana. Let's draw up a petition to the Queen Mother of Spain for this child's pardon. Enlist the women of America. Have them sign the petition. Wake up our correspondents all over the country. Have distinguished women sign first. Cable the petition and the names to the Queen Mother. Notify our minister in Madrid. We can make a national issue of this case. It will do more to open the eyes of the country to Spanish cruelty and oppression than a thousand editorials or political speeches.

"The Spanish Minister can attack our correspondents, but we'll see if he can face the women of America when they take up the fight! This girl must be saved, if we have to take her out of prison by force or send a steamer to meet the vessel that carries her to Africa—but that would be piracy, wouldn't it?"

Hearst's orders were carried out with the precision of popping fire-crackers. Petitions poured in upon the Queen Regent and upon the Pope. Signatories included the mother of President McKinley, the widow of Jefferson Davis, the adored Julia Ward Howe. Within a few days little Evangelina Cisneros had become a symbol. By August 23, 1897, thousands of American women had signed the petition and the *Journal*, devoting two or three pages a day to the crusade, announced in a banner headline on the front page: "The Whole Country Rising to the

Rescue." Señor Dupuy de Lome, the clever Spanish minister at Washington, sought strenuously to counteract the Hearst propaganda, but he might as well have tried to drain the ocean with a tin pail. He was inundated by barrels of ink.

The new journalism and its energetic exemplar had no intention of awaiting the slow processes of diplomacy. While the fever was at its apogee, Hearst called in Karl Decker, one of his star staff men, and told him he had determined to rescue Miss Cisneros at any hazard. He asked Decker if he wanted to undertake the mission. Decker, who was absolutely fearless, jumped at the chance. The specially selected commissioner arrived at Cienfuegos late in September and met other men employed by the *Journal* who had carefully worked out a plan to break into Recojidas Prison in Havana where the girl was confined. The *Journal* men had managed to lease a house directly adjoining the prison.

In the Sunday issue of October 10, 1897, the *Journal* suddenly startled the country by announcing in a front-page banner head, with a seven-column pyramid bank beneath: "Miss Evangelina Cisneros Rescued by the *Journal*. An American Newspaper Accomplishes at a Single Stroke What the Best Efforts of Diplomacy Failed Utterly to Bring About in Many Months." Sub-headlines read: "Taken From Her Loathsome Havana Prison by a Courageous Correspondent" and "Now on Her Way to New York Under the Shelter of the Stars and Stripes." The front page contained a sketch of "the rescued martyr in her prison garb"; a facsimile of the *Journal's* petition

to Her Majesty Maria Christina, and two pen-and-ink drawings showing Miss Cisneros "before and after fifteen months' incarceration."

Decker's nom de guerre in his first despatch was "Charles Duval." He wrote: "Evangelina Cosio y Cisneros is at last at liberty, and the *Journal* can place to its credit the greatest journalistic coup of this age. It is an illustration of the methods of the new journalism, and it will find an indorsement in the heart of every woman who has read of the horrible sufferings of the poor girl who has been confined for fifteen long months in Rocojidas Prison, . . . I have broken the bars of Rocojidas and have set free the beautiful captive of monster Weyler. . . . Weyler could blind the Queen to the real character of Evangelina, but he could not build a jail that would hold against *Journal* enterprise when properly set to work . . . a plot had been hatched right in the heart of Havana—a desperate plot, as shown by the revolver found on the roof of the house through which the escape was effected. . . . I came here three weeks ago, having been told by the editor of the *Journal* to go to Cuba and rescue from her prison Miss Cisneros, a niece of the former President of the Cuban Republic, a tenderly reared girl, descended from one of the best families in the island, and herself a martyr to the unsatisfied desires of a beast in Spanish uniform."

The Decker exploit perhaps was the most daring demonstration Hearst has ever given of his belief in personal journalism. Disguised as a boy, Evangelina was smuggled aboard an outbound steamer and brought to New York.

Anything You Want?

NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

"WANTS"

NO. 3,442. NEW YORK, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1897. 48 PAGES. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

MISS EVANGELINA CISNEROS RESCUED BY THE JOURNAL.

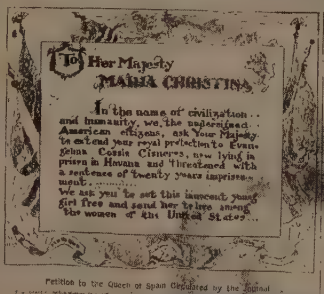
An American Newspaper Accomplishes at a Single Stroke What the Best Efforts of Diplomacy Failed Utterly to Bring About in Many Months.

TAKEN FROM HER DUNGEON IN HAVANA PRISON BY A COURAGEOUS CORRESPONDENT.

HOW ON HER WAY TO NEW YORK UNDER THE SHELTER OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

MISS CISNEROS BEFORE AND AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS' INCARCERATION.

THE RESCUED MARTYR IN HER PRISON GARB.



To Her Majesty MARIA CHRISTINA,

In the name of civilization and humanity, we, the undersigned American citizens, ask Your Majesty to extend your royal protection to Evangelina Cossio Cisneros, now lying in prison in Havana and threatened with a sentence of twenty years imprisonment.

We ask you to set this innocent young girl free and send her to live among the women of the United States.

Petition to the Queen of Spain Circulated by the Journal

The front page of the New York Journal, *October 10, 1897.*

For a fortnight the *Journal* played up its feat to the limit. A half-page sketch showed President McKinley and his Cabinet discussing the rescue. McKinley was represented holding the *Journal* and reading Secretary of State Sherman's statement that "every one will sympathize with the *Journal's* enterprise in releasing Miss Cisneros." "Well, Mr. Secretary," the President was quoted, "I think that you have correctly voiced the unofficial sentiment of the administration. It was a most heroic deed."

The climax of the exploit (perhaps even of Hearst's resourceful early journalistic career) was an open-air reception in Madison Square—another stroke of Hearst's genius—where 100,000 New Yorkers welcomed the slender, dark-eyed little beauty who personified Cuba's struggle and the dauntless Decker. Red fire, military bands, parades, such a demonstration that the press of the world took note, and it needed but another spark or two —and those soon to come—to bring on the war Hearst is alleged to have promised to provide.

The *Journal* ran a half-page cut and a great spread when the dainty and dazed little Miss Cisneros was taken to Washington to meet the President. Also the paper celebrated its enterprise by printing in the "ears" on either side of the front page: "The *Journal's* Motto: While Others Talk the *Journal* Acts." And by every means in its power it sought to force intervention.

The campaign was given tremendous impetus when the *Journal's* Washington bureau intercepted a private letter written by Señor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish minister, to Canalejas, the editor of a Madrid newspaper. The letter

described the growing war fever and referred to President McKinley as "a low politician, catering to the rabble." Hearst pounced upon the phrase. He printed a two page facsimile of the letter under a banner head: "The Worst Insult to the United States in Its History"; and a bold-face editorial three columns wide. The next day, February 10, 1898, the headlines read: "*Journal's* Letter Gets De Lome His Walking Papers" and "Spanish Minister Couldn't Deny the *Journal's* Fac Simile Reproduction of His Infamous Letter, So He Makes a Confession by Silence."

Five days later came an event that directly brought on the war—the destruction by a mystifying explosion of the United States battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor with a loss of more than 250 men. Now the "Warcry," as the *Journal* had been dubbed on Park Row, outdid itself. The paper of Thursday, February 17, was a masterpiece of Hearst's evocative art. Hearst seized a pencil and wrote out an offer of a reward of $50,000 which was played up in boxes and streamer headlines. The boxes read:

$50,000!

$50,000 REWARD!

For the Detection of the
Perpetrator of
The Maine Outrage!

The New York *Journal* hereby offers a reward of $50,000 CASH for information, FURNISHED TO IT EXCLUSIVELY, which shall lead to the detection and conviction of the person, persons or government criminally responsible for the explosions which resulted in the destruction, at Havana, of the United States

$50,000 REWARD.—WHO DESTROYED THE MAINE?—$50,000 REWARD.

NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

NO. 8,174. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1898.—16 PAGES. PRICE ONE CENT.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WAR SHIP MAINE WAS THE WORK OF AN ENEMY.

$50,000!

$50,000 REWARD!
For the Detection of the Perpetrator of the Maine Outrage!

The New York Journal hereby offers a reward of $50,000 CASH for information, FURNISHED TO IT EXCLUSIVELY, which shall lead to the detection and conviction of the person or persons responsible for the destruction of the U. S. battleship Maine in Havana harbor on the night of the 15th inst., by the explosion of a bomb or torpedo.

$50,000 CASH will be paid for such information, in addition to any other rewards offered by the United States Government or by the Spanish Government, and the information upon which the reward is claimed must be exclusive to the Journal and not available for the Government officials, who are investigating the case, and must be such as to enable them to bring the criminals to justice. FOR THE PERPETRATOR OF THIS OUTRAGE HAD ACCOMPLICES.

Assistant Secretary Roosevelt Convinced the Explosion of the War Ship Was Not an Accident.

The Journal Offers $50,000 Reward for the Conviction of the Criminals Who Sent 258 American Sailors to Their Death. Naval Officers Unanimous That the Ship Was Destroyed on Purpose.

$50,000!

$50,000 REWARD!
For the Detection of the Perpetrator of the Maine Outrage!

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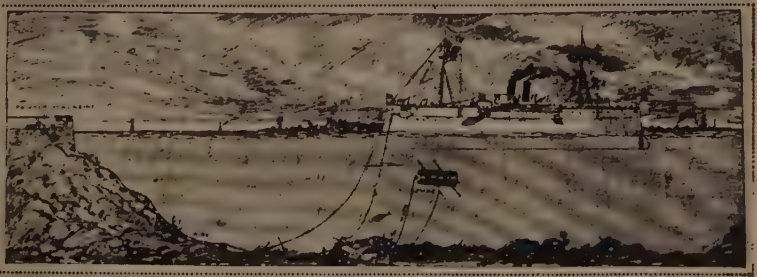

NAVAL OFFICERS THINK THE MAINE WAS DESTROYED BY A SPANISH MINE.

Hidden Mine or a Sunken Torpedo Believed to Have Been the Weapon Used Against the American Man-of-War---Officers and Men Tell Thrilling Stories of Being Blown Into the Air Amid a Mass of Shattered Steel and Exploding Shells---Survivors Brought to Key West Scout the Idea of Accident---Spanish Officials Protest Too Much---Our Cabinet Orders a Searching Inquiry---Journal Sends Divers to Havana to Report Upon the Condition of the Wreck.

Was the Vessel Anchored Over a Mine?

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt says he is convinced that the destruction of the Maine in Havana Harbor was not an accident.

The Journal offers a reward of $50,000 for exclusive evidence that will convict the person, persons or Government criminally responsible for the destruction of the American battleship and the death of 258 of its crew.

The suspicion that the Maine was deliberately blown up grows stronger every hour. Not a single fact to the contrary has been produced.

Captain Sigsbee, of the Maine, and Consul-General Lee both urge that public opinion be suspended until they have completed their investigation. They are taking the course of tactful men who are convinced that there has been treachery.

Spanish Government officials are pressing for a card a court of explanation of how it could have been an accident. The facts show that there was a bad report before the ship exploded, and that, had her magazine exploded, she would have sunk immediately.

Every naval expert in Washington says that if the Maine's magazine had exploded the whole vessel would have been blown to atoms.

Hearst offers a $50,000 reward.

war ship *Maine* and the loss of 258 lives of American sailors.

The $50,000 CASH offered for the above information is on deposit with Wells, Fargo & Co., and will be paid upon the production of the convicting evidence.

No one is barred, be he the humble but misguided seaman eking out a few miserable dollars by acting as a spy, or the attaché of a government secret service, plotting by any devilish means, to revenge fancied insults or cripple menacing countries.

This offer has been cabled to Europe and will be made public in every capital of the Continent and in London this morning.

The *Journal* believes that any man who can be bought to commit murder can also be bought to betray his comrades. FOR THE PERPETRATOR OF THIS OUTRAGE HAD ACCOMPLICES.

W. R. HEARST.

From the very first Hearst took the position that the Maine had been blown up by the Spaniards. The city-edition headline asserted flatly: "Destruction of the War Ship Maine Was the Work of an Enemy"; while a "6 A. M. extra" was headlined: "The War Ship Maine Was Split in Two by an Enemy's Secret Infernal Machine!" A seven-column sketch, placed almost directly in the centre of the first of eight pages devoted to the disaster, showed the ship anchored above mines connected with a Spanish shore fortress. It was captioned: "Naval Officers Think the Maine Was Destroyed by a Spanish Mine." A sub-caption read in part: "The Spaniards, it is believed, arranged to have the Maine anchored over one of the harbor mines. Wires connected the mine with a powder magazine, and it is thought the explosion was caused by sending an electric current through the wire. If this can be proven, the brutal

nature of the Spaniards will be shown by the fact that they waited to spring the mine until after all the men had retired for the night. The Maltese cross in the picture shows where the mine may have been fired."

A three-column pyramid bank headline asserted: "Assistant Secretary Roosevelt Convinced the Explosion of the War Ship Was Not an Accident." Another sub-head announced: "*Journal* Sends Divers to Havana to Report Upon the Condition of the Wreck."

For many days, while a naval board of inquiry was slowly at work, the *Journal* indulged in an orgy of ink. The *Evening Journal* printed the first Sunday extra of an evening newspaper on February 20, containing a two-page illustration captioned: "How the Maine Actually Looks as It Lies, Wrecked by Spanish Treachery, in Havana Bay." The *Journal's* circulation for the three days following the loss of the Maine totaled 3,098,825 copies, setting a new mark.

In a Broadway bar an unknown man raised his glass and solemnly said: "Gentlemen, remember the Maine!" and furnished a slogan that was to ring around the world. At 154 Nassau Street a newspaper proprietor ordered great double-page color spreads, pen-and-ink sketches and exciting news stories under such heads as: "No North, No South, One United Country"; "Sections Widely Apart Welded by a Common Impulse to Avenge Heroes of the Maine"; "The Union Ablaze With Patriotism—Every State Ready to Spring to Arms at a Moment's Notice"; "Desperate Work to Hold the United States Senate in Check"; " 'No War'—But Night and Sunday Work on

Big Guns Goes On, Sabbath Toil and Rush of Soldiers to All Seaside Forts."

On February 24 the first eight pages of the *Journal* appeared as the "Maine News Section." The Sunday *Journal* jumped 200,000 in circulation in six weeks. The *Evening Journal* reached 519,032 and proudly announced a "record never equaled by any afternoon paper published in the English language or any other language." The entire front page of the "Maine News Section" was taken up with sketches of the *Journal's* "War fleet, correspondents and artists." George Washington's picture in the "ears" of the paper, at either side of the title, looked down upon the "two fast yachts *Buccaneer* and *Anita* and tug *Echo;* War Correspondents Julian Hawthorne, Karl Decker, James Creelman, A. H. Lewis, George E. Bryson and William E. Lewis; artists Frederic Remington and William Bengough." Hearst was assuredly ready for war.

McKinley delayed, however, and all through March and early April Hearst hammered at him hotly. The *Journal* roundly abused the President, the Cabinet and Mark Hanna, charging boldly that the purpose of the procrastination was to enable speculators to pile up profits in Wall Street. McKinley's advisers were dubbed the "Wall Street Cabinet." A Davenport cartoon showed Mark Hanna as the Goddess of Liberty in a robe covered with dollar signs. Hanna was holding ticker tape and eagerly watching quotations on the stock market. "McKinley and the Wall Street Cabinet are ready to surrender every particle of national honor and dignity," read one *Journal* attack. The paper quoted Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary

of the Navy, who was chaffing to get into battle and who was doing a little jingoing on his own account: "It is cheering to find a newspaper of the great influence and circulation of the *Journal* tell the facts as they exist and ignore the suggestions of various kinds that emanate from sources that cannot be described as patriotic or loyal to the flag of this country."

Roosevelt indignantly denied the alleged interview, characterizing it as "an invention from beginning to end" and adding: "I never in public or private commended the New York *Journal*. . . . I never have given a certificate of character to the *Journal*." It was the first time Hearst and Roosevelt locked horns. Later these two masters of the art of swaying the public were frequently to refuse "certificates of character" to each other. Yet each had a concealed respect for the other's keenness. Roosevelt once said that Hearst excelled any one he had ever known in his ability to cut across lots and anticipate public opinion.

Pulitzer printed Roosevelt's denial of the *Journal* interview on the front page of the *World* and characterized Hearst's war news as "Written by fools for fools." Ex-President Cleveland also took occasion to rebuke Hearst. Refusing to serve upon a committee the publisher was forming to provide a Maine memorial, Cleveland wrote: "I decline to allow my sorrow for those who died on the Maine to be perverted to an advertising scheme for the New York *Journal*."

Aghast at the methods of the "yellow press," as he termed it, the scholarly Edwin Lawrence Godkin in the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* denounced both the World and

the *Journal.* He asserted the multitude "have already established a régime" in which a "blackguard boy [Hearst] with several millions of dollars at his disposal has more influence on the use a great nation may make of its credit, of its army and navy, of its name and traditions, than all the statesmen and philosophers and professors in the country. If this does not supply food for reflection about the future of the nation to thoughtful men, it must be because the practice of reflection has ceased."

In the early spring of 1898, while the *World* and the *Journal* were seeking to drown each other's voices in shouting for intervention, Godkin declared nothing so disgraceful as the behavior of these newspapers had been known in the history of journalism. He called the *World* and *Journal* "newspaper firebrands scattered broadcast throughout the country"; adding: "their business is not to promote public happiness or morality but to 'sell the papers.' The resources of type have been about exhausted. Nothing in the way of larger letters can be used, unless only a single headline is to be given on the first page. Red ink has been resorted to as an additional element of attraction or terror, and if we had a war, the whole paper might be printed in red, white and blue. In that case, real lunatics instead of imitation lunatics should be employed as editors and contributors . . . a yellow-journal office is probably the nearest approach, in atmosphere, to hell existing in any Christian state. A better place in which to prepare a young man for eternal damnation than a yellow-journal office does not exist."

But sober voices like that of Godkin did not halt the

fury. Hearst and Pulitzer continued to "whoop things up" at all costs. The crowd roared. And war was declared. Then came a new outburst of typographical violence. Brisbane introduced block letter headlines into the *Evening Journal.* Some of these were four inches high. The *Evening World* followed suit. Sometimes the entire front pages of both papers were simply a medley of headlines. Hearst spent $500,000 above ordinary expenses in covering the news of the short campaign.

The proprietor of the *Journal* rushed to Washington when war was declared and offered to organize and equip a regiment. McKinley politely declined. Hearst then offered the government his yacht the *Buccaneer* without cost. This offer was accepted and Hearst was given an honorary commission of Ensign in the navy. He chartered the British steamer *Sylvia* and a whole fleet of tugs and led twenty correspondents, artists and photographers to the scene of strife. One of these was J. C. Hemment, pioneer motion-picture photographer. Hearst took hand presses and a crew of printers and published a Cuban edition of the *Journal* on board the *Sylvia.*

Hearst was in his element. He fed raw meat to his men and roused even dignified, deliberate Richard Harding Davis to extraordinary efforts. Edward Marshall, one of the *Journal's* correspondents, was shot down at El Caney. A comrade knelt in the grass beside him and took down his story of the battle. Hearst got the story out in time to score a scoop that boosted circulation a hundred thousand in New York.

The *Sylvia* hovered in the offing during the bombard-

ment of Cervera's ships by the American fleet. When the Spanish fleet came out, Hearst rushed one of his fast despatch tugs to Port Antonio with the story. At daybreak on the morning of July 3 the captain of the *Sylvia* roused Hearst and told him the battle was on. Hearst had his ship edged as close to the combat as possible. The *Gloucester* fired a shot across the *Sylvia's* bow to keep her back. An officer on the *Gloucester* megaphoned that specks in the distance were the fleeing Spanish fleet. Through the glass the American battleship *Texas* could be seen chasing the *Cristobal Colon* down the coast. In a couple of hours, Lieut. Blue of the *Texas* came alongside and reported the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Blue said to Hearst: "There are some Spanish sailors trying to land on the beach. We are going to get them." Some time later the naval boat reappeared. Hearst asked: "Where are your prisoners?" He was told that the heavy naval boat might capsize and it had been determined to let the prisoners go.

Hearst, his eyes dancing, turned to George Pancoast and exclaimed: "Let's get them!" "All right," replied Pancoast, "those fellows don't know how to beach a boat." A steam launch was lowered and ran to the shore. The party of surviving Spanish bluejackets was huddled on the beach. Hearst pulled off his pants and leaped into the surf. Brandishing a huge revolver, he drove twenty-six wet and befuddled Spaniards into his launch. There is in existence a crude and faded snapshot of Hearst wading through the water in pursuit of the Spaniards.

Back on the *Sylvia* Jack Hemment made the frightened and dripping prisoners kneel and kiss the flag while

he photographed them to his heart's content. Then Hearst had hoisted the signals: "We have prisoners for the fleet" and the *Sylvia* proceeded majestically through the reformed line of American battleships and delivered the prisoners to Admiral Schley. The American sailors cheered, Hearst took his bow like any matinée hero, and the *Journal* in New York served up the luscious details to a hungry populace.

In March James Creelman had been sent to London to represent the *Journal.* In the early days of the war, when Admiral Camara was preparing to move with a powerful fleet to attack Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay, two American monitors with 10-inch rifles were steaming across the Pacific to the Philippines. It was a critical situation. Had Camara's fleet reached Manila Bay before the arrival of the slow monitors, Dewey might have been overwhelmed.

In that exciting and perilous hour, Hearst addressed to Creelman one of the most remarkable communications ever written by a private citizen in time of war. As carefully preserved by Creelman and quoted by him in his book *The Broad Highway*, the letter reads:

NEW YORK *JOURNAL*
W. R. Hearst.

Dear Mr. Creelman:

I wish you would at once make preparations so that in case the Spanish fleet actually starts for Manila we can buy some big English steamer at the eastern end of the Mediterranean and take her to some part of the Suez Canal where we can then sink her and obstruct the passage of the Spanish warships. This must be done if the American monitors sent from San Francisco

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Yours very truly,

W R Hearst

The letter to James Creelman.

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Yours very truly,
W. R. HEARST.

Camara's fleet entered the Suez Canal on its way to attack Dewey, but the sinking of a steamer to obstruct the channel was averted by the abandonment of the expedition and the return of the Spanish fleet to the threatened coast of Spain. Hearst knew his project would be a grave breach of international law, but to him it was a combination of practical patriotism and a Napoleonic stroke of advertising for the new journalism that the whole world would have been forced to acknowledge.

There is no question but Creelman would have sought to carry out Hearst's orders. Hearst men, even to this day, regard such directions as ukases from on high. Once, at a luncheon in his New York home, Hearst paid unique tribute to Creelman's enthusiasm:

"Suppose I summoned my best men and told them I had the biggest story on earth. Suppose I said to them: 'Gentlemen, the Statue of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park has never been adequately described. I want each of you to write eight columns about it.' They'd all look at me in amazement"—the quiet, almost soundless Hearst chuckle—"all except one man. While the rest were raising objections and asking questions, Creelman would be reach-

ing for his hat. And on the way down in the elevator he would be thinking: 'By Jove, there *is* a great piece of descriptive writing in that statue!' "

The day Dewey's victory at Manila was announced, May 2, 1898, the *Journal* issued a stream of extras that followed each other as fast as the huge octuple and quadruple presses could turn them out; and circulation reached a new record mark of 1,600,000. During the war approximately 1,500,000 papers were printed and sold each day, and even at the close of the year circulation averaged 1,250,000. The influence of the typographical violence brought about by the *Journal's* use of spread-eagle type in the war is shown in practically every American paper today.

Editorially the *Journal* campaigned for the annexation of Hawaii, a larger navy, establishment of West Indies bases, construction of a Nicaraguan canal to link the Atlantic and Pacific, and enlargement of the "great national universities at West Point and Annapolis." February 5, 1899, Hearst set forth an "American internal policy" including public ownership of public franchises; destruction of "criminal trusts"; popular election of United States Senators, and greater development of the public-school system.

Hearst's quarrel with Spain ended with eminent satisfaction to him. Cuba was free. The *Journal* had gained renewed fame. Pulitzer, his chief rival, had been forced to draw upon his reserves for working capital for the first time since the establishment of the *World*.

It is one of the ironies of Hearst's curious career that

in recent years he has grown increasingly fond of Spain and of Spanish art. More than one of the numerous buildings of his great California estate were purchased in Spain and transported to America. Mr. and Mrs. Hearst have made several visits to Spain and have been cordially received by King Alfonso, who was a mere lad playing on the beach at San Sebastian when Hearst wrote his surprising letter to James Creelman.

Back at his desk in the *Journal* office Hearst turned his restless attention to other matters. Roosevelt rough-rode his way into the Executive Mansion at Albany on the strength of his own war record and "Easy Boss" Thomas C. Platt's genius for exploitation. The Democratic candidate was Judge Augustus Van Wyck of Brooklyn. Judge Van Wyck was a brother of that unpopular Mayor of New York, Robert A. Van Wyck, whom Hearst had supported. Richard Croker was then the full-fledged boss of Tammany Hall. He understood Hearst about as little as his successor, Charles F. Murphy. After Robert A. Van Wyck's election, Hearst sent word to Croker he would continue his support providing Van Wyck carried out his pledge to build more schools. The gruff old Tammany overlord spat upon the ground, wagged his head and remarked: "No man would be so green as to believe that."

In the winter of 1898–9 the *Journal* began a crusade against polygamy. Winifred Black went to Utah and interviewed Mormon women. "Crush the Harem; Protect the Home!" read a headline over one of her stories. On Janu-

ary 1, 1899, the *Journal* exclusively printed the full text of the Spanish-American peace treaty and protocols—"a journalistic achievement," it asserted, "believed to be entirely without precedent. Such enterprise makes senatorial secrecy an absurdity." Soon the Senate made public both the treaty and the protocols. Robberies and murder mysteries were still played up. Rewards for the apprehension of criminals were offered. Two copiously illustrated pages were devoted to a Vanderbilt ball. Headlines continued to be snappy and striking: "She Fell in Love With a Man's Face in a Soap 'Ad' "; "Fight for Fair One; Both Lads in Limbo."

Circulation was holding its own, well over a million a day. Brisbane began to build up advertising for the evening edition. A truce in the bitter personal warfare with Pulitizer had been declared "by mutual consent." Deficits were being reduced and Hearst could see daylight ahead.

Hearst posted off on a brief pleasure trip to Europe. In Italy he admired an old Roman well attached to a hotel. The women, laughing and dark-eyed, let down buckets from their windows and drew up the water. Hearst offered a round sum for the well. The owner would not sell. Hearst promptly purchased the entire hotel, and had the well moved to his hacienda in California. Recently he broke his almost invariable habit of refusing to part with even the most insignificant of his art items and sold the well to a club in California.

Things had been going well in the *Journal* office and the proprietor turned his attention toward the events of the day. He lured Frederick Burr Opper from *Puck*. Opper,

dean of the comic artists, is the creator of an amazing array of characters well known to the public: he originated a series of cartoons at the expense of President McKinley entitled "Willie and His Pa," depicting McKinley at the beck and call of the trusts. In contrast to the blasting Davenport cartoons, these were ordinary humorous sketches and no one seemed to enjoy them more than the President himself. He collected them and kept them to the day of his death. Roosevelt also thought them most amusing. After Roosevelt had gone to Washington as Vice President, Opper received a letter from him asking for a set of the "Willie and His Pa" sketches.

With the campaign of 1900 approaching, Hearst saw an opportunity for the new journalism to elect a President. William Jennings Bryan was the natural Democratic nominee to run again against McKinley. Bryan was grateful to Hearst for his effective support in 1896 and was more than eager to follow Hearst's lead. So the *Journal*, just before the nominating conventions met, bitterly renewed its assaults upon McKinley as the representative of plutocracy. Davenport's dollar-mark cartoons of Mark Hanna blossomed once more upon the first page.

This campaign marked Hearst's entrance into practical politics. Its immediate after-effects resulted in the first serious setback in the forward-marching, kaleidoscopic career of the thirty-seven-year-old master of "striking" journalism.

CHAPTER VIII

1901: BURNED IN EFFIGY; 1902: ELECTED TO CONGRESS; 1904: BOOMED FOR PRESIDENT

In September, 1901, if you had been strolling the streets in one of several separated communities in the United States, your eye might have been attracted by a gaunt figure of straw crudely fashioned to represent a man hanging from tree or lamp-post. The figure was generally clothed, and sometimes one hand held a rusty revolver. An attempt had usually been made to give some sort of resemblance, in facial outline, to William Randolph Hearst, proprietor of the New York *Journal*, the San Francisco *Examiner* and the recently established Chicago *American*.

Lest, however, there might be some who failed to recognize in the lineaments the person the figure represented there were displayed placards manifestly designed to indicate the feelings entertained by the authors toward Hearst and the papers he conducted. One placard even went so far as to lay responsibility for the assassination of President McKinley at the door of the Hearst papers.

From more than one tree dangled two effigies, handcuffed together, and representing Hearst and Emma Goldman the anarchist. These figures were also adorned with signs.

Remarkable scenes followed the exposure of these fig-

ures to public gaze. People who passed stopped and pelted them with various missiles. Small boys hooted and jeered. When the authorities cut down the effigies, bonfires fed by Hearst newspapers were lighted North, South, East and West. A cry of rage sounded across the continent. The Hearst organs were boycotted by many commercial and business organizations, the papers were cast out of numerous homes, libraries and clubs, and thousands signed pledges to patronize no café, barber's shop, bootblack's stand or public resort subscribing to the "anarchist sheets."

It is doubtful if any American has ever faced a wilder storm of abuse as that which burst over the head of the hapless editor following the appalling death of President McKinley. He was everywhere denounced as a murderer, anarchist and scoundrel. His newspaper rivals and other enemies used with telling effect an editorial attack upon President McKinley published by the *Evening Journal* April 10, 1901, in which it was asserted: "If bad institutions and bad men can be got rid of only by killing, then the killing must be done." Widely quoted also were lines Ambrose Bierce had written on February 4, 1901, in the *Journal*, following the assassination of Governor Goebel of Kentucky:

> The bullet that pierced Goebel's breast
> Can not be found in all the West;
> Good reason, it is speeding here
> To stretch McKinley on his bier.

These specific attacks were printed without Hearst's personal knowledge. When the first papers containing the

"assassination editorial" reached his desk, Hearst ordered the presses stopped and the editorial "toned down." But a sufficient number of *Journals* got into the hands of Hearst's critics. These brushed aside defense spokesmen, asserting that an editor-proprietor was responsible for matter appearing in his papers and that men in his employ went to the limit of violent invective against McKinley only because authorized by Hearst.

Hearst himself evidently realized he had gone too far in his assaults upon the President. Months before McKinley was shot at Buffalo, the owner of the *Journal* sent James Creelman to McKinley to express regret that his newspaper, in the heat of active political warfare, had been led into excesses of personal attack.

"Mr. Hearst offered to exclude from his pages anything that the President might find personally offensive," said Creelman years later. "Also he pledged the President hearty support in all things as to which Mr. Hearst did not differ with him politically. The President seemed deeply touched by this wholly voluntary offer and sent a message of sincere thanks. These facts are given as an explanation of the actual terms upon which Mr. Hearst and Mr. McKinley were living when Czolgosz fired the fatal shot."

Bierce explained afterward that the purpose of his famous quatrain was to warn of the danger of "this particularly perilous precedent if unpunished," and said Hearst never knew of the verse until after it was published. But attempts were made to get the weird, frothing individual who murdered McKinley to testify that he had been incited by Bierce's lines. Hearst to this day has ut-

tered no personal word of defense or repudiation and Bierce is on record as saying Hearst never rebuked him nor even mentioned the matter. The charge, though, has stalked Hearst for many years.

President Roosevelt in his first message to Congress after McKinley's death described the assassin as "a professed anarchist, inflamed by the teachings of professed anarchists, and probably also by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sowed by the men who preach such doctrines, and they cannot escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped."

When Hearst was running for Governor of New York in 1906, Roosevelt authorized Elihu Root, his Secretary of State, to declare that the President when penning these words "had Mr. Hearst specifically in his mind." Hearst's reply was to redouble assaults upon Root, whom he always portrayed as a "jackal of the interests," and sedulously sought to couple him with his former client, "Boss" Tweed.

Answering attacks upon it, the *Journal* asserted: "The sum of the *Journal's* offenses is that it has fought for the people, and against privilege and class pride and class greed and class heartlessness, with more and varied weapons, with more force and talent and enthusiasm, than any other newspaper in the country."

Though he remained perfectly placid throughout the storm, Hearst found it expedient to change the name of his morning newspaper in New York, and always pa-

triotic, October 17, 1902, viewing it blossom as the New York *American.*

In his set, still, self-sufficient way, political ambition had begun to seethe in Hearst's breast during the second Bryan-McKinley campaign. The editor foresaw the rise of a new democratic movement in America, a movement where the people, under strong leadership, could be induced to combine and "shake off their exploiters." He began to feel the time would soon come when he himself could personify the new movement.

"My early ambition," he said years ago, "was to do my part in newspapers and I still propose to do a newspaper part. But when I saw Mayors and Governors and Presidents fail, I felt that I'd like to see if I couldn't do better. I felt I'd like to go into office, any office almost, to see if I couldn't do the things I wanted to see done."

So, as the 1900 Presidential campaign approached, the proprietor of the *Journal* welcomed a message from William Jennings Bryan. Bryan asked him to start a newspaper in Chicago where the radical, later the regular, Democratic Party was without an organ. "All right," said Hearst, "I'll do it if the party leaders will recognize I am doing it for the party's sake, not for money."

Bryan, Chairman Jones and other members of the Democratic National Committee gave assurance that a launching of a new Hearst newspaper in Chicago would be regarded as a direct contribution to the party cause. In proper display of gratitude they made Hearst Presi-

dent of the National Association of Democratic Clubs. This marked the publisher's real entrance into practical politics. Bryan and his associates did not realize what power they had placed in the astute hands of Hearst, nor the adroit use Hearst could make of their gift when he should consider the time ripe for him personally to "do the things I want done."

Hearst appointed Max F. Ihmsen, his Washington correspondent, secretary of the leagued clubs, and for years the organization was, in a sense, the publisher's personal property, supported and absolutely controlled by him. In the second Bryan campaign these clubs acquired an enrolled membership of nearly 3,000,000; and proved of immense value four years later when the master of "striking" journalism decided he could best personify the "new democratic movement" from the White House.

Within twenty-four hours after Hearst had been elected President of the National Association of Democratic Clubs three large octuple presses with color and "fudge" attachments were on their way to Chicago, and on the day Bryan was nominated the Chicago *American* appeared. The established Chicago papers did not make the mistake of denying Hearst credit for rare intelligence, unbendable will and dashing, if sometimes bewildering, methods. They knew a dangerous rival had come to town and they gave him a rough reception. Broad-shouldered, big-fisted fellows were employed to discourage newsboys and newsdealers from selling the new paper and to discourage the public from buying it. It was a kind of competition Hearst had never before encountered. But he did not lose his

temper. He found all the broad-shouldered, big-fisted men in Chicago had not been given employment by the opposition. There were a few others and some of them were soon drawing pay from Hearst.

There ensued a short, decisive guerrilla warfare, signalized by sharp skirmishes between Hearst and anti-Hearst drivers, delivery men and guards. Baling-hooks were brandished and a number of heads were broken. Husky vendors were sent out from the Hearst plant in squads. These took positions at strategic points and fought with fists and billies for the privilege of selling the *American*. In the Loop district the police were kept busy quelling incipient riots.

"After a few days I noticed an inclination on the part of the opposition to cease hostilities," Hearst chuckled in an interview given the New York *Herald* on July 24, 1900. "That was agreeable to me, and the large-fisted gentlemen have gradually drifted back to their old vocations, and Chicago citizens are now able to buy whatever papers they want without creating a riot. Our circulation has gone up from 115,000 to 150,000. We get our first 'afternoon edition' on sale soon after sunrise. That's doing pretty well for a youngster, and the people of Chicago seem to think an evening paper at six o'clock in the morning is a pretty good joke. There are six regular later editions, with a few extras thrown in as occasion requires."

Conditions, chiefly the gains that had come to Hearst in 1896, forced Joseph Pulitzer in 1900 to forego his earlier apostasy of Bryan. But not all the thunderings of the *World* against "imperialism" and the shouts of Hearst against

"plutocracy" could put Bryan over; and the Commoner was defeated by 137 votes in the Electoral College. His popular vote was 150,000 smaller than in 1896. Free silver as an issue had passed.

Hearst saw that the times were trending his way. In the back of his head was an idea for a political organization of his own; not one to be backed simply by his papers, but his very own party. The officers to be his employees; the workers to be in his pay; the committees to be of his selection, and his word to decide policies and platforms. He would treat with other parties, for he wanted their votes, but he would not be bossed by their bosses. He would be his own boss.

The publisher felt the crowd was yearning for a champion to lead it against the "criminal rich." Men of vast wealth usually become secretive. Publicity embarrasses and confuses when it does not frighten them. But the crowd likes glaring publicity. It takes the silence of the rich man or corporation for evidence of self-conscious guilt, and applauds the crusaders who hammer them in the newspapers and on the stump.

Hearst understood this peculiarity of the public temperament and utilized it with a skill probably unsurpassed in his time. He knew the majority of men and women were too weary, often too dull and ignorant, to read much that called for serious intellectual effort, and he therefore gave them exciting headlines, comic pictures and clever skits. But he also sprinkled in simple, effective editorials, pseudo-philosophy and "crusades," all tending to show that soon Hearst would right the wrongs of the people, that the

money power would be cast into outer darkness and the oppressed working man come into his own. Money, intelligence and iron will were required to carry out the publisher's program. Hearst possessed them all.

He gave no quarter in his program of entertaining and exciting; he continued to joust in and out of the courts against the trusts—coal and oil and gas and water and railway and ice.

He had not yet learned to discard his fashionable clothes and change his straw hat with its gay ribbon to a black slouch. He was still W. R. Hearst and as yet did not dream of the resounding and stately WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST which is now familiar. But he was President of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and his experiences in the 1900 campaign taught him that political organizations are after all largely made up of noise and boasting and that most of the men who do the real work among the voters can be controlled by any one with boldness enough to proclaim himself leader and pay for the printing, music and red fire.

Hearst realized that he must make a beginning as an active officeholder in the arena of national politics. It was the shortest path to the Presidency. In the fall of 1902 he therefore made his first alliance with Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, thus initiating an association that was to be characterized by alternate periods of peace and discord for twenty years.

Murphy had become the sole boss of Tammany, succeeding the triumvirate of which he was one and which had been dubbed "Sport," "Two Spot" and "Joke" by "Big Bill"

Devery. The Republicans had control of the city. Croker had left Tammany high on a rock and its fortunes were low. In the state, David B. Hill, arch and bitter enemy of Tammany and hated by all in Tammany, still aspired to be state leader. Hill's political fortune had been waning, and that year he had been called the Jonah of the Democratic Party, and the men who had stood by and backed him had advised that he be thrown overboard.

Murphy wanted to cut his eyeteeth as a boss grandly by forcing the nomination for Governor of Bird S. Coler, New York's "honest Comptroller." He therefore welcomed an offer of Hearst's support and gladly promised to nominate the publisher for Congress from the midtown district in which Hearst resided.

Thus it came about on the afternoon of October 6, 1902, that a delegation of old-line Tammany leaders, whose rough-hewn faces showed their curiosity at meeting the young "hell-raiser" for the first time, called upon Hearst at the Hoffman House, and solemnly informed him that "the Democratic voters of the Eleventh Congressional District of the City of New York, in convention assembled on the second day of October, 1902, by unanimous choice, named you as their candidate for Representative in Congress."

In a voice that scarce carried to the corners of the small, private room, and with a stenographer from his newspaper at his elbow, Hearst read a speech of acceptance that was to launch him upon a long career as an officeseeker. Peter Dooling, James J. Frawley, George Washington Plunkett and the eleven other Tammany Hall war horses

composing the Notification Committee looked at their youthful candidate wonderingly. Could this pale, nervous person flutteringly fingering his manuscript be the bold crusader who was employing his papers like a Thor's hammer in support of John Mitchell and the anthracite coal miners and who had bluntly called the leader of the mining interests "Divine Right" Baer and informed the coal-carrying railroads they ought to be fined and their directors jailed for rebating?

Hearst's timidly uttered words in that speech of acceptance epitomized the social and political theories that had been crystallizing in his mind ever since he had begun his assaults against "pirate privilege" in the tiny San Francisco *Examiner* fifteen years before. He said in part:

> I believe that of the eighty millions of people in this country, five or six millions (the most prosperous five or six millions) are ably represented in Congress, in the law courts and in the newspapers. It would be immodesty on my part to imagine that I could add much to the comfort or prosperity of the few who are so thoroughly well looked after. My ambition is to forward the interests of the seventy millions or more of typical Americans who are not so well looked after. Their needs seem to offer a wider field for useful effort. At the same time let me say that I do not seek to divide the nation into classes or foster unreasoning dislike of one class by another. I can recognize and admire the genius and generosity of the great captains of industry; of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, who gives a splendid hospital for poor women, educational buildings to Harvard University and treasures of art to the Metropolitan Museum, but I feel that Mr. Morgan can take care of himself. I feel that any man who directs great capital will ordinarily be able to secure all that

he deserves. My interest is in the average American citizen. The welfare of the country demands that he too shall secure a fair share in the advantages of prosperity. . . .

I do not mean to say that the genius of the great captains of industry are not of much benefit to the community in many ways; I do not mean to say that their charities are not highly commendable—but I do say that a situation such as the present one brings into strong contrast the difference between the enormous power of the trust magnate and the helpless position of the average citizen, and sufficiently explains why I have always devoted my energies and abilities, whatever they may be, to the cause of the plain people and why I shall continue to do so. A real danger threatens the country to-day in the great power and arrogance of the trusts that defy the laws and laugh in the face of the President of the United States when he begs them to avert a public calamity.

The seriousness of the trust question is emphasized by the present situation, and yet this only gives a hint of what may be expected from other trusts as their power increases.

Nothing is so important to the people as the regulation of this financial power which has suddenly overshadowed the power of the government itself, and the means of controlling these great industrial giants must be discovered and applied before the power of the trusts gets absolutely beyond control. Every sensible man knows that there is no objection to legitimate organization in business—organization that aims at greater economy or at greater efficiency and production. Such organization is inevitable and will be of benefit to the community wherever the community shall be permitted to participate in its advantages. But every fair-minded man knows that there is every objection to the injurious, illegitimate, illegal organizations known as the trusts, which absorb and suppress all competitors in order to establish a monopoly and exercise that monopoly—as in the case of the Beef Trust—to compel the payment of extortionate prices by the helpless public.

The question of how these criminal trusts may be effectually dealt with occupies the mind of every thoughtful man. To begin with, Congress must deal with the matter through law, and therefore Congress first of all must be made to represent the people and not the trusts. The public will never be protected against the trusts by a Senate in which the trusts occupy many seats and control a majority. A first step, therefore, will be "The Election of United States Senators by the People." Given the election or a truly representative Congress, the next step will be such modification of the tariff as will permit outside competition with illegal combinations and will prevent the trusts from selling their products dearly at home while they sell them cheaply abroad. With the regulation of the tariff there must come wise application of the principles of "Government Ownership of Certain Public Utilities." It is not advocated that the government engage in all the branches of industry which the trusts have managed to monopolize. A natural beginning will be the government ownership of railroads and telegraphs. These are as legitimate objects of government ownership to-day as the post office was when that was first taken over by the government.

The anthracite coal mines, under ordinary conditions, would hardly have been thought of for government ownership, but the intolerable situation has made it advisable for the government to take possession of these coal beds and manage them for the people's benefit. Such action would not only solve the present problem, it would act as a salutary threat, influencing other trusts and preventing them from defying decency in the Coal Trust fashion. Adequate laws must be passed to punish criminally trust owners and officers for criminal infractions of the law. The whole complicated system of civilized society, from policeman to President, was devised to prevent the powerful and unscrupulous individual from overriding the rights of his weaker brethren. The laws must now be applied and where necessary must be strengthened to protect the people against that powerful and unscrupulous criminal combination known as a trust.

In a district always safely Democratic, Hearst was elected by a record-breaking plurality. On election night he held open house at the Hoffman House and the *Journal* invited its readers to a fireworks display in Madison Square Park. While the photograph of the Congressman-elect was being flashed on a stereopticon screen and the crowd was yelling or hooting good-naturedly, a mortar used to set off rockets exploded and turned part of the park into a shambles. Almost a hundred persons were killed and injured. There was consternation in the *Journal* office. The paper was hastily made over and the story of the horror relegated to an inside page, without illustrations or a drop of red ink.

The young man from the Eleventh New York District went into a national law-making body dominated by old-line Republican stalwarts, such as Quay, Platt, Penrose, Hanna, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Bourbons all, who believed in privilege and protection and the divine ruling right of the dollar. Even a cursory study of Hearst had convinced his fellow political practitioners that the editor was bound to make trouble. The quality of awe was absent from his make-up. He was not pliable. He was an artist of the actual and he had decided he could best further his own interests by steering clear of political stratagem, combination and intrigue. So, though nominally a regular Democrat, he became a one-man party and set forth upon no less bold a project than the capture in 1904 of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

He seldom occupied his seat on the floor, preferring to work behind the scenes. He quarreled with the most im-

portant Democrats of the House and was not on speaking terms with Williams, the Democratic leader, who refused to support the Hearst program. He displayed an alarming lack of reverence for high station. He advertised his personal cause aggressively. He was not disposed to divide credit with anybody else. Accordingly all parties ignored him. So intense was the distrust of his colleagues that some Washington wit declared "Hearst couldn't secure an indorsement of the Ten Commandments by the House."

But Hearst kept on introducing popular bills and advertising them in his newspapers. Evidence multiplied that he had touched the hearts and gained the confidence of a great multitude, and that he was beginning to be honestly taken as an unterrified champion of the poor and the helpless. And the politicians watched him in worriment.

Hearst offered a measure amendatory of the Interstate Commerce Act which gave the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate railway rates and created the Interstate Commerce Court. Although the bill was promptly suppressed, Hearst has always claimed that the Republicans stole their railroad-rate legislation from him. Examination of other bills introduced by him and fought for in his newspapers show how often Hearst outran his hour. He offered a bill to promote the construction of a national system of good roads; a bill establishing the eight-hour day on government work; a bill to increase the salaries of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court; a joint resolution to amend the Constitution and provide for the popular election of United States Senators; a bill authorizing the government to acquire, maintain and operate

electric telegraphs; a bill making railroad rebating a criminal offense; a bill amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Law so as to strengthen it as a criminal statute; a bill extending the postal system to the delivery of merchandise (parcel post); a bill authorizing the government to acquire and operate the Panama Railroad Company.

Although professing to ignore him, Congressman Hearst's associates watched him warily. Hearst was as ubiquitous as the weather; and the tough old butternuts of both parties did not discount his resources. Although never making the mistake of public acknowledgment, the men who were shaping policies for 1904 admitted privately that the New York publisher had played a decisive part in the previous session of Congress in forcing vital amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

This exploit was a typical example of Hearst's uncanny journalistic sixth sense. It demonstrated that beyond the most brilliant of his subordinates, perhaps beyond any newspaper editor of modern times, the man possessed the ability to scent and, if necessary, make news. When the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was in process of negotiation—the pact between England and the United States giving us the right to build and control the Panama Canal—Hearst was traveling up the Nile, a third visit to a land that has always held much enchantment for him.

His eye caught a paragraph in a fortnight-old English newspaper stating: "The treaty has been signed and ratified by the British Cabinet. All that remains is ratification by the American Senate. The United States and Great Britain agree the proposed canal *shall not be fortified.*" The

phrase italicized exerted a galvanic effect upon the American publisher. He scribbled a note upon the back of an envelope, summoned a native messenger and rushed the courier to the nearest cable office, seventy miles away. The following night the message reached Hearst's executives in New York: "Better no canal than an unfortified canal. Marshal every resource at your command. Fight ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty."

The newspaper proprietor's words detonated an explosion that became historic. The battle lasted a year: on the one side Hearst and the public sentiment he was able to arouse, on the other President McKinley, John Hay, the British Government and practically the entire anti-Hearst press of that day.

Hearst was victorious. The Senate refused to ratify the original draft of the treaty. Hearst's position had been supported by Governor Roosevelt of New York, who wrote his old friend Hay: "You have been the greatest Secretary of State I have seen in my time—Olney comes second—but at this moment I cannot, try as I may, see that you are right. Understand me. When the treaty is adopted, as I suppose it will be, I shall put the best face possible on it, and shall back the administration as heartily as ever; but oh, how I wish you and the President would drop the treaty and push through a bill to build *and fortify* our own canal!"

When the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations adopted also the Hearst viewpoint, Secretary Hay, bitterly disappointed, sent a letter of resignation to President McKinley containing a significant phrase: "I cannot help

fearing also that the newspaper attacks upon the State Department, which have so strongly influenced the Senate, may be an injury to you if I remain in the Cabinet." McKinley refused to accept the resignation and the Hearst-Hay battle was still on when McKinley was assassinated. The treaty was to come again before the Senate. Roosevelt, now President, called his eminent Secretary of State to the White House. Placing his arm about the shoulder of his friend, Roosevelt said: "John, I love you, and I despise Hearst. But, dammit, this time Hearst is right! We must have a fortified canal."

The treaty was modified and ratified, all because the vigilant Hearst in Egypt almost two years before had caught sight of a short paragraph in an old English journal! Stating unequivocally that Secretary Hay was wrong, William Roscoe Thayer, Hay's biographer, writes: "Secretary Hay himself was converted to the need of fortifying the canal; and no doubt the advent of Mr. Roosevelt to the Presidency hastened his conversion."

Members of long service in the House recall with relish one exciting scene on the floor in which the leading participant was the New York publisher who was introducing "socialistic" measures and effectively furthering them through the 2,000,000 copies of his newspapers that drifted daily over the surface of the country.

Representative John A. Sullivan, Democrat, of Massachusetts, rose to a question of personal privilege. Sullivan had been attacked in the New York *American* because of his opposition to the Hearst plan for settling the railway-rate question. A despatch to the Hearst paper

referred to Sullivan as a "bald, red-nosed young man who had revealed his unsuspected presence in the House of Representatives by asking some questions which showed that he knew nothing of the hearings before various committees on railway legislation."

Sullivan proved to be a pretty good master of philippic. He called Hearst "a swaggering bully" and said his paper maintained a "political assassination department." He spoke of the "contemptible mental and moral equipment" of the man he was attacking; and ridiculed as a profanation the raising of the eyes of one suffering from "congenital incapacity" to the fairest prize in the temple of freedom—the Presidency. There was an occasional diversion while Sullivan was speaking. A point of order was made against Sullivan's language on the ground he was impugning the motives of a fellow member. Speaker Cannon ruled the honorable member from Massachusetts was evidently discussing "not a member of the House but a newspaper man." Jeers, laughter, general confusion prevailed, but Sullivan continued:

"Many members of this House must feel some curiosity to know why the gentleman from New York ever breaks his custom by coming into the House at all. He comes here solely because the position offers him an opportunity to exploit his candidacy for the Presidency of the United States. That he is a candidate for the Presidency is a truth that has ceased to be startling . . . the Democratic Party has never nominated a mere checkbook. Political parties have never nominated an unknown man or a political novice whose only recommendation is his inherited wealth.

. . . I know, Mr. Speaker, that prudential reasons warn against a controversy with a newspaper of this character. These reasons present the danger of exposure to a new form of yellow peril as disastrous to reputation as the other form is alleged to be to Christian civilization."

At the conclusion of Sullivan's remarks, Hearst rose and asked unanimous consent for brief reply. He spoke easily, without excitement, almost impassively, standing with his hands in his breeches' pockets, whence they were removed only to arrange his notes, or to raise a glass of water to his lips, the only manifestation of nervousness on his part.

"The gentleman from Massachusetts," he began, "has greatly overestimated the force and effect of the article that has appeared in my paper. The article was printed without my connivance or consent, but I assume all responsibility for it, as I do for everything that appears in my papers."

As to his attendance upon the sessions of the House, Hearst said he regulated it by what seemed to him for the best interests of his constituency. He had known members to attend the sessions of the House to fill the record with "chewed wind" speeches that had no effect upon the result of legislation. He recalled that he had once before been attacked in the House, in 1897, by a gentleman from California. That member had returned to California seeking a vindication of his course, but was repudiated by a majority of 5,000 in a district that had elected him by 5,000.

Hearst paused, moistened his lips, then, a thin treble of excitement in his voice, went on: "When I was at Har-

vard College in 1885, a murder was committed in a low saloon in Cambridge. A man partly incapacitated from drink, brought in that saloon on Sunday morning, when the saloon was open against the law, was assaulted by the two owners of that saloon and brutally kicked to death. The name of one of the owners of that saloon was John A. Sullivan; and these two men were arrested and indicted by the grand jury and tried and convicted for manslaughter. I would like to ask Mr. John A. Sullivan if he knows anything about that incident, and whether, if I desired to make hostile criticism of him, I could not have referred to that?"

This charge of homicide against a member sitting but a few feet distant created the most intense excitement. Hearst seemed unmindful. He said he regretted the nature of the discussion. "But," he added, "I must describe and define the character of the men who attack me. It is the duty of a newspaper when such men are found in public life to call attention to them. I have incurred the hostility of this class of men and it shall be my pride and joy to continue to deserve it so long as I remain in journalism or in Congress."

The facts of the conviction of Congressman Sullivan were well known in Boston. Both his father and Sullivan himself, then a youth of seventeen, were found guilty of manslaughter. Sentence was suspended upon the boy. The father was pardoned after serving two years on the ground of newly discovered evidence tending to show the victim, after being ejected from the bar of the small hotel kept by the Sullivans, had fallen upon the sidewalk and fractured his skull.

Despite the hectic course of his life, Congressman Hearst still found time for play and diversion. He made biannual trips to California, stopping off at Chicago to spur the progress of his lusty newspaper; and each summer found him in European art centers purchasing paintings, sculpture and fine furniture to the very limit of his means. He was an indefatigable theatregoer and delighted to entertain the men and women of the footlights.

A musical comedy called "The Girl From Paris" was playing at the Herald Square Theatre. The featured players were Louis Mann, Clara Lipman and Joseph Herbert. In the company were two comely young dancers known as the Willson sisters. Millicent and Anita Willson were the daughters of George Willson, who, as "George Leslie," was a well known eccentric dancer in vaudeville in the nineties. In those days the rat-tat-tat of George Leslie's clogs entertained audiences all over the country. He sang also. "I Met Her by the Fountain in the Park" was one of the compositions he popularized. He would tip his old white hat, swing his cane merrily and go into his famous melody of coon dances, the "Pasa-ma-la," "Mobile Buck" and "Mule in the Sand."

The proprietor of the *Journal* was attracted by the beauty and gaiety of Millicent Willson. Night after night Hearst and George Pancoast occupied aisle seats at the Herald Square Theatre; and night after night there were laughter-laden little midnight suppers chaperoned by Anita Willson and Pancoast. The *Morning Telegraph* put on a popularity contest. Votes for Millicent piled up so fast it was soon evident some one was interested in her

success. She won the crown—thanks to Hearst's votes.

At that time Hearst was more active than ever raising hob with precedent on Park Row, and in Chicago and San Francisco. He was spending thousands to prove the sugar and other trusts guilty of rebating. He had launched a fight for eighty-cent gas, a battle that was to go victoriously through the Supreme Court of the United States. The long drawn-out anthracite strike placed coal beyond the means of the poor. Hearst shipped bargeloads of coal to the city and had his reporters sell the fuel from carts at nine cents a pail. He established coffee-wagons in the parks; filled the lodging-houses with the homeless; and got under way a Christmas and relief fund which has been copied by hundreds of organizations. He was campaigning for public ownership of public utilities; city-owned subways; parks and playgrounds; more and better schools, and a thousand and one things.

Yet one observing his courtship of Millicent Willson would have set him down as a young dilettante whose whole time and attention was devoted to making more joyous the days of his lady fair. Hearst and Millicent Willson were like a couple of children in their lovemaking. Notes and flowers and presents used to fly between the *Journal* office and the theatre. Hearst had purchased the Chester Arthur home at No. 123 Lexington Avenue, a modest, four-story brownstone structure. Here General Arthur was sworn in as President of the United States and, in the spacious second-floor bedroom where Hearst slept, Arthur had died. The publisher and Miss Willson were often seen strolling about Gramercy Park arm in arm.

On April 28, 1903, upon the eve of Hearst's fortieth birthday, George Willson, proud in a frock coat with a gardenia in his lapel, stood in the chancel of Grace Church and gave his daughter into the keeping of William Randolph Hearst. Bishop Potter performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Hearst left that same afternoon for Europe on a long honeymoon.

While Hearst was in Europe his boom for the 1904 Democratic Presidential nomination got under active headway. The McKinley attacks were forgotten in the roaring passion aroused by his newspapers and his agents. In spite of the fact that the most active men in this unprecedented campaign were his own employees, working through his National Association of Democratic Clubs and through political leaders anxious to gain the favor of his newspapers, there was evidence that the publisher had touched a popular note in his advocacy of "the people's rights." More than two hundred newspapers throughout the country commended the candidacy of "the great advocate of popular welfare." Hearst Clubs and the William Randolph Hearst League were organized. The legislature in far-off Nevada by resolution thanked him for his fight against the Coal Trust. Tennessee and Arkansas invited him to address their legislatures. Union labor was almost a unit for him. His agents used tellingly "Divine Right" Baer's criticism of Hearst's activities in the coal strike: "Hearst has raised wages and shortened hours of labor throughout the coal regions."

It has been said that Hearst spent more than $2,000,000 in that attempt to be nominated for President. The fact is that outside of the salaries and ordinary expenses of his regular employees he paid out not more than $150,000—practically all for printing, fireworks, hall hire, banners, badges, music and transportation. He had spent as much for Bryan. Hearst did not have the money to spend. His inherited fortune was depleted. The comfortable surpluses all three of his papers were earning by now he put into another organ, the Boston *American*, which he launched as an evening paper in 1904. He was still restless for expansion. He wanted larger and still larger audiences. As he had said to his secretary nine years before: "George, some day, a paper here and here and here."

The Hearst regional political managers were often hard put for funds. One afternoon, shortly before the convention was to convene at St. Louis, A. M. Lawrence, director of the Hearst campaign in the Middle West, went to John Eastman, publisher of the Chicago *American*, and asked for a few hundred dollars to send to Indiana where the Hearst's forces were engaged in a bitter contest with Tom Taggart, state Democratic boss. "Andy, I haven't got a nickel to spare for politics," said Eastman. Lawrence appealed to Harmon Campbell, the cashier. Campell scratched around and dug up four hundred dollars' worth of stamps in denominations of twos, fives and tens. Frederick Lawrence, the political manager's brother, and one or two other fellows on the paper spent the rest of the day disposing of the stamps to friends. Thus was the Hearst campaign in Indiana financed during the latter stages.

Despite the lack of the most potent sinews of modern political warfare, the home-made Hearst boom was worked up so effectively that Candidate Hearst carried the Democratic Conventions of California, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Nevada, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Washington, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico and Hawaii, with parts of the delegations of Maine, Minnesota, Oregon, West Virginia, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Porto Rico. The power of the new Hearst paper in Chicago was shown when the candidate got an instructed delegation from Illinois over the heads of Roger Sullivan, George Brennan and other Democratic bosses. He had similar success in California, where Michael F. Torphy, an old friend of his father, led his forces. The result was that Hearst, one of the most cheerfully hated men in the country, went into the convention with 104 instructed delegates; and on one ballot his vote reached 263.

Although he knew he had little chance for the nomination, Hearst was anxious for a test of strength. He has been quoted privately as stating that he went in "because Roosevelt was stealing his thunder." Roosevelt had already begun to swing the "big stick" at the trusts. The methods of Hearst and Roosevelt were different, but the former always privately expressed great admiration for Roosevelt as a brave fighter and a man of infinite audacity. Possession of Roosevelt's fervor and emotionalism would have carried Hearst far. Hearst's political methods were of course those of the "plutocrats" he denounced. As Lincoln Steffens once pointed out, he used force as they did, as a substitute for persuasion, charm, humor, pleadings. He was not a part

of the general reform movement. He was an autocratic boss who was willing to give the people democratic government just as others of his class "gave" them colleges, libraries and—good, plutocratic government. The people, it appears, do not want "representative government" to be "given" them, even by a benevolent, well-wishing boss.

In the convention city the Hearst candidacy of 1904 was accompanied by the latest electric stage effects, by noise, oratory and general furor. The entire second floor of the handsome Hotel Jefferson was used as Hearst headquarters. Entirely across the main entrance was the legend in electric lights: "Hearst Headquarters." The letters were two feet high. From this, extending upward, were colored electric-light streamers, caught above to an American flag, wavy in multicolored illumination. A band of stump speakers addressed throngs of the curious by day and night in a hall formed by throwing large suites together. Literature telling of Hearst's services to the people, of his liberal intentions when he should reach the White House, and invariably bearing his picture in a pensive pose, was passed out by the ton, together with buttons and other campaign knickknacks.

In the building of a nearby newspaper a regiment of editors, reporters and telegraph operators sent endless words to the Hearst newspapers telling of daily accessions to the ranks and prophesying that Hearst would sweep the convention; that the Hearst movement was then strong but hidden under a current later to be turned into a resistless tide. The "resistless tide" did not develop and Alton B.

Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and her first son, George (born 1904).

Parker of New York, a safe and sane conservative, received the nomination. This was on July 9.

Parker was a sound-money man. The platform, though, as a concession to Bryan, was silent on the gold versus silver issue. Parker, who had previously given no hint of his position, promptly wired William F. "Blue-eyed Billie" Sheehan, one of his spokesmen, that he was in favor of the gold standard and if the convention did not like his position he would withdraw. The message threw the Hearst managers into a furor. If Parker should withdraw, the race was again open. Max Ihmsen and Andy Lawrence rushed frantically to the long-distance phone. Hearst had been receiving reports in the office of the Chicago *American*.

Ihmsen and Lawrence got Victor Polachek, managing editor, on the phone and explained the situation. "The chief left for New York two hours ago," they were told. "For heaven's sake, flag him!" shrieked the political missionaries. "Tell him to leave the train and hold himself ready to come here and stampede the convention."

That night the Chicago-New York flyer was stopped at a small station en route and Hearst tumbled off. In his wake came Mrs. Hearst and her maid and George Thompson, Hearst's valet. The train slowly gathered momentum and disappeared in the gloom, leaving the party standing on the wooden platform. Then came a cry of distress from the beautiful Mrs. Hearst, an agonizing cry that seemed to pierce the darkness: "Oh, Will, Will, I left Kittykins behind!" Mrs. Hearst stood wringing her hands in woe over the fate of her pet kitten. Candidate Hearst was

equally affected. He dashed about as though searching vainly for a hand-car, a bicycle, anything in which he could pursue the train. Another hour was spent locating the station telegraph operator and wiring ahead to make certain of Kittykins's safety. The Presidency was quite forgotten. Not until they received a reassuring reply from the conductor of the train and arranged to have their precious Kittykins met by a car and chauffeur in New York did the potential President and First Lady of the Land breathe easy.

They might as well have journeyed on with Kittykins, however, for the convention did not change its mind. Parker ran haltingly against Roosevelt. Hearst supported him limply (for he believed the corporations controlled both parties), and then accepted another term in Congress at the hands of Tammany. Though the Hearst papers seemed more keen at times in featuring the speeches of Thomas E. Watson, Populist candidate for the Presidency, than in serving the public good old Democratic campaign fodder, "Boss" Murphy of Tammany Hall, young but wise and even-tempered, did not wish to join battle with the publisher of the *Journal.*

The first violent disruption between Hearst and Murphy came in 1905. The quarrel set all New York into such an uproar that all previous political battles seemed mere zephyrs.

CHAPTER IX

HEARST OWNS A POLITICAL PARTY

In 1905 and 1906 two passionate political struggles awakened the country to a new view of Hearst and a realization of the fact that, whatever its merits or demerits, Hearstism was at last a political and social force.

In 1905, without a party and with a mere pretense of an organization known as the Municipal Ownership League, the publisher came within a fraction of being elected Mayor of New York. He was nominated by petition, the arrangements being made by his employees. He paid his own expenses, which ran to $65,000. When an attempt was made to unite the Republicans, Hearstites and Citizens' Union on a Mayoralty candidate, Odell, the New York Republican leader, informed Hearst's representative that a legitimate campaign, supported by disciplined organization methods, would cost, without a dollar for bribery, at least $400,000.

In 1906, under the dictated nomination of his own incorporated political party, the Independence League, and the reluctant indorsement of the Democrats, Hearst ran for Governor of New York. He was defeated by Charles Evans Hughes by less than 60,000 votes. This struggle cost him $256,000.

In these two campaigns New York went through an en-

tirely new political experience. No one ever saw anything quite like them. They came at a time when everywhere, but peculiarly in New York, the public, rural and urban, was mad to slay bosses. Hearst thought himself a born boss killer. For years he had fought the "robber barons of gold" and used his newspapers as a lash to sting the "saffron sides of the pirates of special privilege."

There never has been such a popular fury as attended Hearst throughout those campaigns. Commonly a crowd means no more than curiosity and as great a multitude will come to see you hanged as crowned. The Hearst campaigns were an exception. Not curiousity but a cause drew the throngs that sang and shouted about his carriage wheels. Hearst the statesman, in black slouch hat and long-tailed coat, enjoyed to the full the frenzy he created, though his tongue at times may have been in his cheek. Now and then a roguish smile would struggle to break through the mask of the great reformer appealing to "Lincoln Republicans" and "Jeffersonian Democrats" to seek shelter under his fluttering banners.

The campaigns of 1905 and 1906 were absolutely in charge of men who had been in the publisher's employ for years as editors, reporters, legal advisers, secretaries or private investigators. They were directed by a natural master of the art of arousing crowd emotion. Hearst on a campaign was like a Hearst afternoon newspaper—there was a new edition every fifteen minutes, with frequent extras. The Hearst political policy was aimed to accentuate the striking, picturesque features of the struggle, just as the Hearst newspaper policy aimed to accentuate the strik-

ing, picturesque features of the news. What Hearst didn't say to the advantage of his candidacy on the stump, Hearst's newspapers—morning, noon, evening, midnight—said in glaring scare heads on the journalistic stump. Sometimes spellbinder and newspapers worked simultaneously, providing the bosses with two onslaughts in different media but kindred pattern.

Himself, ironically enough, a boss of bosses, the people's defender, broke through party lines. Men took sides in 1905 and 1906 not as Republicans or Democrats but as Hearst or anti-Hearst. The machine politician had no delusions: he was not fighting for the memory of Lincoln or Jefferson, or the glory of Roosevelt or Cleveland, he was fighting William Randolph Hearst—"an able, independent man of extraordinary boldness," according to the characterization of Joseph Pulitzer in a confidential memorandum to the directors of the *World's* editorial page.

In the White House President Roosevelt watched the Hughes-Hearst struggle for the Governorship with mounting interest. The national Republican managers knew that a Hearst victory in New York that fall would mean that the same battle, forty times more vital, must be fought on a scale forty times as large two years from 1906. Roosevelt promptly sent three members of his Cabinet into New York State and exerted against Hearst every power that could be used without arousing protest against federal interference in state politics.

When Hearst ran for Mayor in 1905 revelations of corruption in almost every large American city were tumbling over each other on the first pages of the newspapers.

Hearst papers were battling the bosses and fighting for municipal reform in New York, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago and Los Angeles, where he had recently established another newspaper—the Los Angeles *Examiner*. In New York Hearst had carried his fight for eighty-cent gas into the courts. The great insurance scandals had been brought to light under the brilliant investigation of Charles Evans Hughes. Hearst was crying valiantly for municipal ownership of public utilities, including city-wide subways demanded by New York's growing population.

Hearst had quarreled with Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, and continuously condemned the administration of George B. McClellan, Tammany Mayor. Murphy had abandoned his lamp-post forum near the Anawanda Club, at Second Avenue and Twentieth Street, and taken to deciding matters of import from a corner table in the soft and soothing atmosphere of Delmonico's restaurant on Fifth Avenue. He was outspoken in his criticism of Hearst's "Populist ideas" and predicted that the editor would be "licked hands down" if he had the temerity to run for Mayor against McClellan. In the three weeks of his slashing campaign Hearst forced Murphy to change his tune. Mayor McClellan had intended making but half a dozen perfunctory speeches—he made sixty-four.

Until the 1905 campaign Hearst would tremble and grow pale at the bare thought of making a speech. That was before he found out that an American political leader must do his own talking. His devices for avoiding speeches excited laughter and jeers. It was said that every-

thing that appeared over his name was written by employees, that he was too shallow to think and too dull and shamefaced to talk. But in his fight for the Mayoralty he developed powers of oratory and straightforward attack that surprised everybody. He has since shown a growing affection for public speaking, and an increasing mastery of the art of extemporaneous cajolement of the poor but honest citizen who has a vote.

The editor was nominated for Mayor at a mass meeting of the Municipal Ownership League on October 4, 1905. While Clarence J. Shearn, the Hearst lawyer, J. G. Phelps Stokes, John Ford, Max F. Ihmsen and other orators denounced Charles F. Murphy, Mayor McClellan, August Belmont, Thomas Fortune Ryan, the Standard Oil Company, the Gas Trust and the "plunderbund" generally, Hearst walked up and down behind the stage, occasionally going to the bar for a sip of seltzer. Resolutions were passed calling for the nomination of "a man honest and independent" to lead the fight of the people against "the gas interest, the life-insurance swindlers, the corporation owners and franchise grabbers." Then Hearst was introduced. For some minutes the tall, gawky giant stood with downcast eyes, speech in hand, while the crowd cheered and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," "There's a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night" and "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie." Hearst said:

Have we left any government by the people? You have your votes and the privilege of casting them, but for whom? For Mr. Murphy's puppet, or for Mr. Odell's puppet. If you want gas that will burn and not merely poison, you can vote for Mr. Mur-

phy's puppet and you won't get it. And if you want a reduction in your extortionate bills, you can vote for Mr. Odell's puppet and not get it.

If you want decent treatment for your heroic firemen, your brave police, your conscientious clerks, your hardworking street cleaners, you can vote for Mr. Murphy's man and you won't get it; and if you want to retain the small portion of your public property still unstolen, you can vote for Mr. Odell's man or Mr. Murphy's man and you won't get that.

I do not believe the corporations are at fault. I do not believe that Mr. Murphy or Mr. Odell or Mr. Murphy's man or Mr. Odell's man is at fault—I am afraid you are at fault. You are a sleeping majority, pledged by pygmies. Wake up! Nominate independent men. Men who will lead you to victory and restore this city to a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Fifty men leaped to their feet to nominate Hearst for Mayor. The nomination was made unanimous. As soon as he could escape the cheers and the handshakers, the proprietor of the New York *American* and *Evening Journal* slipped away. He would say nothing as to accepting. Next day he wrote declining the nomination. The following Monday Charles Evans Hughes declined the Republican nomination. Then Hearst reconsidered and wrote to the Chairman of the Municipal Ownership League Campaign Committee on Oct. 10:

I have felt absolutely unable and unwilling to accept the nomination you have offered me, but I have at length decided to defer to your wishes and not to shirk a task that presents itself to me as a public duty.

The situation in this city is so grave and the condition of the public in the face of organized bossism is apparently so helpless

that no man has a right to consider anything else, least of all his private affairs or personal inclination.

The one thing to be considered is the necessity of giving to the people an opportunity to vote for some man of whom it may at least be said that he would, if elected, represent those that voted for him and not any boss or corporation or selfish private interest.

If your convention believes that I am such a man I shall accept the nomination. It is intolerable, in view of the recent exposures of the Gas Trust and the insurance frauds, that the interests of the citizens should be allowed to go by default.

The campaign consumed only twenty days, but it was cyclonic. Hearst's photographs and his insistent cry of "No bossism!" blossomed from the billboards and his newspaper delivery wagons. His printers and stereotypers and office boys and stenographers got into the fight. In the *American* and *Evening Journal* offices Hearst personally directed the cartoon wizardry of Davenport and Opper and Powers and T. A. Dorgan (Tad), a new self-taught young genius of the graphic art recently arrived from the San Francisco *Examiner*. The editor addressed a dozen meetings each evening and developed growing adeptness in rough and ready repartee. He promised cheaper and better transportation, better and more schools, better wages and lower taxes. He insisted that if there was one man between the oceans who was not radical, not extreme, but wholly conservative, that man was himself.

There was a suggestion of the Norse, something a bit Bismarckian, about the young giant who drove about the city to the blare of bands, the glare of red fire, accompanied by flag-waving retinues, denouncing the bosses

and pouring vitriol upon the "rogue millions of the money-changers"; something that set the crowd's blood to pulsing.

Tammany Leader Murphy sensed the drift to Hearst. He forsook the corner table in Delmonico's and sent every spellbinder he could enlist out upon the cart-tails. The Tammany crowd-swayers could not call Hearst "rascal" so they called him "radical," "destructionist," "socialist" and raked up the old McKinley charge. And Tammany made other preparations: "Big" and "Little" Tim Sullivan, who controlled the Bowery and the lower east side of New York, gathered their clans and grinned when asked how many votes the independent candidate would garner in their bailiwicks. They controlled the election machinery.

Amid the storm Hearst, as usual, remained tranquil. One afternoon his political right bower, Max Ihmsen, dashed into the Lexington Avenue house upon a mission of extreme importance. The publisher was sprawled on a bed, holding the bottle of his baby son George, born in Washington the previous year. Every time the youngster squalled his father would yell loud enough to be heard a block away, "Extry! Extry! Extry edition!" The impatient Ihmsen was forced to wait until the baby sank into slumber before he could gain his boss's ear.

Hearst spent most of Election Day in his headquarters. His watchers, beaten and bleeding, staggered in with reports of thugs in control at the voting-booths. Ihmsen and the other managers were wild. But Hearst kept perfectly cool. "Let's fix these men up and put others in their places," he directed. That evening, as incomplete returns showed a neck-and-neck race, he drummed on the wain-

scoting in the Lexington Avenue home. He sat in a small room, the green walls copied from the Chateau de Blois—Bourbon lilies and crowned porcupines daintily picked out in gold. A score of costly paintings stood on the floor, leaning against the walls. Here was a wonderfully painted and gilded Egyptian mummy-case standing on end under glass; there a complete suit of ancient German armor. On a pianola stood a gilded bronze statuette of Cæsar crossing the Rubicon and one of Napoleon as First Consul. In a corner gleamed Frémiet's golden St. George and the Dragon and under a window a beautiful porcelain Eve with Cain and Abel, as infants, playing at her knee. Through an open door could be seen the quaint oak dining-room with deer antlers for chandeliers and picturesque groupings of Delft and old glass.

Presently Mrs. Hearst passed through the dim, wide hall. "Come on, let's go out to dinner," called the candidate and they left the house together.

The vote was so close that a recount was necessary to determine the result, and charges of ballot-box stuffing were made. Hearst and his friends have always maintained that he was actually elected Mayor by a comfortable majority. It is interesting to speculate what the future would have held for him if that contest had been decided in his favor. He carried two counties—Kings and Queens—and the final returns showed McClellan victor by the narrow margin of 3,472 votes. The city-wide vote was:

McClellan, 228,397
Hearst, 224,925
William M. Ivins (Republican candidate), 137,193.

The Hearst papers shouted fraud and accused Tammany Hall of stealing the election. In editorials and cartoons "Boss" Murphy was placarded as a thief and a grafter. Beginning a day or two after the election the *Evening Journal's* cartoons showed Murphy in prison stripes. "Look Out, Murphy! It's a Short Lockstep From Delmonico's to Sing Sing" read the caption over a cartoon by Tad. The cartoon showed a stout scowling figure, with closely cropped hair, a monocle in one eye and accompanied by an editorial in bold-face type reading:

Every honest voter in New York WANTS TO SEE YOU IN THIS COSTUME. You have committed crimes against the people that will send you for many years to State prison, if the crimes can be proved against you. Your dull mind cannot conceive of any REAL public opinion. But an awakening is ahead of you. YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE GUILTY. The PEOPLE know it. You have swindled the poor as their employer; you have swindled the voting public as political manager of your miserable little gas tool. The people have found you out. If you persist in your effort to rob the city, your friends will soon find you in State prison.

Don't be such a fool as to repeat Tweed's question. He only stole MONEY. You have stolen VOTES. There could not be found in New York at this moment a jury to ACQUIT you. YOU KNOW THAT.

Look out! If you ever sit in the prisoner's dock you will not come out, except in striped clothing. You were warned before election. Be warned now—or follow Tweed and the men BETTER THAN YOU that have worked for the State prison after working against it in public office.

ENING JOURNA

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New York Journal, *November, 10, 1905.*

The following fall, when Tammany as a desperate necessity was supporting Hearst for Governor, Murphy threatened libel actions against anti-Hearst newspapers and political committees that reproduced the "Murphy-in-stripes cartoons." A friend of the Tammany leader said: "Last year Murphy pictured Hearst as the assassin of McKinley and Hearst pictured Murphy as a convict. That was a private quarrel and each expected to be called bad names by the other. But now other papers are trying to steal Hearst's thunder and Murphy won't stand for it."

In later years Hearst often expressed respect for Murphy's ability and personal qualities. He gave Murphy credit for having "reformed Tammany Hall," and once said privately that "a few more Murphys" would effect a complete and permanent reformation of Tammany. He admired Murphy's personal qualities and delighted in the wholesome co-operation Murphy gave John F. Hylan, the Hearst Mayor, in crusades against gambling and prostitution.

While his political managers and attorneys were battling unsuccessfully to overturn the result of the Mayoralty election, Hearst scribbled a note to Morrill Goddard his Sunday editor:

Dear Goddard:

I got it here [sketch showing a chicken being axed and an arrow pointing to the neck]. But that's that. Come on down to New Mexico with me for a month. HEARST.

On the trip the candidate lived in the open air, rode

horseback and reveled in his release from the toil of a hard campaign. During the entire month Hearst carried no watch. He seemed totally free of time and responsibility.

But he was far from inactive. He had given orders to his papers and his political lieutenants to keep pounding into the public consciousness that both old parties were corrupt and unfit to rid the state government of grafters. He intended to make full use of the prestige gained in the Mayoralty campaign and set in motion an industrious but stealthy campaign to capture the Governorship of New York in 1906. Furthermore, this time he intended to perfect an organization that would insure a fair count of the ballots. Hardly had his managers set to work throughout the state when the signs of Hearst's political strength caused the bitterest of the anti-Bryan leaders to unite in a loud cry for Bryan, who was traveling in Europe, to come back to America and save the conservatives from Hearst. Apparently by a previous arrangement, several Democratic state chairmen indorsed Bryan for President two years in advance of the national convention.

Hearst in the mean time kept his finger closely upon the pulse of his newspapers. His cold ability to focus his mind upon the particular problem at hand was illustrated the day of the earthquake in San Francisco. During the morning the fate of his properties there had been in doubt. No definite word about them had come out of the confusion. One of his executives who had an engagement to lunch with him appeared at the *American* office to keep the appointment. The previous summer the plant had moved to the

Rhinelander Building at William and Duane Streets. The executive was quite certain Hearst would cancel the luncheon. However the publisher not only went but disposed of the problem upon his executive's mind with no more than cursory mention of the catastrophe. This finished, he showed his guest a telegram which had been handed to him during the meal and at which he glanced casually. It told of the two-million-dollar ruin of the *Examiner* plant in San Francisco. "Do you think," he asked quietly, "that it would be fair to put our men there on half pay until we can get started again?"

Hearst calmly returned to his office. There, however, things happened. He communicated with the R. H. Hoe & Co., leading manufacturer of printing-presses. Did it, by any chance, have a press nearing completion that he could buy? No? Were any presses in shipment anywhere? A paper in Salt Lake City had recently purchased a press it developed. Hearst communicated with the Salt Lake City publication, bought the press for twice its original cost, enlisted the railroad company's aid in finding the cars in which the parts were packed, ordered these cars attached to an express train bound for San Francisco and ordered a staff of mechanics capable of assembling it aboard the Overland Limited at Chicago—all before dinner. Within a comparatively short time the *Examiner* was operating normally.

The New York County District Attorney at that time was William Travers Jerome, an independent Democrat who aspired to the Governorship. The Hearst papers attacked

him bitterly, alleging failure to prosecute traction manipulators. Hearst tagged Judge Jerome with one of his apt phrases: "The Brass-Buttoned Bellboy of the Trusts"; and printed a photograph snapped by a bold Hearst photographer showing the District Attorney enjoying an afternoon siesta at his desk. You may imagine to what use the fertile minds in the *Evening Journal* and *American* offices put that picture!

Hearst and his editors employed both the polished rapier of irony and the bludgeon of invective upon the hapless Jerome. One evening the District Attorney, who possessed something of a gift of satire himself, delivered a biting personal attack upon Hearst. Shortly before midnight, the chief softly padded up to the desk of Louis J. Lang, the *American's* veteran political reporter, and asked, as was his almost nightly custom: "What's doing in politics, Louie?"

Lang showed him a copy of Jerome's speech and said the managing editor had set aside two sticks on an inside page for it. Hearst ran over the mimeograph copy, chuckled, and slipped into an adjoining room, where he busied himself with pen and paper. When the city edition came steaming from the press it contained Jerome's speech in full, in boldface, and prominently displayed on the first page. Just above the opening paragraphs of the blistering words of the District Attorney was a drawing of a figure labeled "Jerome." It showed a man patently intoxicated leaning dizzily against a lamp-post, beneath the caption "HIGHBALL HYSTERIA!" It was the handiwork of Hearst himself. But no one outside the *American* office knew it; and when Judge Jerome ran into Lang

in the Fifth Avenue Hotel that afternoon, the District Attorney grinned and remarked: "Brisbane thinks he's a pretty smart duck, doesn't he?"

Hearst's political thought and the style and tone of his writing during this period is mirrored in messages to his editors. A letter to Brisbane from Washington gives this excellent pen picture of the American government:

Feb. 21, 1906

Dear Mr. Brisbane:

Don't you think it would be a good Sunday editorial on corporation government, not to make it political, but sort of historical? Ask if a republic really exists to-day, if this country is governed by the republic. . . .

We still maintain a republican form of government, but who has control of the primaries that nominate the candidate? The corporations have. Who control the conventions? The corporations. Who control the machinery of elections? Who count the votes to suit themselves? The corporations. Who own the bosses and the elected officials? Are they representatives of the people or of the corporations? Let any fair-minded man answer that question truthfully.

If the corporations do all this—and they surely do—can we maintain that this is any longer a government by the people? It is a government by a distinct class, and a government not for the greatest good of the greatest number but for the special advantage of that class. Laws are passed for the benefit of the corporations, laws are interpreted for the benefit of the corporations, and such laws as are not to the advantage of the corporations are ignored. The people are neglected because they have ceased to be important as a factor in the government. . . .

W. R. HEARST.

In another letter, Hearst referred to both old parties as obstacles:

It is time to think and act. There is no question of party politics involved. The Democrats are as bad as the Republicans. The problem must be met and solved not by partisanship but by patriotism.

A telegram from Los Angeles to Brisbane directed a fight "for honest Judges":

Brisbane, N. Y.: Must be cautious in attacking courts, but nevertheless necessary to explain to the people the fact that they are governed by the judiciary. The corporations realize the importance of the Judges, and have secured most of them. The people do not yet understand the situation. The legislatures make laws, but the Judges interpret them, and they seldom fail to interpret them as the corporations desire. It is true, as Jerome said, that the Judges go hat in hand to Mr. Murphy, but it is also true that Mr. Murphy goes hat in hand to Mr. Ryan, and Mr. Ryan, who instructs Mr. Murphy and appoints the Judges and governs the people, keeps his hat on all the time.

The fight must be made for honest Judges, and it is only a phase of the fight against boss rule and corporation rule which is the great issue of to-day. We do not want the Judges appointed either by legitimate executives or by corrupt bosses or by criminal corporations. We want them elected by the people, responsible only to the people, and replaced at sufficiently short intervals to make them realize their responsibility. The people must appreciate the importance of the judiciary as well as the corporations realize it. They must own their Judges, limit their power and make their impeachment easy. . . .

The one thing that hampers the progress of reform is party prejudice. Party prejudice is used by clever schemers to divide

the people and overcome them while divided. The people must unite for the interest of themselves and their fellow citizens, and united they will be irresistible. HEARST.

Early in the winter of 1906 it was evident that Hearst intended to run for the Governorship as an independent. Agents of the publisher, many of them salaried, some volunteers, went through the state establishing city and county Independence League Clubs. In the Hearst headquarters, in the Gilsey House, New York, could be heard a clatter and hum and a strife of voices which was like nothing in the world except the office of one of Hearst's newspapers. Chairmen, committeemen, prospective stump speakers, press-agents and secretaries—the whole machinery of organization was all Hearst. The publisher was omniscient in his choice of what was good for the people. His motto was: "To get things done, do 'em yourself."

One evening at the Hotel Ten Eyck in Albany, State Senator Patrick H. McCarren stopped at a table where Louis Lang, was dining alone. McCarren, a tall, thin, silent man, had succeeded Hugh McLaughlin as Democratic boss of Brooklyn. "Louie," said McCarren quietly, "I thought you might be interested to know that the next Democratic candidate for Governor will be William Randolph Hearst. And you may tell your boss from me that the Kings County Democratic organization will support him."

Leaving Lang gasping over his coffee, Senator McCarren passed on. Lang took a late train to New York and early next morning presented himself at the Hearst home on Lexington Avenue. After an hour he was admitted to his

chief's bedroom, and delivered his message. Hearst attired in a bathrobe, strolled about the room a moment or two and looked out of the window. Then he wheeled suddenly, turned the coldest of eyes upon his visitor and said without raising his voice a particle: "Louie, tell Senator McCarren I do not want his support and I would not accept it under any circumstances. Thank you for coming down. Good morning."

Hearst's decision and the manner of it cost him the Governorship. McCarren whetted a knife for Hearst from that moment and influenced sufficient votes in Kings County alone to cause the publisher's defeat by Hughes by a plurality of 58,000 votes. Later, when Charles F. Murphy forced the Democratic State Convention to indorse the Independence League candidate, Hearst said bluntly: "Murphy may be for me, but I am not for Murphy and never will be." Yet Hearst subsequently consented to a fusion of forces that resulted in the election of a mixed ticket of Independence Leaguers and Democrats to all state offices below the rank of Governor.

Under the election laws of New York, election officers were divided between two political parties securing first and second largest number of votes at the last previous election. The organization of state and county committees was awarded by the same plan. Murphy was astute enough to realize that Hearst, as an independent, would either win or run second to the Republican candidate. So the boss of Tammany decided to swallow his personal prejudice, make Hearst a "regular" Democrat and save to Tammany the vitally important election machinery. There is little

doubt he privately yearned for the defeat of the man who had cartooned him in stripes a year before.

Thus, when the Democrats met at Buffalo, Murphy caused Hearst's nomination by brute force in a convention which sat sullen, ugly and defiant. The Hearst men had secured about one-third of the delegates. Murphy and Murphy's manipulation of the Membership Committee gave the publisher another third. State Senator Thomas F. Grady, an old-line Tammany leader, opposed to Hearst by every dictate of his rough political school, was chairman of the Membership Committee. After he had seated a number of pro-Hearst contestants, Grady mopped his dripping brow and asserted in disgust: "Boys, I have done the dirtiest day's work of my life."

Hearst had been nominated a fortnight before by the wildly enthusiastic convention of the Independence League in Carnegie Hall, New York. The platform declared for "the public ownership of public utilities that are natural monopolies," for independence in politics, reform in the election laws, and had this to say concerning the Hearst-McClellan contest:

"A conspiracy to defeat the will of the majority at the polls in the City of New York has aroused national attention and challenged the voters of this state to meet a condition which cannot be tolerated if they are to enjoy the rights of self-government."

When he walked down the center aisle and took the platform, the candidate was halted in beginning his speech of acceptance by a demonstration which lasted for thirty-three minutes. He was pale but composed. He said:

I have said that my program is not socialism, or radicalism, or extreme of any kind. It is simply Americanism. If this platform is not Americanism, then common honesty is no longer a measure of American morals. If this platform is not Americanism, then a free ballot and a fair count are no longer the basis of our American government. If this platform is not Americanism, then independence, equality and opportunity have ceased to be American ideals; then Jefferson's teachings have been forgotten and Lincoln's labor was in vain.

Because we have received courteously and considerately a memorial from sympathetic Democrats certain hostile agencies have cried "deal!" All the deal that is contemplated is expressed in this platform. We promise an honest administration. We promise an impartial enforcement of the laws. We promise to sweep from the public payroll the servants of private interests. We promise nominations that are not bossed and elections that are not bought. We promise consideration and representation for the producing masses. We promise to abolish class distinction and class legislation and to restore a government for the greatest good of the greatest number. We ask in return the honorable support of all honest men.

If that is a "deal," it is a square deal.

I congratulate this convention on giving the people the first square deal they have had in years.

I have said that I am an optimist, and that I believe that the American people, under the guidance of the Almighty, will solve their problems for their own benefit and for the benefit of all humanity.

I am more hopeful to-night than ever before.

I believe we have begun well our great work, and that the solution of all our difficulties lies within the able minds and loyal hearts of typical American citizens like yourselves.

President Roosevelt was too eager a partisan to remain on the side lines. The Colonel by this time was looked

LEFT—*Hearst and his eldest son, George—a favorite campaign picture in the Hearst fight for the Mayoralty of New York (1905).* ABOVE—*Hearst on the stump—characteristic speaking pose in campaign for Governorship of New York in 1906.*

upon by old-line Republican leaders and the interests back of them as almost as radical and "dangerous" as Hearst. But in their extremity the bosses turned expectant eyes upon the White House. Mysteriously, at dead of night, came the word over the telephone to the Republican State Convention: "The President would be very glad, personally, if the convention, in its wisdom, should select Mr. Hughes." It was enough. Hughes was unanimously nominated.

Hearst at once attacked Hughes as a man whose sympathies had always been on the side of those corporations which had debased politics. Hughes was no longer a fearless scourger of grafters. He was a mere tool of the "plunderbund," put in the race to save from the people's rage the insurance and traction groups of millionaires and the Standard Oil system. Hearst read out of his party all Democrats who had departed from the "rules of Jefferson." He read into it all Republicans who still clung to the "ideals of Lincoln." He declared that he stood for the election of officials who would enforce the laws, so no longer would "the little thieves go to jail and the big thieves go—to Europe." He promised through government ownership to restore to the people everything which the corporations had, as he said, stolen from them. The Hearst cartoonists portrayed Hughes as an animated "featherduster" behind which the pirates of high finance hid.

When Hearst appeared in the big cities of the state he was received by enormous crowds and almost fanatical evidences of devotion. Even in the rural centers great audiences listened to him attentively. He went to many county fairs. The attendance was larger than it had ever been.

Some observers said that the farmers came to see Hearst as they would have come to see any other circus freak. This may have been so in the early days of the campaign. Soon, though, the farmers were listening to him eagerly. They wanted to know whether the new evangel of the people was sincere, what he really stood for, whether it was time for a political upheaval.

At the big meetings in New York City thousands were turned away. The editor repeated over and over again that he was running as an independent and that if elected he would drive his chief supporter, "Boss" Murphy, out of politics and destroy corruption in Tammany Hall. He crossed the bridge into Brooklyn, the bailiwick of McCarren. While fighting his way through an excited mob from one hall, somebody in the crowd yelled: "How do you expect Kings County Democrats to support you?"

Hearst broke away from the squad of police which was hugging him toward the doorway, and fought his way through the crowd until he worked back to the platform. The audience had overflowed on to the stage and there was not an inch of standing-room left. Hearst jumped upon a table, threw his hat aside, shook his fist in the air and shouted: "A gentleman asks me why I expect the democracy of Kings County to support me and I will tell him why—(cheers and cries: "Go ahead, we want to know")—I am glad to answer that question. I expect them to support me because I am a Jeffersonian Democrat and I do not allow any hireling of the Standard Oil Company to define my democracy—(cheers and applause)—but while I repudiate that corrupt scoundrel McCarren I do it because

I do not believe that he is a Democrat—(a voice: "He is not!")—and while I repudiate him I ask the support of all honest Democrats in Kings County."

When Hearst finished his unexpected attack on State Senator McCarren there was a racket and roar that lasted five minutes. Excited men broke out of the mass of people and grabbed Hearst by the hand. There were cries all over the hall of "Good boy, Billy!" "That's the stuff!" and "We're with you!"

From his retreat in Ireland, where he was leading the life of a country gentleman, old Richard Croker, abdicated boss of Tammany, added to the gaiety of the campaign by denouncing both Hearst and Murphy. Ex-"Boss" Croker said it was an "unprincipled thing" for Murphy and Tammany to support Hearst when the editor had called all of the loyal Tammany boys thieves and pictured them on their way to State's prison. On November 1, 1906, Secretary of State Elihu Root, speaking for President Roosevelt, said at Utica:

> I say to you, with his authority, that he greatly desires the election of Mr. Hughes as Governor of the State of New York; I say to you, with his authority, that he regards Mr. Hearst as wholly unfit to be Governor, as an insincere, self-seeking demagogue who is trying to deceive the working men of New York by false statements and false promises; and I say to you, with his authority, that he considers that Mr. Hearst's election would be an injury and a discredit alike to honest labor and to honest capital and a serious injury to the work in which he is engaged of enforcing just and equal laws against corporate wrongdoing.

President Roosevelt and Mr. Hearst stand as far as the poles asunder. Listen to what President Roosevelt himself has said of

Mr. Hearst and his kind. In President Roosevelt's first message to Congress, in speaking of the assassin of McKinley, he spoke of him as inflamed "by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred. The wind is sowed by the men who preach such doctrines, and they cannot escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped. This applies alike to the deliberate demagogue, to the exploiter of sensationalism and to the crude and foolish visionary who, for whatever reason, apologizes for crime or excites aimless discontent."

I say, by the President's authority, that in penning these words, with the horror of President McKinley's murder fresh before him, he had Mr. Hearst specifically in his mind.

And I say, by his authority, that what he thought of Mr. Hearst then he thinks of Mr. Hearst now.

These attacks were counteracted somewhat by an unqualified indorsement given Hearst by William Jennings Bryan. Back from his foreign trip, Bryan wrote in his organ the *Commoner:*

Whatever we may believe of Mr. Hughes's personal disposition and probable action with respect to great public evils, there can be no reasonable doubt of Mr. Hearst. Through the efforts of his great newspapers he has proved his fidelity, and if any proof be lacking we find it in the fact that the representatives of these interests whose purpose it is to defy the law and plunder the people are among his most bitter opponents.

It is somewhat significant that among the first to charge that Mr. Hearst is not a Democrat are those who either bolted the Democratic ticket or grew cold and distant whenever the party prepared for a serious campaign against monopoly.

In 1896, when loyalty to the party was tested, William R.

Hearst supported the ticket most heartily, and any one who now challenges him must have better standing than the man who habitually bolts when the great corporation fails to control.

The Democrats of New York who have no axe to grind and who are interested solely in the public welfare should give their support to the Democratic state ticket headed by William R. Hearst.

At Tammany Hall Murphy calmly ignored Hearst's continued attacks and predicted the editor's election by 100,000 plurality. Hearst's executives, untrained in politics, poured equally pleasing prophesies into his ears. The day before election Hearst called a conference of his principal subordinates. Arthur Brisbane, editor of the *Evening Journal*, S. S. Carvalho, general manager, T. T. Williams ("Good Tom" of the *Examiner*), now business manager of the *American*, and others assured the chief of his election by an enormous plurality, but Louis Lang, the veteran reporter, who had the ear of every politician in the state, edged toward the door.

Hearst called him back. "What is your opinion, Louie?" he asked. "I'd rather not express an opinion," replied the reporter. Hearst insisted. "Chief, you're licked, licked by at least 50,000," exclaimed Lang, bluntly. "You sealed your own warrant of defeat when you turned down Pat McCarren. McCarren and Tim Sullivan are going to knife you. So are many Tammany district leaders. You will carry the city but Mr. Hughes's upstate vote will defeat you and the election will not be particularly close"

There were murmurs in the group: "You're all wrong!" "Why do you say such things?" Hearst looked puzzled

and not particularly pleased. No one sought to halt Lang this time when he again headed for the door.

The prediction proved true. The vote in the state was: Hughes, 749,002; Hearst 691,105. For New York City the figures stood: Hughes, 261,455; Hearst, 338,513. Hearst carried every borough in the city but ran far behind the rest of the ticket. The entire Democratic-Independence League ticket was elected with the exception of the candidate for Governor. The McCarren knife had been effectively employed.

That winter, after Hughes had taken office, Hearst happened to be in Albany. He said to his Albany representative: "I think I'll walk up the hill and see 'Featherduster.' Wonder if he will be glad to see me?" The meeting was most pleasant. Hughes took Hearst into his private office and the two chatted for half an hour. "The Governor is a pretty human sort of fellow," remarked Hearst later.

During the campaign of 1906 Hearst's bitterest journalistic enemy was James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York *Herald*. At that time Bennett was under federal indictment on a charge of using the mails for the circulation of improper reading matter. The indictment grew out of attacks by the Hearst papers upon the *Herald's* notorious "Personal" column. The Commodore, "exiled" in Paris, wrote Hearst a letter, inclosing clippings from the *Evening Journal* and the *American* and stating: "I shall never forget you in this matter." Upon the orders of Ben-

nett, Hearst's name was excluded from the *Herald* for many years.

The Hearst-Bennett warfare began in the *Journal* in 1899 in the form of a series of complaints against the "Personal" column under the head: "Cards to the Police in the Interest of Public Morality." The *Herald* was reaping a dollar a line for advertisements inserted by "chic Parisian ladies with cosy suites," "masseuses with highly magnetic manners" for "jolly sports" desiring the acquaintance of "witty, affectionate ladies possessing beautiful figures, hair, teeth." "Pleasant possibilities" were promised.

Such advertisements as these evoked gales of laughter in certain circles in New York: "LADY: loyal, lovable, loving, with famished heart craves devotion of but one man financially worth while. FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY." "Is there a TRUE man who would help and care for a SWEET girl?" "A woman finds paddling own canoe dreary task, seeks manly pilot." "Refined young lady desires immediate loan." "The Little Girl cannot meet expenses this month. Hopes Mr. W. will see this and embrace opportunity he requested at lunch. The FASCINATING BABY."

There had been spasmodic and ineffectual outbursts of public indignation until the Hearst papers took up the fight against the "Personal" column. Under the direction of Victor A. Watson, a *Journal* reporter, Hearst investigators rented a post-office box under an assumed name and secured evidence that the "Personal" column was being used for vicious purposes and that the *Herald* knew and pandered to this employment of its advertising columns. The

Herald and its proprietor were indicted in October, 1906. Informed of the action of the federal grand jury, a high Hearst executive rubbed his hands and exclaimed gleefully: "Ah, this will cost Bennett $250,000 a year!"

Bennett was abroad and the Hearst papers charged he was deliberately keeping out of the jurisdiction. The newspaper warfare culminated the following spring. Bennett went from France to Cuba by yacht and traveled to New York by rail from Havana. His appearance in the city was unheralded. On April 10, 1907, he went before Judge Hough in the Criminal Branch of the United States Circuit Court pleaded guilty and was fined $25,000. The Herald Corporation was fined $5,000 and the advertising manager $1,000. A *Herald* employee stripped the required amount from a thick roll of bills. The proprietor of the *Herald* hurriedly left the Federal Building, entered an automobile and drove uptown. He visited New York thereafter with increasing infrequency. Until the day of his death, Bennett never missed an opportunity for bitter denunciation of Hearst.

Hearst, however, merely looked upon the matter as a passing episode; and moved on toward further expansion both in journalism and in politics. He went to Mexico to look after his mining interests. In San Antonio he told an interviewer: "It is no longer necessary for me to be a candidate. My principles of reform are now sufficiently understood. I shall continue to advocate and support those principles."

Hearst gave no hint at this time as to what was really in the back of his mind. It was too soon to announce that

he had determined to cut loose definitely from all parties and form a national party of his own. He carried out this most audacious of his political projects in 1908. Luck placed in his hands a packet of letters which he used, with amazing adroitness, to prove his oft-reiterated assertions that corrupt corporations controlled both old-line parties.

These documents became famous as the "Standard Oil letters." They were written to and by John D. Archbold, Vice President of the Standard Oil Company. They fell into the hands of Hearst by chance. Through his masterly manipulation, they were to have an almost incalculable effect upon the course of public events in the United States.

CHAPTER X

MR. ARCHBOLD PUTS IT ON PAPER

It was during the Presidential campaign of 1908 certain intimate papers of John D. Archbold leaped to light through William Randolph Hearst. In addition to being Vice President of the Standard Oil Company, Archbold was also a deacon in the Methodist Church.

The papers produced by Hearst proved that Archbold had for many years acted as political manipulator for the great oil group and, by liberal employment of secret certificates of deposit and other potent allurements, had swayed elections, judicial appointments and the course of legislation in the law-making bodies of individual states and in both houses of Congress. Men of high influence in both parties were involved, among them the late Senators Joseph Benson Foraker and Marcus Alonzo Hanna (Ohio), Boies Penrose and Matthew Quay (Pennsylvania), Republicans; and Senator Joseph D. Bailey (Texas), Democrat.

Nothing in the entire course of his throbbing career is more indicative of the unique reaches of Hearst and his genius for the violent stirring up of things at the dramatic moment than the manner of his exposure of the Standard Oil letters. Such sensational disclosures come only rarely.

Hearst used the letters remorselessly to drive into the public consciousness his credo that both established parties were corrupt and should be swept out of office. The publisher went tumbling about the country crying a plague upon Democratic and Republican machines alike. His ammunition was the deadly documents which had strangely popped into his possession from the very letter-files of the hated Standard Oil Company. During the campaign of 1908 and at intervals for four years thereafter Hearst entertained and astonished the country, paralyzed the politicians and tantalized his foemen. Plain as was his purpose, his manœuvres were feline in their ferocity.

The Archbold letters came into Hearst's hands in this way:

Employed in the Standard Oil offices at No. 26 Broadway, New York, as messengers, door-tenders and file clerks were two young men, William Winkfield and Charles Stump. The former was a stepson of Mr. Archbold's negro butler, James Wilkins, a trusted employee of twenty years service. Stump was a white man.

Willie Winkfield played the races and "galloped" dice with sporty members of his race in a dive called the Little Savoy in West Thirty-fifth Street. He frequently found himself in need of funds. He therefore conceived a plan of abstracting letters from the Standard Oil letter-files and selling them to newspapers. Using Stump as a go-between, Winkfield got into communication with editors of the New York *American*. This was shortly after the Presidential election of 1904.

Soon Winkfield and Stump began to loiter about the

Standard Oil office after other employees had left. They made foray after foray upon Archibold's letter-books and carried away many bundles wrapped in newspapers. Important letters were photostated during the night and generally returned to the files early the following morning. No suspicion attached itself to the messengers, though both were discharged for other causes within a year. It is not known to this day exactly how many Standard Oil letters were "borrowed" by Winkfield and Stump. The total sum obtained, it is said, was $20,500. The photostats of letters remained locked in a safe in New York for more than three years. John B. Archbold went along serenely, "protecting," according to his lights, the interests of the vast capital he represented in the government and politics of the country.

This was the situation on the evening of September 17, 1908, when several thousand citizens of Columbus, Ohio, gathered in Memorial Hall to hear an address by Hearst. The publisher, owner of seven newspapers published in five cities, was campaigning in behalf of his Independence Party. He had put an Independent ticket into the field to oppose both his former ally William Jennings Bryan, making his third bid for the White House, and William Howard Taft, whom President Roosevelt had picked as the Republican candidate. The Independence Party's candidate for President was Thomas L. Hisgen of Massachusetts, a manufacturer of kerosene and axle grease. Hisgen's running mate was John Temple Graves of Georgia, a florid orator and a Hearst special writer.

Hisgen and Graves had been nominated in Orchestra

Hall, Chicago, on July 29. The gathering was an interesting political phenomenon—a national convention in miniature. Among the 500 delegates were many printers and stereotypers from the Hearst Chicago newspapers. Andy Lawrence, the Hearst vice regent in Chicago, had a "wrecking crew" of circulation department huskies on hand to drown out any temerarious shouts for Bryan. There was to be only one boss, no question about that. His initials were "W. R. H."

Hearst came to Columbus stumping for his ticket. Columbus welcomed the great nonconformist avidly. His picturesque methods of fighting and audacious organization of a new national party "on nothing except nerve" had aroused eager curiosity concerning both himself and his principles. There was standing-room only in Memorial Hall that warm September evening. The crowd came prepared for a colorful exhibition of campaign rhetoric. It went away, it is interesting to note, not sensing the importance of Hearst's disclosures. The audience was plainly disappointed when the speaker, without emphasis of voice or gesture, said gravely:

Gentlemen: The Independence Party claims that the corruption fund in American politics has become more powerful than the people's vote. We claim that political machines and corrupt bosses and criminal special interests control the government for their own advantage and that we no longer have either a government of the people or a government in the interest of the people. . . . We claim the Democrats are to-day eagerly competing with the Republicans for trust favor. We claim that when Theodore Roosevelt whipped the Standard Oil out of the Republican Party the Democratic Party welcomed that convicted criminal with open

arms. We claim that the Democratic Party killed for Mr. Rockefeller the fatted calf. . . .

I am not here to amuse you and entertain you with oratory, but I am here to present to you as patriotic American citizens some facts that should startle and alarm you and arouse you to a fitting sense of the genuine danger that threatens our republic.

I am not here either with empty assertions but with legal evidence and documentary proof. I ask you to rally to your country's needs, to rescue your country from the greatest danger that can threaten a republic—the danger that is within the gates—the corrupting power of unscrupulous and criminal wealth.

I am now going to read copies of letters written by Mr. John D. Archbold, chief agent of the Standard Oil, an intimate personal representative of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers. These letters have been given me by a gentleman who has intimate association with this giant of corruption, the Standard Oil, but whose name I may not divulge lest he be subjected to the persecution of this monopoly.

26 Broadway, New York.
March 9, 1900.

My dear Senator:

I have your favor of last night with enclosure, which letter, with letter from Mr. Elliott commenting on same, I beg to send you herewith. Perhaps it would be better to make a demonstration against the whole bill, but certainly the ninth clause to which Mr. Elliott refers should be stricken out, and the same is true of House Bill No. 500, also introduced by Mr. Price, in relation to foreign corporations, in which the same objectionable clause occurs.

Am glad to hear that you think that the situation is fairly well in hand.

Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. J. B. Foraker,
Senate Chamber,
Washington, D. C.

United States Senate
Washington

Cleveland O
Sep 22

Jno D Archbold Esq

My dear John

I am in receipt of yours of the 18th inst with enclosure as stated for which I am obliged. I am "holding the bag" and this is going to be an expensive Campaign I can see where I will land before the thing is over So I have no doubt I will have to call again I feel a delicacy about this as it is my funeral, I can beg for others better than when I have a personal interest There are many important questions in this fight should Johnson carry the Legislature Corporations will catch it as I am as their representative do called

Sincerely Your
M A Hanna

One of the Archbold letters—Standard Oil rewards a representative in the United States Senate.

26 Broadway, New York.
March 26, 1900.

Hon. J. B. Foraker,
1500 Sixteenth St.,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Senator:

In accordance with our understanding I now beg to enclose you certificate of deposit to your favor for $15,000. Kindly acknowledge receipt and oblige,

Yours very truly,
Jno. D. Archbold.

26 Broadway, New York.
February 16, 1900.

(Personal)

My dear Senator:

Here is still another very objectionable bill. It is so outrageous as to be ridiculous, but it needs to be looked after, and I hope there will be no difficulty in killing it.

Am anxious to hear from you as to the situation as a whole.

Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. J. B. Foraker,
1500 Sixteenth St.,
Washington, D. C.

April 17, 1900.

My dear Senator:

I enclose you certificate of deposit to your favor for $14,500. We are greatly at a loss in the matter, but I send this, and will be glad to have a very frank talk with you when opportunity offers, and if you so desire.

I need scarcely again express our great gratification over the favorable outcome of affairs.

Very truly yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. J. B. Foraker,
1500 Sixteenth St., City.

There, my friends, is some documentary evidence of how bills are declared to be unwise and unconstitutional and some in-

timation of the causes that lead to the defeat of such bills. I will now read you the conclusion of a letter written by Mr. Sibley, a Representative from Pennsylvania—that is his title. But, in fact, he is, I believe, a representative of the Standard Oil Company. The letter was written to Mr. Archbold and relates how Mr. Sibley told Mr. Roosevelt that he should be careful how he offended the Standard Oil and that he could not afford to depend merely upon the support of the people. This is the conclusion of the letter: "For the first time in my life I told the President some plain if unpalatable truths as to the situation politically, and that no man should win or deserves to win who depended upon the rabble rather than upon the conservative men of affairs. I don't know as he really liked all I said, but he thanked me with apparent heartiness. Anything you may desire here in my power, please advise. Sincerely yours, Joseph C. Sibley."

You gentlemen, I, Mr. Hisgen—all of us are the rabble. Seekers after office cannot depend upon us: they need the conservative citizens, these magnates of the great criminal trusts!

Mr. Roosevelt did not seem to heed Mr. Sibley's well intentioned advice and he prosecuted the Standard Oil and the Standard Oil went out of the Republican Party and into the Democratic Party. Mr. Bryan appointed Mr. C. N. Haskell, political paymaster of the Standard Oil, to be chairman of the Committee on Platform. Mr. Bryan made Mr. Haskell treasurer of his national campaign fund to collect from Standard Oil substantial evidence of the great monopoly's appreciation.

Here are two more letters that will interest you:

New York, December 18, 1902.

My dear Senator:

You of course know of Judge Burket's candidacy for re-election to the Supreme Court bench in Ohio. We understand that his re-election to the position would be in the line of usage as followed in such cases in Ohio, and we feel very strongly that his eminent qualifications and great integrity entitle him to this further recognition.

We most earnestly hope that you agree with this view, and will

favor and aid his re-election. Mr. Rogers joins me most heartily in this expression to you.

With kind regards, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

To Senator Foraker.

26 Broadway, New York.
March 20, 1903.

(Personal)

My dear Senator:

To our amazement, it is reported that Smith W. Bennett is making a canvass for the Attorney Generalship in Ohio. Mr. Bennett is a brother-in-law of F. S. Monnett, recent Attorney General, and was associated with Monnett in the action against us in that state. If there is any possible danger, which I cannot believe, of Mr. Bennett's candidacy assuming serious proportions, I would like to tell you something of our experience and impressions of the man in connection with that case. I am sure, however, that you will agree that Ohio is not so poorly off as to take that sort of timber for its Attorney General. I will be very glad to hear from you on the subject.

Sincerely yours,
Jno. D. Archbold.

Hon. M. A. Hanna,
Washington, D. C.

Thus in the Columbus speech Hearst released the first of the letters with which he was to dumfound the country for four years. The correspondence not only put life and interest in the campaign but it had vast effect in stimulating reform. Many of the present laws requiring publicity for campaign expenditures and various state and national corrupt practices acts grew directly out of it. No coup in his forty years of "striking" journalism ever stirred up greater excitement or pleased Hearst more. The publisher once wrote that "a President of the United States"

had said to him that "the value of the Standard Oil letters was not so much that they revealed anything new but that they proved what everybody suspected but had not before been able to prove."

By presumption Hearst was quoting Theodore Roosevelt. A fortnight after the election, and while Hearst was still exploding his Archbold bombs in the camps of both parties, the President asked the publisher to visit him in the White House. They talked for forty-five minutes. The President, according to Washington despatches which were never denied, asked Hearst if any "gossip" in the Archbold letters referred to him. "Nothing that I intend to publish at this time," replied Hearst blandly.

The first batch of letters created no excitement among the Columbus audience or the newspaper men covering the meeting. It was not until Hearst arrived in St. Louis on the following afternoon that the press and public had fully realized the vital nature of the disclosure.

"When I got off the train at St. Louis," Hearst wrote in 1912, "it seemed to me that all the newspaper men in America were there to inquire about the Foraker letters and to ask how many and what kind of letters still remained to be read. Foraker had admitted the genuineness of the letters published. Not knowing, however, that there were other letters to further convict him, he had attempted explanations which, in the light of the other letters, were obviously false. These statements of Foraker I refuted with documents at hand, and Foraker retired from the discussion overwhelmed by the evidence of his own correspondence. It was unfortunate for any one during that

campaign to attempt to deny or explain the implication of those Standard Oil letters because the evidence contained in them was generally sufficient to refute all denials or explanations."

In Memphis on September 20, 1908, Hearst read a letter from Congressman Sibley—"the miserable little Standard Oil spy in the House"—to Archbold informing the oil magnate that "Senator B, a Democrat," would be a "tower of strength and safety" and advising a conference with "B."

"Mr. Sibley does not say who Senator B is," remarked Hearst waggishly. "We'll have to do a little Sherlock Holmes work. Let's see, the vowels of the alphabet are a, e, i, o and u. It can't be Senator Bully as there is no Senator Bully. It can't be Bolly for the same reason. It can't be Senator Billy unless Mr. Sibley is calling some Senator by his first name. It can't be Senator Belly. Can it be Senator Ba—? Why, to be sure there is a Senator Bailey and we have heard his name mentioned before in connection with Standard Oil. Another thing that makes me suspect the Senator referred to may be Senator Bailey is this letter from Mr. Archbold asking Senator B to come down to New York and step up to the captain's office quick," and he read an undated letter from Archbold to Sibley beginning: "We are anxious to have a talk here at as early a date as possible with Senator Bailey of Texas."

Going East, Hearst released additional Foraker-Archbold letters showing payments of large sums to the influential Republican Senator. On September 22, President

Roosevelt jumped in and rough-rode Foraker out of the Taft campaign. Foraker retired denouncing Roosevelt and Taft as ingrates. He was to have Samsonian revenge in 1912 when Hearst published a letter showing that Archbold and H. H. Rogers had been welcome guests at Oyster Bay before Roosevelt turned upon the "malefactors of great wealth" and instituted the Standard Oil dissolution proceedings which resulted in Federal Judge Landis's famous $29,000,000 fine. Archbold took the witness-stand before a Senatorial investigating committee the same year and testified with mixed emotions that Standard Oil had contributed $100,000 to the $2,100,000 Roosevelt campaign fund of 1904.

Hearst remarked that Roosevelt had thrown the trusts down after election, though "holding a big stick in one hand, a contribution box in the other." Roosevelt added to the gaiety of the times by making public this comment: "Mr. Hearst has published much interesting and important correspondence of the Standard Oil people, especially that of Mr. Archbold with various public men. I have in times past criticised Mr. Hearst but in this matter he has rendered a public service of high importance and I hope he will publish all the letters dealing with the matter which he has in his possession. If Mr. Hearst or anybody else has any letter from me dealing with Standard Oil affairs I shall be delighted to have it published."

In the 1908 campaign Archbold testily attacked Hearst, hinting only that an exponent of nosegay journalism would betray private correspondence. He denounced Hearst's bit of white fiction that a "friend" had given

him the letters and bemoaned his attorney's advice that he could not replevin the facsimiles and originals in the publisher's possession. Archbold was sorely handicapped in his comment and explanations because, for all he knew, Hearst might have possessed copies of his butcher bills and household check-stubs.

In answer to his critics, and while the letters were being given wide circulation even in the most devoted of the old party organs, Hearst published the following reply:

If I discover any more letters which tend to show that the people's representatives are in the pay of the privileged interests, and are traitorously betraying the people to these privileged interests, I will certainly inform the people of these dangerous and disgraceful conditions.

There has been a good deal of hypocritical cant, chiefly from those whose rascality has been exposed, about the impropriety of publicly reading private letters. I do not consider that letters written to public men on matters affecting the public interests and threatening the public welfare are private letters.

I do not consider that the offer of a $15,000 bribe, by a privileged corporation to a public servant to betray a public trust, is a private transaction.

If any man found a letter which indicated that an official of the government was betraying the interests of the government to a foreign enemy, it would be his duty to make it public, and he would be faithless to his duty if he did not make it public.

If any man finds the proof that an official in public life is betraying the trust that the people repose in him to any criminal corporation for any corrupt compensation, it is the duty of that man to inform the citizens of the fact, and if I find such proof I will surrender it to the citizens and do my best to help the citizens bring the guilty culprit to justice.

For the Taft-Bryan campaign at least the corporations abandoned their customary application of business methods to politics. Mark Hanna, that remarkable wholesale groceryman from Ohio, had elevated the collection of campaign funds to the dignity of a fine art. Hanna did not collect campaign contributions, he levied them after the manner of the Algerian pirates. Banks and corporations were assessed in the same way that Jay Hubbell once assessed the government clerks. When the 1896 and 1900 campaigns were over Hanna burned the books. But it was an open secret in Washington that the McKinley funds totaled more than $10,000,000.

After the Hearst attacks, Herman Ridder of New York succeeded C. N. Haskell as treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. The new chairman pledged himself to make all campaign contributions public on Oct. 15. For the first time since the Civil War a Republican National Committee was forced to beg for $50 contributions to meet the expenses of a national campaign.

Hearst's followers had put state and local tickets in the field in New York and elsewhere as well as national nominees. But despite the Standard Oil disclosures, the fanfaronade and the shouts of the populace, the Independence Party vote was negligible. The sovereign State of Georgia, for example gave its doughty son John Temple Graves but 77 votes. But Hearst felt he had done some valuable sub-soil ploughing.

Solid, friendly Tom Hisgen had exacted a promise that Hearst would speak during the campaign in Hisgen's birthplace, a remote Indiana village. To carry out his

pledge and also keep other engagements the publisher's schedule-makers found a special train would have to be hired at Indianapolis. Hearst stood the expense without demur and went bumping over a rough road-bed for 200 miles. He threw his long legs over a seat in the dirty day coach and chatted cheerfully with the trainmen.

A couple of hundred curious countrymen were gathered in the village hall. Hearst warmed up to his subject and pitched into both parties just as vigorously as though the forum was Madison Square Garden in New York. Response was faint. The Hearst ideas were slow to percolate in the minds of men whose only contact with the outside world came through the weekly farm paper. But the tall, loose-jointed man in the frock coat and striped trousers waved his arms, stamped his feet and kept a-going.

After three quarters of an hour came the blast of train whistles. Fred Lawrence, one of his political managers, had arranged the signal.

"Toot, toot!"

Lawrence pulled at Hearst's coat-tails. "What is it, Fred?" whispered Hearst. "We've got to get away, chief, to catch the Big Four. Haven't a minute to spare."

"Toot! TOOT!"

Hearst brought his peroration to a close. The farmers moved silently toward their hitched horses. Hearst and Lawrence dashed for the train. In the dimly lighted, dingy day coach of the special, Hearst turned to Lawrence and remarked roguishly: "Splendid meeting, eh, Fred?"

"Yes, splendid, Mr. Hearst."

"Good speech, too, Fred. We ought to get many votes in this county, Fred, many votes."

They grinned at each other. At Indianapolis, the Big Four flyer was waiting. Hearst swung aboard and, as the train gained headway, shouted: "Oh, Fred, give the conductor a hundred. And don't forget the engineer. A hundred for him too, Fred. Don't forget. Good-bye. Fine meeting!"

The election returns showed a big round zero for the Independence Party in the county of its candidate's birth.

The campaign concluded, Hearst threw himself with zeal and energy into the execution of large and comprehensive plans for his various newspapers. He seemed happy in his complete divorcement from politics and told his followers at a dinner tendered him in April, 1909, that he would not run for office again. The room echoed with shouts of: "No, no!" "You must not give up!" "Our next Mayor!" Hearst smiled somewhat sadly and said:

I am not going to give up fighting, but I shall fight for some one else. The activities of the old parties in the matter of reform are mainly due to the menace of a militant new party. The achievements of the old parties in the direction of progress are chiefly due to the suggestions and compulsion of the Independence Party.

The Independence Party is like the rod which hangs conspicuously in a schoolroom. The very sight of it makes bad political boys better. Do you not realize that almost every progressive measure that is before our lawmaking bodies, or has actually passed into law, found its main source and first strength in the agitation of the Independence Party?

Do your hearts not swell with pride when you see the measures which, in the inception of our agitation, were denounced as revolution now hailed as revelation? Do you not feel a thrill of joy when you see the Direct Nominations Bill, which used to sit around the Independence League headquarters clothed as it were in contumely, now arrayed in the frock coat of respectability and the patent leathers of prosperity, walking up the avenue arm in arm with Senator Root and Governor Hughes?

Upon this Independence Party will devolve the duty of devising and securing a practical plan of public ownership of public utilities.

As regards the Democratic Party, I have hunted for it high and low, not with the idea of joining it—heaven forbid!—but with the intention of telling it a few things for its own good. I have not been able to find any Democratic Party.

There is a band of buccaneers in this town who before every election run up the Democratic flag and under the disguise pursue the rich galleons of public office. But no sooner is the election over than these political pirates haul down the star, run up the skull and crossbones of Tammany Hall, and proceed to loot the prizes they have won. Surely they are not the Democratic Party!

In Congress Representatives elected as Democrats have voted with trust Republicans to retain an arbitrary undemocratic set of rules, and Democrats elected by the votes of working men have united with Republicans to reseat labor's arch enemy in the Speaker's chair.

Surely the Democratic Party of Jefferson, of Jackson, and of Tilden is dead, and about all there is of the Republican Party that is popular and progressive is now on its way to Africa.

At the next Mayoralty election Hearst favored Supreme Court Justice William J. Gaynor as the anti-Tammany candidate for Mayor. Gaynor was an independent Democrat, a man of scholarly attainment though tart of temperament

who had won more than local reputation in his younger days by breaking up the "Coney Island graft ring." Judge Gaynor had attacked Tammany Hall as vehemently as any man in public life. But Charles Francis Murphy, the astute leader of Tammany, never held spite in matters political. Murphy persuaded Gaynor to accept the Tammany nomination. He hoped through Gaynor's popularity to get control of the Board of Estimate that would have the letting of valuable subway contracts and the expenditure of almost $1,000,000,000 in the ensuing four years. Also Murphy thought he could stifle the opposition of Hearst.

The boss guessed wrong. After personally failing to induce Gaynor to repudiate Tammany, Hearst accepted the independent nomination tendered him by the Hearstites new local organization, the Civic Alliance. The publisher stood on the platform at Carnegie Hall and for fifteen minutes smilingly responded to the old chant of the Independence League: "Hearst! Hearst! Hearst!" The Civic Alliance indorsed all anti-Tammany candidates (the Fusion-Republican ticket) below the rank of Mayor, thus insuring the election of a Board of Estimate opposed to the Hall. The mayoralty vote was: Gaynor (Dem.), 250,387; Bannard (Rep.), 177,304; Hearst (Ind.), 154,187.

Hearst put just enough energy in the campaign to accomplish his purpose. Quite ignoring Bannard, he and peppery old Judge Gaynor centered their attacks upon each other. The Judge enlisted the testimony of a Hearst editor to prove the independent candidate had promised to support Gaynor. Hearst read his employee's statement with a grin and remarked: "Oh, Mr. Rudolph Block is my comic

editor." Incidentally the "comic editor" is still in Hearst's employ.

Six weeks after the election, Hearst threw the town into an uproar when he began publishing a batch of letters to Charles F. Murphy—notes written by the leader's lieutenants to him while he was resting at Mount Clemens, Michigan. Murphy charged a maid had been bribed to turn over to a Hearst agent the torn contents of Murphy's waste-paper basket.

The letters to a boss at ease showed that Murphy and Mayor-elect Gaynor were working in harmony. The Mount Clemens basket yielded much of the inside of the game of getting jobs for Tammany men. The letters, portraying nothing that was not known to insiders, were a revelation to laymen.

Mayor Gaynor and Hearst were in vivid, roaring feud during the former's entire stormy term. Gaynor, with a tongue like acid biting into an etching, was one of the few foemen who ever got under Hearst's skin. Upon every occasion, in public and private, the Mayor bitterly attacked the publisher. Hearst, he said, "lives on claptrap and conducts ragbag newspapers." Once, after a particularly vigorous assault at a public dinner, T. T. Williams, business manager of the *Evening Journal*, pushed forward, shook his fist in the Mayor's face and challenged him to make good his charges. Twenty minutes of uproar and excitement followed "Good Tom's" challenge.

Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton was one of the diners and he kept his ears open. Two years later, when Wilson had entered the rough arena of politics and be-

come Governor of New Jersey, he and Mayor Gaynor exchanged letters denouncing Hearst. The publisher went along attacking them both as "sham progressives."

After the attempted assassination of Mayor Gaynor as he was boarding a ship for Europe, every newspaper editor in town naturally recalled the McKinley episode. Herbert Bayard Swope and Henry Stansbury, star men on the *World* and the *American* respectively, arrived simultaneously at the door of the Hoboken cell where the dazed, mauled prisoner, a man named Gallagher, was confined. Both reporters were panting.

Gallagher sat slumped on his cot, head in hands. Swope, recovering his breath, spoke first. "Listen to me, Gallagher," he commanded. "You read the *American* and the *Journal*, don't you? You have read attacks on Mayor Gaynor in the Hearst papers? Now, haven't you!"

Swope's barking, insistent tones reached the brain of the dazed man on the cot. Gallagher looked up. Stansbury and Swope stood taut. "Hell, no!" said Gallagher. "I read the *Times*." Gallagher never knew why his visitors fell weakly into each other's arms and laughed until they rattled the rust on the bars.

Between, and even during his various excursions into politics, Hearst kept in close personal touch with every detail of his expanding organization. His genius for "striking" journalism bubbled out constantly. One Sunday evening, when his visits to the office of the New York *American* were frequent, he strolled over to the night city editor's desk, looked over a dull news schedule, then called for proof of two stories.

One was a despatch from William Hoster, in Georgia, narrating futile efforts of the Pujo Money Trust Committee agents to subpœna William Rockefeller for a Washington hearing. Rockefeller was hidden away on Jekyl Island. All of Special Counsel Samuel Untermyer's ingenuity could not lure the Standard Oil magnate into accepting service. Rockefeller had no desire to undergo one of the public trepanning operations that so delight the souls of our leading legal exhibitionists.

The other story in which Hearst seemed interested was a short despatch from Tarrytown, briefly quoting one of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s saccharine addresses before a local Bible class. Hearst fussed over the proofs. Then he seized a blank sheet of copy paper and rapidly wrote this "telephone wire" head, as it was dubbed in the shop:

WILLIAM JUMPS OVER THE BACK FENCE WHILE
JOHN D. JR. PRATES MORALITY

CHAPTER XI

ADVENTURES IN THE MAGAZINES AND MOVIES

WITH that appearance of the casual, which is one of his most deceptive qualities, Hearst dropped into the magazine field in 1903. He happened to be in London. The morning was muggy, the time late summer. In bathrobe and slippers he was idling over a mound of newspapers and periodicals strewn over the bed from which he had recently arisen. His attention was attracted by a publication devoted to automobiles called *The Car*.

A few hours later a message went winging over the cable to George d'Utassy, one of the Hearst executives in New York. It read in substance:

> Have decided to start magazine devoted to motor interests. Would you like to take charge. Please look over copies *The Car* coming by mail. HEARST.

Thus was born *Motor*, the parent of the twelve Hearst magazines which to-day rank first in circulation, numbers and income of any group under individual ownership anywhere in the world. The automobile was then in the early stages of its gigantic development and Hearst, with a characteristic flash of intuition, foresaw the future. *Motor* was a success from the start.

In 1905 Hearst entered the general magazine field by purchasing the *Cosmopolitan.* For nineteen years this magazine had been the pioneer among the cheap, popular illustrated monthlies. The new proprietor promptly ran it to a million circulation. Then came *Motor Boating* and, in 1911, a publication called the *World Today.*

Hearst's idea in purchasing the *World Today* was to produce a monthly review somewhat like *World's Work* or *Review of Reviews.* However, when it developed in a discussion one day that the maximum circulation that could be expected from such a publication was 200,000, Hearst immediately announced that it did not interest him a particle. He then had the periodical changed into a direct competitor of *Cosmopolitan* and called it *Hearst's International.* It was impossible to market to readers and to advertisers two publications so nearly alike. Accordingly, in 1925, *International* was merged with *Cosmopolitan.* The combined magazine has been far more successful than *Cosmopolitan* was at the highest point it had reached previously.

He purchased *Good Housekeeping* from a group in Springfield, Massachusetts, and put into it fundamentals which have made it one of the most profitable monthly publications in the world. For many years *Good Housekeeping* has netted annually almost $2,000,000 in profits. Factors in *Good Housekeeping's* success included a guarantee to readers that if advertisers did not make good the magazine would; the employment of Dr. Wiley, when he retired from the Food Bureau in Washington, with plenary powers to exclude deleterious food products from the advertising

columns, and the foundation of what is known as Good Housekeeping Institute, a laboratory in which every proffered food product is tested before admittance into magazine. The Wiley tests proved a brilliant stroke of business acumen. Though thousands of dollars of advertising were lost the first year or two, rates subsequently increased enormously because of the prestige of the "Wiley franchise."

Through *Good Housekeeping* Hearst came in contact with a man who had great influence upon his publications, Joseph A. Moore. Moore was a Canadian who had begun his career in the United States as secretary to an advertising man in Chicago, then had gone into the advertising business himself. Later he became a partner in a publication known as the *People's Home Journal.*

Shortly after Moore had sold out his interest in the *People's Home Journal,* S. S. Carvalho, general supervisor of the growing Hearst magazines, asked him to take charge of *Good Housekeeping.* Moore said the job appealed to him, but when Carvalho tried to talk salary to him, he said: "Don't let's name any salary for the first six months. If at the end of that time I have done what I think I can do with the publication, we will agree on a figure. If I can't, you may have my services for six months for nothing."

The proposition appealed to the canny Carvalho. At the end of six months Joe Moore had more than made good. With the O. K. of Hearst he had launched the Good Housekeeping Institute and the plan of "guaranteed advertising." The innovations appealed to the American housewife. Carvalho, in a burst of generosity, put the new man on the payroll at $10,000 a year. A couple of days

later Moore dropped up to the new Hearst home on Riverside Drive and said sadly: "It's too bad, but of course I am not the man you want." Hearst wanted to know why. Moore told him of the Carvalho $10,000. Hearst chuckled: "Some of my executives try to save money at the wrong time." They made a satisfactory arrangement. Moore became Hearst's right-hand man in the magazine field and continued so until 1926, when he and an associate purchased a controlling interest in the Butterick Publishing Company.

Always careless in matters of finance, Hearst's affairs had become hopelessly muddled by 1914. He had bought another newspaper, the Atlanta *Georgian,* two years before and acquired also two more magazines, *Harper's Bazar* and *Nash's Magazine,* in London. Most of his properties were yielding handsome profits, but Hearst's personal expenditures were so enormous that money was flowing out faster than it was coming in. So he asked Moore to take charge of the books. Moore found Hearst's assets were so involved that the publisher couldn't negotiate a personal loan for even a million in the money marts.

Under Moore the finances were straightened out somewhat. Hearst promised to cut down, by a little at least, his huge yearly outlay for antiques and other works of art. One day Moore secured a $500,000 loan from a bank in Wall Street and drove jubilantly up to the house to tell Hearst about it. He found the publisher several hours later sitting in the front row of an art auction room on West Twenty-third Street bidding away for dear life upon some items that had caught his fancy.

Upon Moore's advice Hearst went to the public for his funds, floating bond issues totaling many millions of dollars. The bonds were secured by the earnings of individual publications or groups of publications. The step was doubly valuable: the bondholders were protected and Hearst's personal expenditures were held down to some extent.

In 1918, on Armistice Day, Hearst acquired his most valuable magazine executive, Ray Long. Long is an exceptional judge of popular fiction. During the time *Cosmopolitan* was bounding toward its 1,000,000 circulation Long was on *Hampton's Magazine*. It blew up one day with a loud bang. Long found himself without a job. He went to George d'Utassy. Nothing was open on the Hearst magazines. So Long took a job as editor of *Red Book*. This periodical was published in Chicago. Long began to print arresting fiction by popular authors and *Red Book* gained thousands of readers each month. Then d'Utassy asked him to edit a publication Hearst had purchased in England—*Vanity Fair*. The offer was a trifle smaller than Long's *Red Book* salary, so he turned it down. He named a figure and the Hearst people turned this down.

Six months later d'Utassy informed Long that Hearst would accept the first Long demand. Meanwhile Long had gone ahead, so he had to name a higher figure. This went on for seven years. Finally on Nov 11, 1918, Hearst requested Moore to bring Long to the Hearst home for luncheon.

Armistice bulletins were brought to the luncheon table every moment or two. Hearst read them and dictated

brief instructions to editors of his newspapers while he chatted with Long.

"That meeting made a tremendous impression upon me," Ray Long said later. "Mr. Hearst seemed to be able to handle any number of matters at once. Our ideas in magazines traveled pretty much the same paths. So there was no real difficulty in reaching an understanding."

When Moore and Long left Hearst they went to the *Cosmopolitan* office to sign a contract. It was a two-year agreement. The salary was the figure about which there had been a deal of protest on the part of both Hearst and Moore. Four months later Hearst summoned the new editor of *Cosmopolitan* to the Hearst home. Long came into the presence wonderingly. Hearst smilingly tore up the first contract and proffered a new one with thirty-three and a third per cent. increase! This also was to run two years. Before the first half of Contract No. 2 was up, Hearst wired Moore from California: "Please destroy Mr. Long's contract. Give him a new one at twenty-five per cent. increase." Long has never worked out a contract with Hearst. Always before the contract has expired Hearst has voluntarily readjusted it on terms highly advantageous to the party of the second part. There is no question of Hearst's generosity toward men who make good and who make money for the organization. Moreover, he permits the man who makes good as much freedom as if he owned the business himself.

In 1926 Hearst retired as President of his International Magazine Company and installed Long as President and editor in chief. The company controls *Cosmopolitan, Good*

Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Motor, McClure's Town and Country, Motor Boating, Smart Set and *International Studio.*

In nine years but one quarrel has threatened the association of Hearst and his chief magazine aid. This was over a manuscript of an English woman novelist now dead. Hearst felt under obligation to this writer because she had defended him through the bitterness against him in England during the war.

Cosmopolitan had contracted for a novel by this writer. The manuscript was so unsatisfactory that Long refused to run it, though he was perfectly willing to tax his budget for the sum agreed upon. Hearst insisted the serial be printed, pointing out that failure to do so would hurt the author deeply. The novel was so crude, Long felt he simply could not obey orders. After pondering the matter for several days, the editor sent a wire to Hearst, who was in California: "I do not in any way question your right to order into your magazine any feature you wish, but I think you will be willing to grant me the right to decline to edit a magazine containing something in which I do not take pride. Therefore I must ask you to permit me to resign."

Back came a telegram reading:

> After all, you and I should not quarrel about a girl at our age —and hers. Don't publish the serial if you feel so strongly about it, but please write her a letter which will soften the blow.

Since his first adventure with *Motor,* Hearst has purchased almost twenty magazines. Some he has dropped, some he has consolidated. Those he continues to operate

Oliver Herford's view of Hearst as an officeseeker. "The Yellow Peril," from Life, *August 17, 1922. Running into Herford a few days after the cartoon was published, Brisbane ruefully remarked: "At least, Oliver, you might have made me a bigger bug!"*

show decided yearly increases in profit. A few years ago he picked up *Puck*, the humorous weekly, and asked Joe Moore to see what he could do with it. Moore was a great admirer of Oliver Herford's work. He wired the artist at Lakewood and asked him to contribute some of his inimitable sketches to *Puck*, adding that he could name his own price. Herford replied promptly: "The only enterprise in which I shall ever voluntarily join William Randolph Hearst will be one of self-destruction." Herford was not asked to make the supreme sacrifice and Hearst did not retain *Puck* for any length of time.

After the astonishing success of *Cosmopolitan*, Hearst purchased *Nash's Magazine* and *Pall Mall* in London and combined them. He believed that by producing a duplicate of *Cosmopolitan* in England he could be as successful there as he was here. His theory was correct, as it afterward proved, but sending American editors to London caused him to stand several years of red ink on *Nash's*. Hearst's imported editors, he complained, got out not an American magazine but one that was more English than the Englishman produced.

Hearst sent S. S. Chamberlain to England to cure this. By that uncanny intuition that he seemed to have caught from Hearst (or perhaps that he himself cultivated in Hearst) Sam Chamberlain found a man who put the British periodicals on the map. This was a little Irishman named J. Y. McPeake. He and Chamberlain got acquainted over a flagon of Scotch at the Savage Club. McPeake at that time was editor of a daily paper in Dublin. He did not know the first living thing about magazine direction. But Cham-

berlain, after a few hours' enjoyment of the dewy refreshments of conversation, decided that McPeake was the man to run *Nash's*. Before they parted Chamberlain had persuaded McPeake to undertake the job.

It is characteristic of Hearst that he did not question Chamberlain's judgment. McPeake slipped into an unaccustomed editorial chair and began to make things hum. Slowly *Nash's* deficit began to drop. Of course, though, the new man could not accomplish miracles. For some time it was still necessary each month for the New York office to send to London a check to meet the deficit on *Nash's*.

Then the war broke out and Hearst became about as popular as the bubonic plague in England. The American publisher was portrayed as the leading Germanophile in the United States. And McPeake was an Irishman! Things got so hot it was impossible for McPeake to communicate with New York. Chamberlain was worried. Moore and some of the other executives advised Hearst very earnestly to give up the struggle with *Nash's* and "forget the darn thing." Publishing conditions in general in this country were such that it was inadvisable for the American magazines to carry any burden that was not absolutely necessary, they pointed out. There was no chance, they argued, for *Nash's* ever to be a success anyway.

Current copies of the London newspapers, as they came into New York, increased the tension. The *Daily Express* was running a banner across the bottom of its first page urging loyal Englishman to refuse to read *Nash's* because, as they said, it was a menace to Great Britain; and the

Daily Mail and other newspapers were running editorials in the same strain.

But Hearst was obdurate in his refusal to kill *Nash's*. "From what Sam tells me," drawled Hearst, "I have faith in that little fellow McPeake. I believe he will struggle through some way or other."

One day McPeake walked into the New York office. It had been impossible for him even to send word that he was coming. When Moore heard that he was in the office, he concluded there wouldn't be any necessity to discuss further the fate of *Nash's*. He felt sure McPeake had come to break the news that it had died. Instead, McPeake marched into Moore's office, laid a certified check for $30,000 on the desk and announced as calmly as could be: "That's half of our profits for the last six months, and I thought you might possibly want to use it." The opposition had actually been helpful to the magazine! McPeake had stuck to his guns and put the periodical ahead in circulation and advertising.

Hearst invited the plucky Irishman up to his home and they became very chummy. Hearst developed the sort of feeling that he has to quite a few of his executives—a confidence which prompts him to let the man do absolutely as he pleases without any interference, and often without even the benefit of suggestion. The autocrat's accolade for the efficient!

McPeake later started the English edition of *Good Housekeeping* and established something of a record. It turned the corner on its third issue, and on an investment of less than $100,000 it now yields a profit of consid-

erably more than $750,000 a year. McPeake died in 1926. By that time he had made a fortune for himself and had spent two or three fortunes for Hearst. Practically every cent of profit on the English publications went in gratifying Hearst's passion for works of art. As Hearst's agent, McPeake became one of the largest purchasers of antiques in the world.

Motion pictures offered the next field of expansion in satisfying the insatiable urge that was in Hearst to reach larger audiences. He began to produce news and feature films under the names of the International News Reel and the Cosmopolitan Productions, Inc. Under Edgar Hatrick, its pioneer executive, the news reel survives and enjoys world-wide vogue. After a stubborn effort to become the country's premier producer of distinctive screen plays, Hearst retired from this branch of the industry. His losses were more than $7,000,000.

The Cosmopolitan productions were artistically successful, financially disastrous. "The whole trouble was that W. R. was ahead of the times," George d'Utassy explains. "He made 'super' pictures two years too soon. The public were not accustomed to paying $2 to see a movie. It was the same with the movies as it always has been with the newspapers—W. R. knew more about every job (I mean this sincerely) than any of his people. The pictures that were successful were the ones that he made himself. He chose the story, practically wrote the scenario, selected

the cast, went over the 'rushes' day by day, directed the cutting and supervised the presentation. And all in his quiet, unassuming way. I ought to know, as I was the general manager of the company."

Hearst, as has been noted, is a photographer of unusual ability and kept eagerly abreast of developments of the motion-picture camera. He took one of the early machines with him to Cuba, as already stated, and helped Jack Hemment manipulate his "sausage grinder." Thereafter he purchased each new and improved camera as it was placed upon the market. He was throwing crude, flickering pictures upon a screen in his home long before Charlie Chaplin (now a frequent and welcome guest upon the Hearst yacht and at the Hearst ranch in California) came to America and pantomimed an intoxicated spectator in a vaudeville sketch called "A Night in an English Music Hall."

In 1916 Hearst judged the American public would willingly turn from the pie-tossing, cop-chasing type of movie and support artistic productions at regular theatre prices. He fitted up a huge studio on the upper east side in New York and hired the best directors, scenic and costume artists and actors he could find. He made Joseph Urban art director and astonished even this distinguished recruit by the prodigality of his expenditures. Everything had to be *real* with Hearst. If the script called for the ladies of the ensemble to wear Irish lace, Belfast was asked to send entire bolts of its best and most costly hand-woven product. The result often was that preliminary schedules of expenditures in every department at the studio were tossed

out of the window and screen plays that should have cost two or three hundred thousand dollars actually required two or three millions!

Although it eventually was forced to suspend, Cosmopolitan Productions, Inc., placed one of its stars upon a pedestal of permanent fame in motion pictures. This was Marion Davies. Miss Davies, née Douras, was a slender, winsome, blond beauty. She had appeared in the Ziegfeld "Follies." She was a sister-in-law of George W. Lederer, an old friend of Hearst. When he learned that Hearst was to embark into the motion-picture field as a producer, Lederer asked Hearst to give her a chance. Within two years she had become the featured star of the Cosmopolitan company, and to-day she is one of five most highly paid screen artists in the country.

Hearst was as excited as any boy on presentation nights of a new film production. Even after his pictures had settled down for a run at a Broadway house, Hearst would slip down the aisle and watch the audience's reactions. One evening A. J. Kobler and his wife dropped in to see a Cosmopolitan production. Kobler was then, and is now, advertising manager of the Sunday magazine section of the Hearst papers, published simultaneously in many parts of the country, Kobler is ever in high favor with Hearst because he has attracted national advertising and has successfully boosted the rates to $16,000 each color page for the Hearst *American Weekly*, higher than those exacted by the country's most popular weekly.

On this occasion the music was soft, the seats were

softer and the Hearst executive drifted into a drowse. He was awakened by a light tap upon the shoulder. "Ah, Mr. Kobler, you don't think much of our picture, do you? I am not so fond of this one myself. Let's take a walk." It was Hearst. Kobler excused himself to Mrs. Kobler and he and his chief started up Broadway. They strolled past Columbus Circle that Hearst once dreamed of transforming into a great Hearst Plaza; and so on up to the publisher's home at Eighty-sixth Street and Riverside Drive.

Hearst's yacht lay at anchor in the Hudson. Lights were winking on the Palisades across the river. It was midnight. Hearst broke the silence. "Mr. Kobler, would you like a bottle of beer?" "Indeed I would," replied the advertising manager. Hearst led the way to an upper floor of the Hearst apartment house and rang for a servant. There was no response. He and his guest rummaged around in the wine cellar on the twelfth floor. Every cabinet was locked. Hearst went into the butler's pantry and returned with a small axe. He smashed the lock on compartment after compartment. Finally he turned to his guest with twinkling eyes: "There seems to be a conspiracy against us, Mr. Kobler. Would a bottle of Rhine wine fit the bill as well?" Kobler, aghast at the destruction, opined that Rhine wine would assuage his thirst. Hearst brought out the wine and sat cross-legged on a stool until two in the morning chatting about inconsequential matters.

"Next afternoon I had a business appointment with the chief," Kobler said recently. "I had to wait some time, so I took a peep into the pantry. Do you know, every one

of those cabinets had been repaired! No one could have guessed an axe had crashed them open twelve hours previously."

Incidents like this cause Hearst's executives to wonder whether they are working for a man, a dæmon or a demigod. Hearst always keeps a jump ahead of his men psychologically. Ostensibly his vast enterprises are managed by an executive council of six; S. S. Carvalho, chairman; Franklin Knox, general manager of the newspapers; W. E. Miller, secretary; Edward H. Clark, executor of the Hearst estate; Geoffrey Konta, Hearst's attorney; and David E. Town, successor to Joseph A. Moore as "financial man." Reporting to the council are nineteen committees. There are committees on Public Policy, Paper, Radio, Promotions, Benefits and Pensions, Contracts, Budget, Labor, Insurance, Printing, Presses and Machinery and so forth. The council meets each Wednesday in New York. Committee reports are received and transmitted to Hearst.

Hearst himself makes it a point to keep a finger in every pie. He seeks to create an impression in the mind of every one of the seventy thousand men and women whose income is largely determined by his activities that he is personally interested in *his* work and *her* work—from the lumberjack who saws down one of the trees in the sixty acres of forest consumed each day in paper pulp by his publications to the noted author who sells him a short story for $4,000.

It is, of course, impossible for Hearst to begin to read his own publications thoroughly. But he has worked out a system which convinces every one of his executives that he accomplishes the impossible. Say, for instance, a general

order has gone out for all Hearst papers to use as a daily feature a series of articles on household economics. A copy of the general order is sent to George H. Tuttle, Esq., at the South Street building housing the Hearst newspaper publications in New York, a building that is without comparison the country over for turning out newspapers, where organization is so perfect that one minute after the last word has been received over the telegraph wire the presses start turning out the newspapers. Tuttle occupies an obscure room in the office of the New York *American*, and for twenty-five years his job has consisted in reading and criticising the Hearst newspapers. He does his work brilliantly. Once, in the early days of the century, Tuttle came upon a story in the old *Journal* written by Hearst himself. Tuttle (ignorant of the author's identity) thought the item was poorly constructed and wrote by way of caustic criticism the word: "Bugs!" in blue pencil across the product. Since he has been known affectionately as "Bugs" Tuttle.

It is now Tuttle's function to see that the chief's instructions are carried out to the letter. The moment a managing editor, say in Detroit or San Antonio or Seattle, disobeys a general order, Tuttle reports to headquarters. His report goes to Joseph Willicombe, secretary in chief to Hearst. Willicombe writes a letter of admonishment. Mr. Managing Editor in Seattle or San Antonio or Detroit, receiving a letter beginning "Mr. Hearst directs me to call your attention to your failure to obey"—— promptly concludes that Hearst is reading the paper every day and keeping his omniscient eye open. Hearst, chances are, has

never seen Tuttle's communiqué nor Willicombe's reminder. But both have great effect in stimulating obedience and efficiency.

Hearst's executives have a vast respect and a very appreciable terror of their chief. Hearst derives Machiavellian delight in sitting on the side lines and relishing quarrels between the pawns on his chessboard. When he has had his fun, and is convinced the scrap has gone far enough, he takes a hand. Generally he "suggests" a vacation to one or the other disputant.

Banishment abroad or to one of his outlying papers is both his method of punishment and his nearest approach to admitting occasional atrophy of his own judgment. "If I can get one good editor out of three, I consider myself fortunate," he said once. A couple of years back he elevated an erratic reporter to the managing editorship of one of his principal properties. The reporter was temperamentally unfit for the job and quite unversed in the devious politics of the Hearst school.

After a thorny year, during which the paper steadily lost circulation and advertising revenue, came a honeyed message from the big boss in California suggesting that Blank needed a trip abroad. Before he rushed home to pack his trunk, Blank wired to San Simeon: "Leaving Saturday for Egypt. Is that far enough?"

Hearst no doubt tittered in his soft way when the message trickled in over the private wire routed through Los Angeles, a wire that keeps him in close touch with each of his offices. But the editor went eastward over the bounding Atlantic and, when he returned, was put to work in

another branch of the service, again a reporter. Hearst will not brook failure and there is no appeal from his decision. No ducal castle of the House of Savoy was ever more difficult to storm than Hearst's conference chamber for the man upon whom doom has been pronounced.

Such a one may join the line always to be found in the anteroom. He may gain audience with the chief that day or three days later. But the sum total of his triumph will probably consist of a sympathetic word from Secretary Willicombe. And, as the victim stumbles into the sunshine, he will retain a dazed impression of a large, icy individual wearing a lounge robe or coat, an individual who sat drumming upon the arms of his chair and regarded him with the impersonal interest of an entomologist examining a butterfly on a pin.

CHAPTER XII

THE WORLD WAR: PATRIOT OR —?

WHEN Der Tag dawned and the nations of Europe sprang at each other's throats, multitudes in America turned to Editor Hearst for guidance. To the great urban masses that supported his papers Hearst was a sort of wonder-worker, a mirific champion foiling the predatory Ice Trust in summer, the Coal Trust in winter, the Milk Trust all the year round. Thousands of the foreign-born made their first acquaintance with a new and puzzling tongue through his bold black headlines and comics colored like Joseph's coat. The Irish and German elements of the population, particularly, followed Hearst's preachment of the gospel according to St. Randolph with fanatical devotion.

Clinical examination of the contents of the Hearst organs during the years 1914–18 would puzzle a pathologist. Cellini and Barnum, one would guess from perusing the files, must have returned to earth and fused their singular talents into newspaper editorship. The Hearst attitude toward the war, before 1917, seemed to fluctuate weirdly.

The clearer light of present-day perspective, however, indicates that Hearst was playing a part, adroitly, plausibly, resourcefully. Amid all the camouflage, amid all the inconsistencies, the publisher had one definite aim: to keep America's men, munitions, money out of the war.

For months after we entered the conflict he held boldly to his purpose. Then, rather than tempt futile martyrdom, he faced about and effectively aided the overwhelming mobilization of America's resources that shortly and sharply turned the tide against the Central Powers.

Dissection of Hearst's war policy and his bewildering manœuvres brings to light ghastly errors of judgment and instances of loose thinking into which an editor is prone to fall. Often Hearst harassed President Wilson as Greeley harassed Lincoln, dipping "his pen of infallibility into his ink of omniscience with as little self-distrust as a child plays with matches." But, with the gravest charges humming about his head, with his own government's Secret Service watching his every move, with his papers burned or boycotted by thousands, none of his defamers presented evidence of disloyalty.

There were moments during these hysterical and turbulent times when but an indeterminate line prevented official attempts at stern measures against the Hearst papers. The situation was an open secret in Washington. But Hearst, like a mocking magician, pursued his course and outnerved his adversaries. Emperors and Kings and Presidents courted his favor. He remained a one-man autocrat, Hearst the incorrigible playing his own game in his own way. He played his game effectively. His shrewd slogans "America First" and "No Entangling Alliances" and the campaigns of publicity he fashioned around them possibly postponed for many months our entry into the war. After the war he used every atom of his influence to rally sentiment against the League of Nations and Woodrow

Wilson saw his hope for outlawing war go down into the dust.

From the outset of the European conflict Hearst preached that the war was purely an economic struggle; that England and Japan were more menacing to our neutrality than Germany; that we would be dupes and gulls if we permitted a single drop of American blood to be shed upon foreign soil.

His attitude naturally brought him under the bitter displeasure of the Allies. In October, 1916, as he stood in the reception hall of his home chatting with one of his executives, a cablegram was brought to him. It was from the London manager of Hearst's International News Service, which was supplying news to six hundred American papers. It informed the publisher that the British Government had determined to deny the use of the mails and cables to the news service unless Hearst would give his personal guarantee that all despatches would be printed exactly as received after passage through the British censorship.

Hearst flushed and trembled with anger. He handed the message to his companion, who in years of association had never before witnessed the faintest flutter in Hearst's uncanny calm. "What are you going to do?" asked the employee. "Do?" exploded Hearst, "I am going to tell them to go to hell!"

On October 11 the British Government made good its threat, giving as its reason "the continued garbling of messages and breach of faith on the part of the International News Service." Hearst replied: "The exclusion of the

International News Service is not due to any delinquency on its part or on the part of the Hearst papers, but is due to the independent and wholly truthful attitude of the Hearst papers in their news and editorial columns." On October 29 the French Government took similar action. In November the Canadian Government issued an order barring the Hearst newspapers from Canada, where Hearst had important holdings in paper mills. But Hearst was in no wise abashed. He redoubled his attacks. He printed a series of bitter exposés of British censorship and its effect upon the commerce of neutrals. He encouraged leaders of revolutionary movements in Ireland and other parts of the British Empire. He told the Canadians and the Australians they were silly to journey thousands of miles from their homes to enlist in a cause that did not concern them.

"England can do no right!" was the position of the Hearst papers throughout this period. Hearst's shafts were sharp. Various pro-Ally sympathizers on both sides of the water sought to bring about a rapprochement. Hearst spurned the unofficial proposals. He would accept no conditional peace. With astonishing audacity the untamable editor fought a great nation. He wired a Washington representative:

> When I inscribed the watchword "An American Paper for the American People" over the titles of my newspapers I meant just what that motto said. I will not supplicate England for news or for print paper or for permission to issue. I will not allow my papers to be edited in the smallest degree by a foreign power. I would shut down every publication I have first, and I don't intend to shut them down.

In fact, the more foreign powers endeavor to interfere in America's domestic matters, and the more these foreign powers try to control our American institutions, particularly our free press, the more necessary, its seems to me, that American papers for the American people shall continue to be published. I will just add the verses of "The Star-Spangled Banner" to my editorial mottoes and, like that free flag, continue to wave.

Hearst was in almost continuous conflict with President Wilson. The two men represented schools of thought as far apart as the poles. They were totally unsympathetic in temperament: Wilson, the grave, cloistered scholar, respectful of tradition; Hearst, the bold, crusading journalist, an adept at rough-and-tumble fighting. Hearst was bitterly disappointed when Wilson won the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912. The editor went to Baltimore to proselyte personally for his friend Champ Clark, but could not prevent the Wilson forces from eventually kicking the Missourian's delegates around. Hearst termed Wilson a sham progressive who gave merely lip service to the initiative, referendum and recall and other measures he had "appropriated" from the Hearst program. He attacked Wilson for reviving the "ancient Federalist custom" of addressing Congress in person and asserted this indicated the President's admiration for the English system of government. In a letter to the editor of the Washington *Post*, published in the New York *American* April 14, 1913, Hearst said:

The Federalist method of a speech by the President was a mere adaptation of the British usage of a speech to Parliament from

the throne. The aristocratic Adams approved it and practised it. But Thomas Jefferson, who founded the Democratic Party and introduced into American political life the simplicity which has since characterized it, adopted the modest democratic method of writing a message to Congress, expressing his views and offering suggestion for legislation. . . .

Mr. Wilson gained his degree of doctor of philosophy by an essay which contended flagrantly in the face of fact that the English parliamentary form of government was superior to the American congressional system. To be sure this essay of Mr. Wilson's was written some time ago and might be considered an early and outgrown expression of a Federalistic affection for England were it not that Mr. Wilson has only comparatively recently delivered an address in which he declares that he gets his information on world events from the columns of the London *Weekly Times.*

Certainly the London *Times* is, or at least once was, an excellent paper, but there is no publication on the face of the earth so completely and absolutely saturated with the English prejudice toward all other countries, and toward America in particular, as the London *Times*. . . . Many thoughtful American citizens will be led to wonder how far Mr. Wilson's attitude toward the American protective tariff is influenced by his Federalistic frame of mind and his English sources of information.

Mr. Wilson's opposition to the protective principle is not inherently or essentially Democratic. Mr. Wilson is FUNDAMENTALLY opposed to the principle of protection, and his idea of radical, ruthless tariff reduction is but an expression of the English free-trade theories of Cobden and Mill. Mr. Wilson is an English free-trader.

Mr. Wilson's political economy is the political economy of a nation that is passing and of an age that is past. Mr. Wilson's theories are the theories of books, but of British books that are no longer believed in by the patriotic and practical and progressive Englishman of to-day.

Hearst broke definitely with President Wilson and the Democratic Party leaders during the President's long fight to repeal the Free Tolls Bill. Hearst was for preferential treatment of American ships using the Panama Canal. He accused Wilson of being a violent Anglophile. In a series of cartoons in the Hearst papers Winsor McCay depicted "Professor" Wilson as a schoolmaster perverting to his pupils the outstanding events of American history. The New York *World,* chief supporter of the administration, said editorially on April 7, 1914:

> Day after day Mr. Hearst, in word and caricature, is picturing the President of the United States as a traitor to the United States. . . . Mr. Hearst apparently has learned nothing from the assassination of William McKinley. . . . Indeed, his attacks upon President Wilson are even more malicious, mendacious and incendiary than were his attacks upon President McKinley.

With the outbreak of the war in Europe the gap between Hearst and the administration widened. The President ignored the Hearst demands for an embargo upon war loans, food stuffs and munitions to the belligerents. The two worked as one, though in widely diverging ways, to prevent America's entry into the war. Hearst's frequent quarrels with the British caused him to be hailed as an ally by the Germans. He insisted that he was merely militantly pro-American. There is no question, though, that his break with the British brought his sympathy closer to the Germans. He sent William Bayard Hale, a former American diplomat, to Berlin as his correspondent and featured Hale's despatches. Presumably he did not know that Hale, as it

later developed, had been in the employ of the German Embassy. This was one of many mistakes that rose to plague him after our entrance into the war.

President Wilson showed his feeling toward the motley Hearst following in the famous "O'Leary telegram" sent from the White House on September 29, 1916. Jeremiah A. O'Leary, an Irish extremist, headed an organization of Irish-Americans and German-Americans called the American Truth Society. O'Leary wired the President charging dictatorship over Congress in the interests of the British Government; cited heavy votes polled by anti-Wilson men in New York and New Jersey as significant of the attitude of the entire country and asked: "Well, sir, will you respond to popular disapproval of your policies by action?"

On the eve of a campaign for re-election, and with enormous burdens upon his shoulders, Wilson yielded to the irritation of the moment and made the following reply:

> Your telegram received. I would feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them. WOODROW WILSON.

The hasty words from the White House furnished Hearst with ammunition. He leaped to the attack. On the day following publication of the President's rebuke, the New York *American* printed a three-column box on the front page headed "Editorial Comment." The *American* warmly championed O'Leary and advocated a strong anti-British propaganda of its own:

Now, if these telegrams mean anything, they mean that O'Leary, an American citizen, is opposed to President Wilson's policies of submission to British aggression upon our commerce and British blacklisting of American firms and British seizure of American ships, as well as Mr. Wilson's policy of encouraging huge war loans and huge supplies of munitions to prolong the European conflict—and that Mr. Wilson regards any American who expresses opposition to these policies of his as a disloyal person, whose vote and support he would be ashamed to have.

The editorial accused the President of "exercising the power of the Presidency in an autocratic way, which no monarch of Europe, with the sole exception of the Czar, would have dared imitate," Under a heading: "Wilson Slur Denounced by Leading Men," an expression from Hearst was quoted: "Mr. Wilson's reply to Jeremiah A. O'Leary is one of the most extraordinary statements that ever emanated from an American President. . . . To protest against pro-British policies may be disloyal to England, but it certainly is not disloyal to the United States."

A memorandum to the Imperial German Government late in 1916 from Dr. Albert Fuehr, German propaganda director in the United States, epitomizes the Teuton view of the Hearst papers:

Mr. Hearst has replied to the inconceivably short-sighted action of the British authorities against his news service in a series of sharp, full-page editorials directed against the British censorship, which editorials must have considerably shaken the already weakened confidence of the American press in the news emanating from England. . . .

It must be emphasized that the Hearst papers are, nevertheless, not to be classified as blind champions of the German cause,

since they print many things which could scarcely be to our taste. For example, occasional articles about the "German danger," an idea which has received fresh impetus as a result of the exploits of the Deutschland and particularly of the U-53, and which is being used as an argument for the expansion of the army and navy. The fact is that the newspapers referred to stand upon the ground of a sound American policy, but with their sharply anti-English tendencies are much more effective in support of our cause than newspapers with pronounced German orientation could be.

This memorandum was incorporated into the records of the Senate Judiciary Committee which initiated an investigation of war propaganda a few weeks after the armistice. The same committee received in evidence a series of confidential telegrams passing between Hearst and his editors in the early months of 1917. The messages disclosed Hearst's efforts to avert a declaration of war by the United States and to build up peace sentiment through the vast avenue of publicity presented by his newspapers. They were secured by agents of the Department of Justice who in shoals dogged Hearst's footsteps during the perilous days preceding the outbreak of the war—though by what warrant has never become known.

Most of the messages were sent from Palm Beach, where Mr. and Mrs. Hearst occupied a suite at the Breakers in February and March, 1917. They provide infallible flashes of the editor's mental processes, his impatience of restraint, the frequent obliqueness of his judgment, his intrepidity in pursuing a course that became increasingly dangerous in the febrile period between the dismissal of von Bernstorff and the declaration of war. The Palm Beach messages

began on February 21, when Hearst directed Philip Francis, editor of the New York *American*, to launch a vigorous campaign against the Espionage Bill, containing a censorship clause, then pending in Congress. On Feb. 25, he telegraphed Francis:

Please make editorial advocating embargo for America along your own lines. Also kindly make one for *Evening Journal* amplifying and improving following suggestions: "America is not only being starved for the benefit of warring Europe but it is being plundered of its wealth as well. We are sending abroad genuine wealth, the wealth of our mines and our mills, the wealth of our farms and our factories, containing natural resources which God has given us for our development. We are receiving in return counters, media of exchange, which may never be redeemed. Of what use are the I. O. U's of a bankrupt?

"Uncle Sam is being gold-bricked. He is being sold a satchel full of green goods in return for his genuine and hard-earned property. We are reveling in mock prosperity and will all wake up some fine morning and find the Sheriff at our doors. And why are we wasting our wealth? If it were for some noble purpose we could afford to go poor for a generation and find comfort and consolation in a worthy deed.

"But no; we are wasting our wealth to continue a carnival of murder, to prolong an era of overwhelming disaster, to encourage the destruction of the white race, to tear down the achievements of civilization which have taken ages to construct, to repudiate religion and violate all established standards of decency, morality and righteousness, to prostitute the progress of the world to the meanest and basest and vilest of purposes.

"If we persist in doing this we will deserve the heavy penalty which will surely fall upon us. Let us end these shipments of food and ammunition and money to the warring nations of Europe for their sakes and for ours. Let us preserve our property

and our self-respect. Let us end the war and the wastage of war and the woe which the war is wreaking. Let us feed our own people, build up our own country, conserve our own resources. America first and forever." HEARST.

The tone of William Bayard Hale's extravagant despatches from Berlin increased the tension of the period and added volume to the growing denunciations of the Hearst papers. On February 26, Caleb R. Van Hamm, managing editor of the New York *American,* wired his chief at Palm Beach:

Earnestly urge immediate action to check or stop Hale despatches. They come by wireless and surely are picked up. Despite your well known attitude of neutrality, these despatches are so worded as to permit the inference that Berlin is dictating our policy. I find we are drifting into a situation akin to the false McKinley one, only accentuated manyfold. I urge we check Hale and all agencies that tend to throw discredit upon our declared attitude of sturdy Americanism.

After receipt of the Van Hamm warning, Hearst ordered the suppression of a message to Hale which he had dictated two days before and which was held up by wireless congestion. This despatch read in part:

I firmly believe that the vast majority of the people of the United States are entirely undesirous of war with Germany. I believe also that the people of Germany are equally undesirous of war with the United States. . . .

The course of my newspapers has been fair to Germany not because I am pro-German any more than I am pro-Ally. I am merely patriotically interested in the welfare of my own country and altruistically interested in the progress of the world.

To S. S. Carvalho, his general manager, Hearst gave

interesting instructions as to preserving the strictly American tenor of everything appearing in his papers, even to dictation of when to print and when to eliminate the Stars and Stripes and when to use red, white and blue displays:

Palm Beach, Feb. 25.

S. S. Carvalho, N. Y. *American:*

Please keep standing in *American*, across top of the editorial page, the verses of "The Star-Spangled Banner" as originally written. Please keep standing in the evening paper the verses printed in *America*, reproduced from *Harper's Weekly* during the Civil War, and referring to shipment of arms by England to South America. HEARST.

New York, Feb. 26.

W. R. Hearst,
The Breakers, Palm Beach, Florida:

Cannot find *Harper's Weekly* poem in *America*. Found one reproduced in *Fatherland* from *Harper's Weekly*, 1863, attacking England for sending arms, etc. Therefore, in consequence of sinking of *Laconia* to-day, with Americans abroad, and President Wilson's address before Congress, urge that we not use this poem, if it is the one you mean, as under present conditions it is bound to hurt papers. Bulk of public believe country is on verge of war with Germany and this poem prominently displayed will be regarded as our taking Germany's side. "The Star-Spangled Banner" is being run top of column morning. Editorial referendum canvass under way. CARVALHO.

Palm Beach, Feb. 26.

S. S. Carvalho, N. Y. *American:*

Why not run the red, white and blue title that we had for last edition through all editions for a few days during these troublous times? I think it will meet popular sentiment. Also please run little American flags to right and left of date lines on inside

pages, like Chicago *Herald*. Our editorials should be patriotic without slightest criticism, direct or indirect, of administration. I guess Germany is going to sink every ship that tries to run the submarine blockade and this means three things—first, that we will get into the war; second, that England will be starved into submission in less than six months; third, that Germany will then have time to devote to us, and this country will soon be in a condition similar to warring European countries. We must prepare in every way. Can we say these things editorially?

HEARST.

In the light of what happened in the next twenty months, could anything be more weird than these predictions?

On February 28, 1917, the State Department exposed the Zimmermann notes, in which the German plot to involve the United States and Japan in a row over Mexico was outlined. Without comment Van Hamm transmitted to Hearst a copy of the instructions sent by Arthur Zimmermann, German Foreign Secretary, to Minister von Eckhardt in Mexico through von Bernstorff. Hearst pondered over this for two days and then, while the sensation was at its height, despatched a denunciatory telegram pronouncing the Zimmermann document a forgery and expressing the opinion it had been manufactured by the office of Attorney General Gregory. The complete authenticity of the Zimmermann note was later substantiated.

Nothing in the whole course of his career more clearly discloses the contradictory elements that make up the man Hearst than this curious despatch:

Palm Beach, March 2.

S. S. Carvalho, N. Y. *American:*

Agree with Francis. Zimmermann note all probability absolute

fake and forgery, prepared by a very unscrupulous Attorney General's very unscrupulous department. Everybody knows that the secret police are the most conscienceless manufacturers of forged evidence in the world. The ordinary police are bad enough with their trumped-up evidence and railroading methods, but the federal agents, with the government back of them and more or less immune from punishment, are the most reckless converters of evidence and framers of jobs in the world.

Gregory's whole career in office, as Francis showed in recent editorials, has been as a spy-fancier and plot-conceiver. He has not been bound by morals, facts or the Constitution. He has employed the Secret Service to enforce England's unlawful orders. He has attempted to put a bill through Congress to make any criticism of his acts or of the President's acts or of any political move or measure treasonable and punishable as such.

He is possibly violently pro-British. He is possibly violently pro-corporation. He is located where he can do the corporations the most good, and he has been unwilling to be removed or they have been unwilling to have him removed, even for position on the Supreme bench. He and Burleson are House appointments, and House has been a corporation lobbyist all his life.

Gregory and Burleson are so crooked that, as Alfred Henry Lewis used to say, one of them could lie on a bed on top of the Woolworth Building and the other on the ground floor and look down and up forty-seven flights of winding stairs in each other's eyes and understand each other perfectly.

The object of the Zimmermann forgery was to frighten Congress into giving the President the powers that he demanded, and perhaps also into passing the Espionage Bill. When Wilson wanted to give away the rights of the United States in the Panama Canal, he pretended that he had private information of a dangerous international situation sufficient to justify his acts. He has never revealed his private information and no one now believes that he ever had any.

He could not repeat the false claim on this occasion, so a com-

plaisant cable office this time undertook to manufacture sufficient false evidence to enable Wilson to have his way. It is possible that the British Secret Service co-operated in those plans. The only serious consequence is that the whole people of this country, ninety per cent. of whom do not want war, may be projected into war because of these misrepresentations and these forged documents, if they are forged.

I believe in war if the people want war. They have to do the fighting. They ought to do the deciding. I believe in, first, a referendum to the people; and, second, failing that, a decision by the people's representatives in Congress assembled. We are getting very far away from democracy and very close to autocracy when we repose all the power of the people's representatives in the hands of one man, whom we thereby create a dictator. It may be the right thing to do, but Rome in so doing drifted from a republic into an empire.

I think the United States should remain a republic in fact as well as in name, and that the people should neither be deceived by the machinations of a tricky Attorney General nor deprived of their right to decide a question of war or any other momentous question. I do not believe that any other individual has any interest in such questions equal to the interest of the great mass of the public, and I do not believe that the wisdom of any individual is equal to the collective wisdom of the people.

If we do not want to say all this editorially, we can say part of it editorially, and get some one to stand for interview as Dr. Hale used to do. Bring all these points out, especially those about the probable forging of the note. We should develop the forgery phase of the note for the Sunday paper if Francis and I seem to be right. DOCTOR.

"Francis and I" turned out to be wrong, and the "forgery phase" of the Zimmermann note was not developed for the Sunday paper. A further series of instructions were sent to

Carvalho. In one wire, Hearst ordered his editorial writers to "speak highly" of President Wilson.

Palm Beach, March 3.

S. S. Carvalho, etc:

If situation quiets down please remove color flags from first page and little flags from inside pages, reversing these for special occasions of a warlike or patriotic kind. I think they have been good for this week, giving us a very American character and probably helping sell papers, but to continue effective they should be reserved for occasions. HEARST.

And in another telegram of the same date he wrote:

I feel Congress should remain in continual session and protect the people's liberties. This making a dictator of a President is desperately dangerous business. It may do no immediate harm with a good President, but it may do immense injury with a bad one. Augustus, Rome's first Emperor, was a good man, but Nero, who acted under powers and precedents allowed Augustus, was a fearfully bad one. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Wilson is a Federalist, as I wrote in the first year of his term, and as Francis showed in alien and sedition editorial. The Federalists are autocratic in tendency. Hamilton was accused of trying to make monarchy of our government. "Monarchies are destroyed by poverty, republics by wealth."

It is easier to establish a virtual monarchy in the rich America of to-day than in the poor America of a hundred years ago. We shy at the name of King but we accept the spirit of absolutism. The Romans would have no King but they accepted an Imperator with more power than any King, and so lost their liberties. President of this republic to-day has more power than any King in any constitutional monarchy in the world. If he gets more he will be a dictator and possibly a despot. It is the duty of true

democrats to be vigilant, especially as all these encroachments on popular right are being made in the name of democracy.

HEARST.

Telegram, March 4:

McCay could make strong eight-column cartoon, occupying in depth two-thirds editorial page, showing smaller figures Uncle Sam and Germany shaking their fists at each other on left side page and on right side big head and shoulders of Japan, with knife in hand, leaning over into picture and evidently watching chance to strike Uncle Sam in back. Title of picture to be "Watchful Waiting" "Look out, Uncle Sam, your neighbor, Japan, is eagerly waiting an opportunity to strike you in the back."

HEARST.

On the same day, the first of President Wilson's new term, Hearst repeated his plea for an extra session of Congress. The second March 4 telegram to Carvalho read:

Think beneficial thing Senate not to give President great powers demanded. If my telegram of yesterday explaining my opinion on such powers and advocacy of extra sessions was not printed in Sunday paper, please elaborate it somewhat and make it an editorial approving action of Senate. Speak very highly of Wilson; say he is good President and undoubtedly meant to use power for good purposes, but the precedent is a dangerous one to establish, and Senate did well to retain its powers and rights and protect the liberties of the people. Say that the few Senators who voted to retain the rights and functions of that body constitute a roll of honor. They did not lack respect for President, but they had a greater respect for the institutions founded by the Fathers. The day will come when their action will be commended by all the people. Print their names.

HEARST.

With the declaration of war, Hearst crawled into the conflict crabwise. His papers blossomed with flag dis-

plays and patriotic bathos and declared: "Let every energy be bent upon preparation for a powerful and wholly victorious war. We are now for the most effective war that it is possible to make. . . . Let us make ready with all possible haste, counting not cost, to wage a powerful war, an overwhelming war."

The front pages gleamed with the panoply of war. Hundreds of columns were devoted to Red Cross and Liberty Loan campaigns. Recruiting stations were organized. Yet the editorial pages teemed with the old policy: "Let us keep our men, money and supplies on this side of the water." On July 27, three and a half months after the war began, Hearst called for an immediate peace rather than sending "a million of our splendid young Americans every year to a war which may last from seven to ten years to be offered up in bloody sacrifice." "Stripping Our Country of Men, Money and Food Is a Dangerous Policy" read a headline. An editorial asserted: "If the Allies should succumb to the submarine warfare inside of three months —as they certainly may—they are beyond any effective help of ours, and we are simply wasting sorely needed men and supplies by sending them abroad to perish in the general work or to litter the bottom of the sea." And so it went. By winter, when several divisions of American troops had run the submarine blockade without loss of a man, a tide of passion had arisen against the Hearst press.

The New York *Tribune* in the spring of 1918 ran a series of militantly bitter attacks entitled "Coiled in the Flag, HEARS-S-S-S-T." The *Tribune* cited chapter and verse to prove Hearst cold in loyalty:

Since the United States entered the war the Hearst papers have printed: 74 attacks on our allies, 17 instances of defense or praise of Germany, 63 pieces of anti-war propaganda, 1 deletion of a Presidential proclamation—total 155—or an average of nearly three a week, while America has been engaged in the life and death struggle with civilization's enemy.

Pamphlets containing the *Tribune* articles were broadcast throughout the country. In a number of communities the populace was roused to riot and the Hearst papers publicly burned. In sporadic instances attempts were made to halt the sale of the papers. Usually the courts interfered. Some newsdealers refused to handle the Hearst organs. Many clubs, patriotic organizations, war associations and religious societies passed boycotting resolutions.

The Hearst counter attack was swift. Indorsements were solicited from directors of war drives, public officials and prominent citizens. The *Tribune* was bitterly denounced as a corporation organ. A pamphlet "Distorted Quotations From the Hearst Papers, a Campaign of Falsehood," was issued asserting:

The attack upon the Hearst papers has been carried on by the circulation of pamphlets containing false, distorted or disjointed quotations from the Hearst papers.

Most of the statements about the course of the Hearst papers in the war are bald falsehoods. . . .

A few sincere, earnest, well meaning persons have been deceived by these counterfeit presentments of Hearst editorials.

The campaign of calumny and misrepresentation has not impressed or affected the great mass of newspaper readers.

The reason probably is that the Hearst newspapers have been

too widely read and their pro-American policies too well known for many years for the public to be misled about them.

The *Tribune* onslaught gave the Hearst cabinet many anxious moments. The attacks, however, finally petered out with no appreciable popular effect. But, from the spring of 1918 to the triumphant conclusion of the war, the Hearst editorial pages were careful to wave the flag in unison with the news columns.

The war over, Hearst battered away at the Treaty of Versailles and organized a nation-wide campaign in support of the "irreconcilable" Senators who blocked our adherence to the League of Nations. In the Presidential campaign of 1920 Hearst advised Governor Cox, the Democratic nominee, to drop the League of Nations and the Wilson "millstone" that was "dragging him to defeat." After the overwhelming election of Harding, Hearst said rejoicingly; "This historic election is purely and simply a repudiation by sterling American citizens of the Wilson party and that party's pro-British, un-American policies. . . . Mr. Wilson wanted a referendum on the League of Nations, and he has had it."

Broken in health, President Wilson retired to private life. Hearst turned his attention to a forceful young man in New York who was rising to such power that he threatened to menace the control by veto which Hearst had held as a club over Tammany Hall for twenty years. The name of this young man was Alfred Emanuel Smith.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RISE OF AL SMITH

THE summer of 1922 was a decisive period for the master of "striking" journalism.

A picturesque politician, disheveled, perspiration running in streams from the wilted collar of his soft shirt to his bare feet, backed into a corner of a hotel room in Syracuse, N. Y., and over and over again shouted refusal to run on the same state ticket with Hearst. About the same month came the blaring announcement that an illustrated tabloid established in New York three years before by aggressive anti-Hearst publishers was approaching 600,000 in circulation and showing, in addition, a comfortably growing profit.

Alfred E. Smith, unsurpassed political opportunist, went on from his defiance of timid Democratic bosses to an unprecedented triumph in his race for the Governorship of New York without Hearst as Senatorial running mate, and the *Daily News*, an avidly read addition to the journalism of our era, progressed to a point where its circulation about paralleled the combined total of the Hearst papers in New York.

Had the curve of the Hearst fortunes definitely dipped? Was Hearst aging and tiring, failing in the old sure-fire showmanship? At this juncture Bernarr Macfadden came

along with a pictorial tabloid called the *Evening Graphic* and cut sadly into the once million-a-day *Evening Journal.*

When one has volleyed and thundered and led the pack for many years, it is rather irksome to find one's self shunted into the receiving-line, thundered and volleyed upon. But Hearst was far from defeated. After writhing for a time in the unexpected competition, he launched tabloid hybrids of his own in New York, Boston and Washington and began to cauterize the new form of journalistic life by the simple expedient of outjazzing the jazzers.

But he could evolve no effective antidote for the series of crushing defeats which Governor Smith administered beginning with the Syracuse Convention of 1922. Smith removed Hearst as an appreciable factor in national politics. All over the land the tocsins rang for the man who "licked Hearst." The prediction was freely made that Smith might vault lightly into the White House on the strength of his surprising victories over Hearst in New York State.

The New York Governor, as the conqueror of Hearst, became almost a cult in certain parts of the country. In New York State half a million enrolled Republicans regularly supported him election after election. He was almost deified by old-line Tammany Hall chieftains, smarting for years under the Hearst knout. Smith brought to the warfare against Hearst native force, an unexcelled knowledge of crowd psychology and astonishing faculty of self-salesmanship. He seemed able to take his audiences by the hand and walk them across the footlights. He delighted in rough and ready debate, was a splendid actor and a master of sweet, simple if occasionally ungrammatical English.

Unlike most machine politicians, he never lacked intestinal strength.

A strangely partitioned person is Al Smith. From the time he could toddle he could make people laugh. He can not remember when he was not reciting "The Bells" or "The Face on the Barroom Floor" to his neighbors around Brooklyn Bridge. Later he played leads with a group of neighborhood players in "May Blossom," "The Confederate Spy," "The Mighty Dollar" and other fine old heart-to-heart comedy-dramas. Memory, he frankly confesses, has been his greatest asset. During the Constitutional Convention of 1915 he astonished Elihu Root and other distinguished delegates by talking for two hours without notes on the history of public-service laws. His mind is a reliable file-index of facts, figures, stories, jokes, names. He remembers the choruses of even the most obscure popular songs of his boyhood. Further, he can sing them.

Serving subpœnas in the office of the Commissioner of Jurors was Al Smith's first political job. Thomas F. Foley, "Big Tom" Foley, who divided control of the populous districts below Fourteenth Street with the Sullivans, "Big" and "Little" Tim, watched Smith, as he kept his keen, talent-seeking eye upon every likely young fellow in the section. One day in 1903 "Big Tom" summoned Smith to his office almost opposite the grim Tombs Prison. Foley had just concluded an interview with Paddy Whalen, an attendant in the District Attorney's office. Paddy had pleaded his family couldn't afford the financial sacrifice involved if he should heed the boss's wishes and go to the State Assembly.

"Al," Foley told young Smith, "I am going to help you to get to the Assembly. When you go to Albany study hard, keep your word and make a howl if the leaders don't let you know everything that's going on."

Al took his patron's advice. He went to the legislature for twelve terms. The Assembly Chamber became his high school and his college. He made himself a master of a state government. He won friends by the thousand. He fused his platform personality into the thing of force it is to-day. He became the most popular Democrat in public life and was hailed by anti-Tammany critics as the best representative of that boss-ridden organization.

"Boss" Murphy recognized Smith's value to Tammany Hall and made him Sheriff of New York County in 1915. Perhaps in the back of Murphy's astute head was the hope that this adroit and winning young son of Tammany would eventually prove an instrument to destroy the political power of Hearst. Suave diplomat that he was, Murphy, at heart, chaffed as much as his grumbling lieutenants at Hearst's indirect domination. Tammany had experienced a taste of Hearst's power in 1913 when the publisher supported the Fusion movement that swept John Purroy Mitchel into the Mayoralty. Hearst, however, had broken with Mitchel over the issue of municipal ownership; and Murphy saw a chance to win Hearst's support in the election of 1917. Accordingly he sent Hearst an ingratiating request to name the Democratic candidate for Mayor.

L. J. O'Reilly, Hearst's secretary, recommended John F. Hylan, an obscure worker in the Brooklyn political vineyard. Hylan was a simple, ingenuous man who had

come to Kings County from a Catskill village and risen from day-laborer to motorman on the Brooklyn Rapid Transit elevated lines. He read Blackstone by night, was admitted to the bar and went into neighborhood politics on a modest scale. Behind a mild manner, limpid eye and sandy complexion lay a certain adhesive quality. He was elected a City Magistrate and later County Judge. When Tammany presented him for the Mayoralty, probably not one per cent. of the enrolled voters had ever heard of him. He declared for municipal ownership of public utilities and Hearst praised him for his "sound Americanism, democratic opinions and lofty unselfish purposes." Al Smith was placed on the ticket for President of the Board of Alderman. The Tammany leaders were grooming their fair-haired boy for the inevitable conflict with Hearst. The publisher may have been suspicious but he swallowed the entire slate.

Morris Hillquit was the Socialist candidate for Mayor and, as the campaign progressed, developed surprising strength. Adroit behind-scenes political manœuvrings are shown in telegrams passing between Hearst, Arthur Brisbane and S. S. Carvalho. On October 21, Brisbane wired Hearst:

W. R. Hearst,
Examiner, Los Angeles, California:

There is actual possibility of Hillquit's election in four-cornered fight. Conditions ought to disturb the corporations working for Mitchel. They will sweat and pay taxes on their personal property if Hillquit is elected. Shall I write editorial warning corporations that their effort to get everything from Mitchel may

cost them dear through Hillquit's victory? If they understood situation and danger they would drop Mitchel and vote for Hylan. Editorial would describe Hillquit's ability and sincerity. Remarkably able lawyer. Rosenwald, who asks me introduce him Hillquit, says latter one of ablest men in country. Can write editorial in such way as to transfer many votes from Mitchel to Hillquit. Please reply. A. BRISBANE.

Hearst's reply showed that, though 3,000 miles away, he had his finger upon the political pulse in New York. October 23, he sent this wire to Carvalho:

Carvalho, *American*, New York:

Brisbane wants to write editorial praising Hillquit. Brisbane thinks Hillquit may be elected. Of course Hillquit will not be elected although government's policy will make socialists very strong. Editorial of kind Brisbane suggests would be construed as disloyalty to Hylan and upset all our plans. Please prevent it.

HEARST.

Although he knew he was leading a forlorn cause, Mayor Mitchel told a cheering crowd on the steps of City Hall that he would make the fight "against Hearst, Hylan and the Hohenzollerns."

Hearst retorted that Mitchel was hiding behind the flag and asserted that the Mayor "has a silly ambition for social recognition." The Hearst papers caricatured Mitchel as a social climber and printed cartoons and full-page editorials under the heading: "Mr. Vanderbilt Calls Me Jack." Hylan came before the public timidly, reading his speeches in a voice that was like a phonographic reproduction. Al Smith ramped the hustings through like a

"regular guy" who gets watermelon seeds in his ears every time the boys hold a chowder; and it was generally agreed that Al's wit, bewitching satire and sound common sense contributed largely to overwhelming victory for the Hearst-Tammany ticket.

During Hylan's eight years in City Hall he and Hearst never quarreled. It was a new experience for Hearst, who had broken with every Mayor since Van Wyck. Hylan was a faithful proselyte. His utterances were strikingly similar in wording to Hearst editorials, so alike in fact that an inimical grand jury actually sought to prove that Hearst was the real Mayor. The search for this so-called "overshadowing crime" proved unsuccessful. Mayor Hylan continued employing his powerful forum in attacking "the interests," standing firm for a 5-cent fare, city-owned utilities and lower prices for the necessaries of life.

The Mayor and his chief supporter developed a David and Jonathan friendship. During the first winter of his term the Mayor purchased an outfit of flannels and joined Hearst at Palm Beach. He issued one guileless statement that afforded columnists and cartoonists a lot of fun.

"I want the people to know Mr. Hearst as I know him," wrote the Mayor. "I had an entirely different impression of him until I knew him. We were on the beach yesterday and a jellyfish had closed about a little toad. Mr. Hearst flicked it away with the end of his cane and said: 'Why let the poor little thing suffer?' I think that typifies what I like in Hearst."

Al Smith did not remain in the Hylan cabinet long.

Though there were slight rumblings of dissent in the Hearst camp, the Democrats nominated Smith for Governor in the fall of 1918. The candidate and Murphy, his wily leader, realized that Hearst's support was essential. The publisher granted Smith an audience and exacted indorsement of the Hearst public-ownership policies. Smith won the election by the narrow margin of 15,000 votes over Charles S. Whitman.

The new Governor moved his wife, five children and their pet dog Cæsar into the Executive Mansion and began the task of wrestling with a Republican legislature. His Excellency was still Al Smith of Oliver Street and discarded none of his homely habits. Each Saturday night, following an old Fourth Ward custom, he helped scrub and bathe his boys and turned the hose on them to the accompaniment of screams of laughter.

Shortly after the inauguration, the Hearst papers began to criticise Smith appointments. They alleged the Governor was placing reactionaries in office. In May, Hearst issued a tart statement concerning published reports that he had recommended a judicial appointment:

> I have been particularly careful never to ask any appointment or any other political favor of Governor Smith, for I have never been quite convinced of the sincerity of his professions of progressive principles. He has always been too close to certain public-service corporations to make him an ideal public official from my point of view.
>
> I supported him because I felt that he was better than Whitman, or at least not as bad as Whitman, and because he made definite declarations in the nature of pledges for publication in my newspapers in favor of public ownership. But that does not

mean that I must support any bad appointment that Governor Smith may make or condone any public act of his that might be a repudiation of his pledges to the public.

During the summer the large milk-distributing companies increased the price of their product. The Hearst papers demanded that the Governor take action. Smith retorted that he had no power to regulate the price of any commodity. Hearst promptly began to pillory Smith in editorials and cartoons. He was pictured as a boss-controlled politician. Caricatures showed the Milk Trust Barons winking at him and insidiously greeting him with the slogan: "You Know Me, Al!" Finally the *Evening Journal* printed a series of cartoons showing emaciated children of the tenements begging the Governor in vain for milk. This was too much for Smith.

He saw red. He tramped the floor of his office for hours. Then he jumped aboard a train for New York and told Murphy, Foley and the other Tammany chieftains: "I am going to say what I think of Hearst openly and publicly."

The Governor issued a challenge to Hearst to meet him in joint debate in Carnegie Hall. His only stipulation was that Hearst might ask him any questions concerning his private or public life if the same privilege was accorded the Governor in respect to Hearst. He promised to divide the seating-space equally between friends of the Governor and followers of Hearst.

Hearst wrote a letter of declination in which he advised Governor Smith to "answer to the people," and added "you need keep no tickets for any friends of mine."

Smith went alone to Carnegie Hall on the evening of October 29, 1919. A tense crowd packed the building to the doors. The whole city was aroused. It was generally recognized that Smith was staking his political future in deliberately entering into feud with the man who for thirty years had been a dominating independent force in American public life.

Speaking slowly and solemnly, the Governor delivered an address that was a masterpiece of invective. He denounced Hearst as a "pestilence that walks in the dark," and an "enemy of the people" and asked the organization of a non-partisan committee "to protect public servants and citizens generally from his irresponsible methods of misrepresentation and slander." The Governor took up the Hearst charges against himself in detail and went on:

But, in the last analysis, there is nothing very remarkable about the assault upon me. Follow back the history of this man's newspapers since he came to this part of the country and you will have to read out of his newspapers this remarkable fact: That in this great democracy, in this land of the free and in this home of the brave, there has never been a man elected to office yet that has not been tainted in some way. Is that right or is it wrong? That is not a severe statement to make, because that is the truth.

If the Hearst newspapers were the textbooks for the children of our schools, they would have to spell out of its very line that no man can be trusted in this country after he is put into public office; that no man thinks enough about it; no man has enough of regard for it; no man has enough of real Christian charity to do the thing right; no man that ever held great public office had enough of respect and regard for his mother and his wife and his children and his friend to be right in office. About that there can

be no question, because no public man in this state, from Grover Cleveland right down to to-day, has ever escaped this fellow. We all know that. The children on the street know it.

Governor Smith's defiance of Hearst brought him into national prominence almost overnight. His speech went ringing over the country and met wide approval from the anti-Hearst press. A reflection of his new position in the Democratic Party came at the national convention of 1920 in San Francisco when the New York delegation gave him a complimentary ballot and provoked a demonstration that lasted for twenty-five minutes.

His renomination for Governor was inevitable. He was defeated by 74,000 votes. In a way, though, this defeat was his greatest triumph. For in the Harding landslide Smith received in New York a million votes more than James M. Cox, the Democratic candidate for President. His followers shouted as fanatically for "Boss Killer" Smith as they had for "Boss Killer" Hearst in 1905 and 1906. With perfect equanimity, Hearst, a week before the election, wired his editors from Los Angeles:

I am concerned for my progressive policies and principles, and I don't care whether Smith is elected or not. He is better than Miller. I want to support Malone as a progressive and a genuine Democrat, and if I could get Smith sincerely to pledge himself to progressive legislation I would not oppose him. His personal attacks upon me are wholly unimportant. I don't consider them at all. The objection to Smith is that he isn't sincere and isn't truthful and probably will not do what he says he will do, but he will have to do some of it if he commits himself strongly enough.

Nathan L. Miller was the successful Republican candidate. Dudley Field Malone ran as an independent.

During the two years of Smith's retirement into private life, Hearst and Mayor Hylan sought to manœuvre him into a political negligible quantity. They attacked him for accepting an honorary position on a state commission from Governor Miller and derided him as a reactionary. Smith, however, bided his time. He accepted Leader Murphy's judgment that Hylan must be nominated for a second term and contributed $500 to the Hylan campaign fund of 1921. Hylan was re-elected by a plurality of 400,000. Then the political jockeying began afresh. Hylan, William J. Conners and other supporters persuaded Hearst it was his duty to re-enter politics. Hearst bent attentive ear. He added four up-state newspapers to his daisy chain of journals encircling the country. He said he would be glad to run for the United States Senate in 1922 if Hylan—"a true Democrat in the broadest sense of the word"—would campaign for the Governorship. Tammany had no intention of promoting Hylan, however.

In August, former Governor Smith announced his candidacy. Hearst commented:

> Mr. Smith is doubtless as well fitted as any man in the State to lead the Democratic Party if it is to be a conservative party and dispute with the Republican Party the support of the great interests which are now behind Governor Miller. I am a progressive, however, and without any disparagement of Mr. Smith I believe it is the highest duty as well as the best policy of the Democratic Party to make its appeal to the masses of the people rather than to the privileged interests.

At Tammany Hall opposing forces tugged at Murphy. The boss had not faced so delicate a situation in twenty years. He remained grim-faced and silent but permitted the word to go forth that he favored Hearst for Senator, Smith for Governor. Smith said flatly that he would not run with Hearst. There were indications that Tammany leaders, including Murphy, secretly applauded this position. But they feared openly to antagonize Hearst and Hylan.

The Syracuse Convention developed a battle of primitive savagery. Smith resisted every personal influence brought to bear. A rheumatic foot confined him to his hotel. For three days he received delegations in his room, monotonously repeating: "I will not run on a ticket with Hearst. There is not room in the party for us both. He is no Democrat." Finally at three o'clock on the morning of September 29, Murphy told Mayor Hylan and the other Hearst agents: "I can't budge Al. The delegates want him and they don't want Hearst. Sorry. I did my best." Notified by phone Hearst dictated a telegram of withdrawal:

> Please be sure not to allow my name to go before the convention. I certainly would not go on any ticket which, being reactionary, would stultify my record and declarations of principle and which would be a betrayal of genuine democracy. My nomination for any public office is not important, but it is important that the party declare for progressive principles and show the sincerity of that declaration by nominating men who can be trusted to make it effective.

Al Smith emerged from that victory a figure of supreme

state and great national importance. The drama of his apparently lone stand captured the imagination of the people and he was elected by an unprecedented majority of 385,932. Hearst decided to support the ticket explaining: "Our campaign for genuine Democratic principles and policies must be conducted without personal prejudice. We may entertain regrets that progressive ideals did not have what we consider fullest expression, but we should harbor no resentment."

Hearst's conciliatory words softened some of his implacable enemies in Tammany Hall. "Big Tom" Foley publicly buried the hatchet at a meeting in his Downtown Tammany Club and Candidate Al Smith, in the sight of friends and neighbors of the Fourth Ward, looked on in approval. Next year, however, the merry war was on again when Hearst opposed the Tammany judiciary ticket. "Boss" Murphy waved good-bye to Hearst forever and was moved to announce he had excluded from his home "the lying, filthy newspapers under the Hearst management."

Murphy died during the Smith drive for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1924. Several national Democratic leaders sought to enlist Hearst under the Smith banner. The publisher rejected these unofficial advances and he and Mayor Hylan did nothing to aid the New York Governor in the latter's long battle of ballots with William G. McAdoo. Across the width of the New York *American's* front page, on the eve of the Madison Square Garden Convention, Hearst printed this blast:

In order to answer some reactionary rumors and to make the

position of the Hearst papers perfectly clear regarding the various candidates before the Democratic Convention, let me say first that the Hearst papers have no special enemies and no particular favorites in the coming contest; second, that the Hearst papers have made no deals with any individuals or with any machines, and will make none; third, that the Hearst papers will print the news with the utmost impartiality and will support any progressive Democrat; fourth, that the Hearst papers have always been opposed to the booze and boodle element of the party, and will conscientiously oppose any candidate representing booze and boodle.

Wall Street newspapers and Tammany organs please copy.

With the McAdoo and Smith forces hopelessly deadlocked, Hearst urged Senator Walsh of Montana as a compromise candidate. Walsh was a Catholic as was Smith, but as dry as the New York Executive was wet. When John W. Davis was nominated, Hearst announced that the "proud old Democratic Party" had "committed suicide" by proposing to "substitute the house of Morgan for the White House"; and dashed off to San Simeon with Mayor Hylan. The Hearst newspapers adopted a middle-of-the-road course in both state and national elections. Hearst always had a kind word though for Senator La Follette's third party. With his personal following in the Republican ranks solidly behind him, Al Smith won the Governorship a third time.

Then the Governor set to work to truncate Mayor Hylan and remove Hearst's last vestige of political power in New York. Early in the spring of 1925 Smith began to groom James J. Walker for the Mayoralty. Jimmy Walker was one of the younger men who had risen to the

fore in Tammany. He had been Democratic leader of the State Senate for years and his personal popularity rivaled that of Smith.

Hearst was aware of Smith's purpose and sought to save Hylan at any cost. He even dangled before Smith's eyes the possibility of Hearst support for the Presidency in 1928, pointing out that neither Hylan nor Smith would gain by dissension. Nothing in the entire course of the Hearst-Smith feud is more remarkable than the following enigmatic and inconsistent utterance of Hearst on May 24, 1925:

> There are a number of great offices that are going to be filled within the next few years, and the Democratic Party is going to fill them if conditions remain as favorable as they now are. The party is powerful and conditions are favorable because of the records of Mayor Hylan and Governor Smith. Consequently these men are naturally in line for some of these offices if the party remains powerful and conditions remain harmonious.
>
> There is the Mayor of the City of New York to be elected. There is the Governor of the State of New York to be elected. There is a United States Senator from the State of New York to be elected. There is a President to be elected, and very probably a Democratic President. All of these candidates can be supplied by the Democratic Party of the State of New York, and all of them can be elected if there is harmony and the same wise and able leadership that the party has recently had.
>
> The Democratic leaders are not fools. They can see this just as clearly as the Republican leaders can see it; and their interest is just as great to maintain harmony as the interest of the Republican leaders and organs is to create dissension.
>
> Unquestionably Governor Smith went about his business at-

tending to his duties in his characteristic, capable way, without quarreling with Mayor Hylan. And unquestionably Mayor Hylan went about his business without quarreling with Governor Smith. . . .

Who is going to upset the apple cart? Certainly not the gentlemen who are sitting pretty on it.

But the clash of ambition—that sin by which other than angels fall—was destined to rudely pierce Hearst's Pollyanna picture. Smith saw a heaven-sent opportunity to upset the apple cart and scatter helter-skelter the fruits of the eight-year Hearst-Hylan alliance. Accordingly State Senator Jimmy Walker announced his intention of entering the Democratic primaries in September and contesting the Mayoralty nomination with Hylan.

The primary battle attracted country-wide attention. The rival candidates were all but lost sight of in the clash of bitter personalities between Hearst and Smith. The former fired his shafts from California, the latter from the stump. The advantage of a ringside seat was with the Governor. The editor's opening blast charged Smith with subserviency to Wall Street and accused him of seeking to "mix religion with politics." The Governor replying, read Hearst out of the Democratic Party, declared the publisher was Hylan's heaviest burden and added: "The fathers and mothers of New York resent Mr. Hearst's interference in the politics of this city, because the example of his life is such as to make it undesirable that our youth be impressed with the fact that a man like him can wield any considerable amount of political influence in any community."

Hearst retorted by tacking the sobriquet "Alibi Al" to his foeman and contributed this personal touch:

The distinguished Governor of the great State of New York has taken three days laboriously to prepare a vulgar tirade that any resident of Billingsgate or any occupant of the alcoholic ward in Bellevue could have written in fifteen minutes in quite the same style, but with more evidence of education and intelligence. The Wall Street friends of Governor Smith have enabled him to remove his domicile and his refined person from the neighborhood of the Bowery, but he still reverts in manner of thought to the familiar localities of Five Points and Hell's Kitchen, if this may be said without undue offense to these historic localities.

Smith promptly tagged Hearst the "Overlord of the Pacific" and brought tears of laughter that contained more salt than glycerine to the eyes of a Bronx audience with this characterization:

Hearst is out of the picture. He hasn't any business to make even a suggestion to the Democratic Party, because he has not got a vote. He was not enrolled. So out with him! The owner of the enchanted palace with a thousand hills and a thousand cows grazing. While he and the Mayor were out brushing the flies off the grazing cows on the thousand hills, they were both engaged in shipping the bull on to New York!

A week before the primary election, Hearst struck a serious note. In a letter to the New York *World* he denied that he was Mayor Hylan's boss:

I am a sincere friend of Mayor Hylan because I like him and because I greatly admire his sterling character, his genuine ability, his uncorruptible honesty and his uncompromising devotion to the service of the public . . . he maintained the 5-cent fare in spite of the efforts of Tammany and Governor Smith and all

the powerful financial interests of the city to make him permit the breaking of the Interborough contract and allow the traction companies to charge a 10-cent rate.

Then Mayor Hylan, after his election, saw that it was desirable not only to maintain the 5-cent fare but to build municipal subways in order to treat the traveling public decently and give it adequate transportation facilities. These subways he began to build, and then arose such a hue and cry against him by the great financial interests, and the political and journalistic agencies which they controlled, as I never have heard before in all my experience in politics in any state or city of the United States.

Although he recognized that it was practically impossible to beat Tammany Hall in an organization primary, Hearst took Mayor Hylan's defeat much to heart. He wired to Joseph A. Moore, one of his chief executives, that he would "enthusiastically support Mayor Hylan if he is willing to run independently." He said the "Tammany crowd" resented Hylan's honesty:

They would get rid of him as Aristides was ostracised from Athens because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just." However, there is plenty of opportunity and proper recompense for honesty and able men in law and business, and if Hylan would let me advise him I would tell him to leave politics to the crooks and get into the decent business world. He will feel as if he were coming out of a dark cellar into the fresh air and sunlight. Still, let me repeat that if Hylan wants to run independently I will support him. Hylan has his ideas of duty to the public. My idea of my public duty is to support able and honest men for any position regardless of party.

Hylan, however, decided to remain regular and Hearst followed his lead in indorsing the Tammany ticket. The

New York *American* announced it would support State Senator Walker because he had pledged himself to follow Mayor Hylan's policy on the 5-cent fare and on the construction of new subways; and because "if he is a sincere Democrat, he is in sympathy with the Democratic masses." Walker was elected by an enormous plurality.

Hearst made friendly gestures toward the new Mayor but declared undying enmity for Al Smith.

"I supported Smith three times and that was three times too many," asserted Hearst in a newspaper interview. "Josh Billings says that success consists not in never making mistakes but in never making the same mistake twice. I made the same mistake three times. That is enough."

In 1926, Governor Smith was swept into office for his fourth term. Hearst supported the Republican candidate, Ogden L. Mills.

As these lines are written Al Smith is again a leading candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. And Hearst, with one of those chameleon shifts to which his critics have long since become accustomed, indicates that the Governor of New York may win his support! This is quoted from the publisher's signed statement in the New York *World* of December 13, 1927:

> "His [Smith's] record as Governor has been notable and his record, plus his popularity, has transformed the State of New York from a state which was formerly almost surely Republican into a state which can now be considered safely Democratic. . . . If Governor Smith is nominated, he should have the united and whole-hearted support of his party, and I believe he will have it."

CHAPTER XIV

THE SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

I

LATE in 1927 an editor of one of Hearst's tabloid newspapers was found beaming.

"Old man, we've turned the corner!" he exclaimed, jubilantly, "four hundred thousand net circulation last week. Look at this wire from the chief."

The telegram read:

> Congratulations on circulation. It is wonderful. Your headlines great on feature story. Important thing for newspaper to do in making circulation is to get excited when public excited. People will buy any paper which seems to express their feelings in addition to printing the facts. W. R. HEARST.

Get excited when the public is excited!

People will buy any paper which seems to express their feelings.

These phrases reflect perfectly the Hearst philosophy—*deference to the crowd.* Here in a capsule is found the strength and the weakness of William Randolph Hearst.

"Publisher Hearst is really a great man," said Theodore Bonnet, a California critic, many years ago. "He is great for several reasons: great in the sense in which Cag-

liostro and Jonathan Wild were great, great because of the things he has been able to do."

For forty years Hearst has been a precedent-maker. He made journalism an irresistible force in the shaping of the American viewpoint. He has accentuated, if indeed he has not dictated, the popular trend of his times.

Forty years ago, when Hearst timidly launched out as a parochial publisher, no one preached direct government save a group of "crazy Populists" in the Middle West. Hearst became the original "friend of the people." He was a practising trust-buster when Roosevelt was Police Commissioner in New York. He was stressing the virtues of the initiative, referendum and recall when Woodrow Wilson was a schoolmaster. He was advocating popular election of United States Senators when Robert M. La Follette was unknown beyond the borders of Wisconsin.

He put journalism into big business, expanding, if he did not originate, the idea of newspaper syndicates and individual ownership of chains of newspapers. In typographical display every newspaper in the country shows the Hearst influence, even the staid *Christian Science Monitor* followed his lead when placing its editorials on the last page of the paper. Hearst was unquestionably the originator of modern journalism as it is known, and has largely shaped the manners and morals not only of journalism but of his generation. His publications, and those that purchase his special wire and feature services, reach one person in every four in the United States.

Why, then, is he not the uncrowned King of America, a truly great leader? Because the average American citizen

On March 7, 1927, William Randolph Hearst and his son George gave a dinner in San Francisco to those who had been in Hearst's employ for forty years. Those in the picture (STANDING, LEFT TO RIGHT): *James Henderson, James Kelcey, George E. Pancoast, "Bones" Anderson, George Hearst, James Olwell, James King, W. F. Bogart* (SITTING, LEFT TO RIGHT): *Winifred Black ("Annie Laurie"), William Randolph Hearst and E. H. Hamilton.*

distrusts his motives. The average citizen is willing to be amused or entertained by him but has no confidence in Hearst's intellectual sincerity. That is why he is one of the most melancholy figures of our time.

Hearst has a thousand readers to one follower. The readers enjoy his comics, his high-pressure editorials, his provocative pictures, but they have deep distrust of his motives. They no longer follow the shifting winds of his fancy.

Take his Mexican policy for instance: alternately in the last few years he has been for intervention—"Our flag should wave over Mexico"—and for recognition of a particular Mexican Government—"Every human interest that appeals to a nation calls on us to do justice to Mexico."

The cop on the corner grins when he sees the headlines and remarks:

"Well, I guess the spigs have been raiding Willie Hearst's ranch" or "I suppose Hearst must have made a dicker with Obregón to take care of Hearst's mines." Such examples could be multiplied indefinitely.

In the fall of 1927, the Hearst press printed a series of documents filched, it was alleged, from the confidential files of President Calles and other Mexican officials. These papers were extremely sensational. They purported to show that the Mexican Government and the Japanese Government had conspired against the security of the United States. Also that $1,215,000 had been withdrawn from the treasury of Mexico for the purpose of bribing four United States Senators and several American publicists and clergymen.

The publication created so great a furor that the

Senate appointed an investigating committee. It quickly developed that the documents were tarnished; and that Hearst and his editors, before launching them upon an excitable world, had made no impartial effort to establish their authenticity. Hearst was summoned before the committee and seemed to be treated very tenderly. In his testimony and in subsequent statements the publisher insisted that the documents were "apparently quite authentic."

During Christmas week the Senate committee's experts examined the exhibits and reported that they were obvious forgeries. The signatures were fraudulent; the language was fraudulent; the typewriting was fraudulent. Hearst then called in handwriting experts of his choosing. All this, of course, was many weeks *after* the original publication. Critics used the facts tellingly as a typical example of the credo of unscrupulous journalism: One is guilty until he proves himself innocent.

On January 4, 1928, William A. De Ford, the Hearst attorney, amiably presented a report from the Hearst experts branding the documents as a fraud from first to last. That same morning (evidently having been advised in advance of the findings of his experts), Hearst published a message to the editors of his newspapers. This statement is assuredly one of the most eccentric utterances that ever flowed from his strangely partitioned mind:

> If the handwriting experts should all agree that the documents we have produced bear evidence of having been fabricated, I will not dispute that decision further than to maintain persistently, and I believe patriotically, that the logic of events gives every evidence that the essential facts contained in the documents

were not fabricated, and that the facts—the political facts, the international facts—are the things which are of vital importance to the American people and to the loyal representatives of the interests of the American people.

A week later, January 11, 1928, the Senate committee reported, quite without heat, that the Hearst documents were forgeries and fakes; that there was not the slightest evidence that any United States Senator or American clergyman or publicist had received or had even been offered Mexican money.

The matter rested there. Hearst paid $20,000 to men of tarnished repute for papers that imposed a preposterous and mischievous hoax upon the American public. The relations of the United States with Mexico were strained to such an extent that a member of the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. was called upon to go across the Rio Grande as ambassador and none other than Colonel Lindbergh, the current national hero, gave over his holidays to serve a rôle as missionary of good-will to Mexico and other Latin-American countries.

For a few days Hearst was drenched in antagonistic ink. It was pointed out that he had wantonly imperiled the peace of the country. This would have been more dangerously true if the American people and their government had been as susceptible in 1927 as they were in 1897 to the provocative influences of "striking" journalism.

Hearst has left himself open to attack because his papers reflect his own curious and oblique twists of mind. His opinions of men and events shift with the winds. And his executives must follow his devious decisions. The result is

that the latter at times curse him roundly but obey him blindly. Withal his employees have enormous respect for his peculiar genius—so much respect that they go to any extreme to live up to his shibboleth: "Boost circulation. Make the paper pay." Hence the almost universal outcry against Hearst methods.

There is a neurotic, percussive atmosphere in every Hearst newspaper office. Men of stability seem to experience a subtle change of nature when they accept employment under Hearst. It has been noticed time and again. They apparently take it for granted that they are expected to slide coal-chutes and do acrobatics on fire-escapes. Every Hearst editor is inspired with a hysterical itch for speed and accomplishment. "Get excited when the public is excited."

It is sometimes wondered whether Hearst ever lost his class consciousness. Until recently the big capitalists used Hearst to frighten little capitalists. The publisher was a bugaboo to certain timid souls in Wall Street. But there was no cause for real concern. In his heart Hearst never wanted to pull down any pillars. The wiser men of Wall Street, even during Hearst's most vocal days, recognized him as a useful stopgap between themselves and the few really dangerous radicals. So did radicals of all shades, at least those who have warmed up to Hearst scarcely at all.

The late Judge Gary of the United States Steel Corporation has been known to grow almost humid in praise of Hearst. They were bosom friends. Even when the trust was damned for its evil ways, the Gary platitudes were expanded in the Hearst papers into cockle-warming messages

of good cheer. Get on the sunny side of Hearst and he will violate all the laws of consistency for you!

Take the house of Rockefeller at 26 Broadway. It was once (in the Hearst press) the lurking-ground of "the interests." It is now the rendezvous of the righteous. Similarly, President Coolidge has become a Hearst pet.

All this would indicate a growing conservatism of thought in an aging man who has vast properties to leave to his sons. But I believe these curious quirks are just evidences of Hearst's bland inconsistency.

He still thunders away at the primary social program from which he has never varied: Direct government of, for and by the people.

"For twenty years," says Arthur Brisbane, "I have seen things appearing in the New York *Evening Journal*, then I have seen them in Roosevelt's speeches; in the New York *American* and then in Wilson's speeches. The public, of course, will in time know it—they won't know it while Hearst is alive, because people never do, but they will eventually."

William Bradford Merrill, for many years Hearst's general manager, asks: "Are not Hearst's policies simply this: That the public affairs of every city, every state and the nation as a whole shall be controlled by the inhabitants thereof, for their own welfare, and not controlled by privilege and plutocracy for the benefit of a few already highly privileged individuals?"

Oswald Garrison Villard, left-wing observer and a veteran editor himself, points out that these "apologists for Hearst forget to mention the utterly despicable methods

through which Hearst preaches his doctrine of war upon privilege—the lying, chicanery, dishonesty . . . and the consequent measureless degradation of the public taste."

Applying a moral measuring-rod to Hearst, Villard says: "He has done more to degrade the entire American press than any one else in its history—more than Pulitzer and both the Bennetts combined. . . . Indubitably he has fought and is fighting many a good battle . . . but it is all tarnished by self-interest, by self-seeking, and arouses the never-failing and justified suspicion of his sincerity."

While partly in agreement with Villard one can yet believe that Hearst has been more of an asset than a liability to America; and one can believe that Hearst has shortened by a generation certain sorely needed social and political reforms. He has awakened the public consciousness of the average citizen to such an extent that no political boss of the type of Buckley, Tweed or Croker will again flourish in any American city; that no politico-commercial alliance such as that of the Standard Oil and Mark Hanna will soon again be tolerated in the nation.

Whatever his motive, Hearst stirred a healthy suspicion in the minds of the people of his time. He educated the mob. He bridged the gap between illiteracy and literacy for millions. He taught the submerged nine-tenths to do at least some thinking for themselves. What difference if, in sowing the storm, the man Hearst has all but disappeared in the whirlwind?

II

The story of every unusual personality that has piqued

the interest of a passing period is in the last analysis a story of futility. The passage from womb to tomb is so ephemeral that every conspicuously successful man's imagination always outruns his ability to execute his plans. William Randolph Hearst is not an exception. Alexandrian sighs still sway him, but he has not conquered the world, not even his own world.

In the chief cities of the country there are no great "Hearst Squares"—huge buildings from which his publications were to be issued and go on forever, veritable mausoleums of steel and stone. Hearst has pictured these. He owns most of the real estate bordering on Columbus Circle in New York, for instance, and once planned to convert Columbus Circle into a great publishing plaza with an inspiring Central Park prospect.

This dream will probably never come true. One lifetime is too short. Hearst's publications in many cities are housed in rookeries such as Dickens knew in old Fleet Street. The very fact may symbolize the eventual passing of Hearst journalism. On Park Row they speak satirically of the paper in which Hearst still takes most pride as the "vanishing *American*." Strive as he would, he has never been able to establish this cherished organ in popular favor nor to make it pay.

It is impossible to guess about the perpetuation of the Hearst influence in journalism, but it is possible to know, however, that this singular, restless man experiments with new ideas to-day with the same virtuosity and flexibility of forty years ago. Hearst himself certainly has no thought of *finis* either for his papers or for himself.

It is one of the peculiar traits of his character that he will not attend funerals, will not even think of dissolution. Since his mother's death and the passing of L. J. O'Reilly, his secretary and political adviser, he has, it is believed, attended no obsequies. He will not permit himself to be dragged to a funeral. When the final curtain closes upon an intimate associate, an old employee, even a relative, Hearst sends the most solicitous messages, magnificent wreaths, proffers of personal service; but all the King's horses cannot pull him to the pall.

Every sizeable newspaper possesses a more or less elaborate filing-room called a "morgue." The term was invented many years ago by a macabre-mooded newspaper man and the gruesome name has stuck. A metropolitan newspaper's morgue contains thousands of envelopes filed alphabetically under name and subject. If you have ever been laid low by a taxi, ever rescued a kitten from a fire, or sued your landlord, the chances are ten to one your name is listed. If you are a politician or a social leader, a publicist or a minister, and have attained a current measure of prominence, an entire envelope is probably devoted to your activities. Should occasion call for it, say at two o'clock to-morrow morning, certain carefully prepared paragraphs or columns of your history will blossom in the morning papers.

Should anything untoward happen to William Randolph Hearst, however, the staffs of the various Hearst papers would be running about like ants, for their morgues contain no biography of their owner. The proprietor has given orders that no biography of himself be prepared.

Hearst is essentially a fatalist and believes in predes-

tination. "We like to think of ourselves as free agents," he says, "but we are no more actually independent of our antecedents and our influences than a leaf which drops from a tree onto the surface of a flowing river. The character of the leaf is determined by the tree from which it drops. The course of the leaf is determined by the current of the river."

Hearst subscribes to no formal religious creed. He believes though in a living force. He lives in, of and for to-day and the immediate to-morrow. Yesterday is but another leaf tossed aside by time. He refuses anything beyond an academic, impersonal interest in events that are past. He is a keen student of the Bible and reads it for style as well as content. His letters to his younger sons are often prefaced by texts from the Old or New Testament.

I doubt if three men on earth know Hearst's plans for the future of his great chain of publications. "Who do you suppose will carry on when Hearst passes?" was asked one of his executives recently. "Whoever is nearest the safe," was the ironical rejoinder. Perhaps the cynic was right. The Hearst organization is so markedly a one-man affair. Yet one cannot believe so resourceful a genius has not charted the future. There are signs that this man of many colors has very definite ideas of what is to happen when his sun sets.

The beautiful young actress whom he married in 1903 unquestionably would be one of his regents. For long, intimate years Mrs. Hearst worked at her husband's side, and she is well acquainted with his affairs. Mrs. Hearst is a woman of extraordinary mental grasp, a successful mother,

social leader, promoter of welfare work, student of public affairs and a business woman. She organized a holding corporation of her own and recently purchased a twelve-story office building on West Fifty-seventh Street. She controls *Nash's Magazine* of London, enjoying one of the largest circulations of any monthly in Europe. She has held many appointive offices and, though an enrolled Democrat, has won the support of Republican majorities in Albany for the many welfare measures she has sponsored. Nominations for Congress have been offered her. Tammany Hall is as "strong" for her personally as it is unfriendly to her husband. If she ever takes up politics as a vocation, she would perhaps rival Lady Astor as a vote-getter, for she is extremely prepossessing and a graceful public speaker.

Mrs. Hearst is the mother of five sons—George, born in 1904; William Randolph, Jr., born in 1907; John Randolph, born in 1910; and William Elbert Whitmore and Randolph Apperson, twins born in 1915. George is the only son at present employed steadily in his father's enterprises. He has taken charge, successively, of the tabloid *Mirror*, the New York *American* and the San Francisco *Examiner*. Stout and good-natured, with a forehead like his father's, George manifests keen interest in the papers, particularly their business and circulation departments. He drives daily to the *Examiner* in his racing car, arriving promptly at nine.

The second Hearst son, William Randolph Jr., has a mind for mechanics. He haunts his father's New York

press-rooms. When he was seventeen, he got a union card and worked all summer as a fly boy at 55 Frankfort Street pulling papers from the sextuple Hoe presses. William stripped to undershirt and overalls and sweated manfully for fourteen weeks through the eight-hour workday. William is an unusually tall boy. He has a long nose, large ears; small mouth, not much of a chin. From the first he fraternized with every one in the press-room. Each afternoon his younger brother John came to collect Bill in a limousine; and they'd whirl up to Riverside Drive or to the ball game for the final innings. Both John and Bill are baseball "bugs." Camera enthusiasts also. They have thick collections of autographed snapshots of diamond celebrities. John isn't mechanical-minded like Bill. Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, it has been said, look upon John as their real hope. His particular bent is reading and he shows great interest in editorial plans and policies. Keep your eye on John Randolph Hearst!

Hearst has always managed to spend a great deal of time with his boys. He often puts aside the most pressing matters in order to play with them. When they were tots he frequently took them to St. Nicholas Rink to skate. At one time he was very much interested in this sport. In summer he sometimes slings a leg over a saddle when the boys ask him to go riding in the California hills.

Hearst wants at least one of his sons (this will doubtless be William Randolph, Jr.,) to absorb everything about the mechanical art of printing. In fact, the three eldest boys have received rather thorough training in the processes of

newspaper production. They are all acquainted with the "direct-acting" plant in general use throughout the Hearst system, and for which Hearst is responsible.

"I want to educate the coming generation in the building of a newspaper," said Hearst as far back as 1893 when he constructed a new plant for the San Francisco *Examiner*. Accordingly, all new Hearst plants are "direct acting." Starting with the copy as it comes from the typewriters of the reporters, a student in a modern Hearst plant may consecutively follow each step: composition, make-up, photo-engraving, moulding, casting and press-work. All processes may be seen from balconies on the top floor and in the basement. Where physical conditions permit, this forced sequence has become standard in Hearst properties.

Hearst's grand passion is his love for his newspapers and he believes, above everything else, in making them interesting. "Otherwise," he says, "we'd be like the chap who winked at the girl in the dark. We would know what we were doing but the public would not."

Instructions he has issued to his executives from time to time show the nub of Hearst policies. For instance: "I do not care if you get beaten on some small stories, or miss some second-rate thing or writer or artist. But you must never be beaten on a big thing or the important writers or artists. I would rather you would not make *ten* suggestions a day all along the line to your sub-editors, even though all the suggestions were fairly good, *but instead*, by a more intense concentration of thought and initiative, produce one striking idea a day, making the hit of the day, or curing one fundamental defect in the paper. . . .

"Your search for talent must be incessant and sleepless. Remember that if you can discover one new man or woman of talent to add to your staff you have secured a continuing, permanent advantage or improvement to the paper running 365 days a year and worth much more than a news beat that lasts a day or an advertising contract that lasts a few months. . . .

"You ought to have some fight or crusade for the public welfare always in progress, and you ought to fight hard for it. If you are lukewarm, you will achieve nothing. . . .

"Sometimes a very interesting story is put under a dull headline. Ten times as many people read headlines and boxes as read the news in detail—fifty times as many as will read a long story. A good newspaper cannot be made by clever headlines, but it can be spoiled by poor ones. . . .

"Pictures are of increasing importance. Every single one should tell a story, excite interest, curiosity or the pleasure that beauty always awakens in us. The pictures should be a bull's-eye, a magnet to the eye." . . .

Hearst has always taken vast pride in terming himself just "a newspaper man." He likes to group himself with the humbler members of the craft, even as Napoleon flourished embraces upon his Old Guard veterans.

"Newspaper work is the best line of work that I know of," says Hearst. "If I had my life to live over again, I would be newspaper man, and merely try to be a better one."

If he had his life to live over, one wonders if Hearst would tread the same path. Would his motto again be: "Capture the crowd at any cost!" Or would he elect to em-

ploy his astonishing talent to ennoble, to spiritualize the crowd?

No one can tell.

For but once or twice in a century does an immeasurable phenomenon come before us for survey and appraisal.

THE END

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS OWNED BY WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

NEWSPAPERS:

Albany, N. Y.:	*Albany Times Union*
Atlanta, Ga.:	*Atlanta Georgian-American*
Baltimore, Md.:	*Baltimore American* *Baltimore News*
Boston, Mass.:	*Boston Advertiser* *Boston American*
Chicago, Ill.:	*Chicago American* *Chicago Herald-Examiner*
Detroit, Mich.:	*Detroit Times*
Los Angeles, Cal.:	*Los Angeles Examiner* *Los Angeles Herald*
Milwaukee, Wis.:	*Wisconsin News*
New York, N. Y.:	*New York American* *New York Evening Journal* *New York Daily Mirror*
Oakland, Cal.:	*Oakland Post-Enquirer*
Pittsburgh, Pa.:	*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*
Rochester, N. Y.:	*Rochester Journal & Post-Express* *Rochester Sunday American*
San Antonio, Tex.:	*San Antonio Light*
San Francisco, Cal.:	*San Francisco Call* *San Francisco Examiner*
Seattle, Wash.:	*Seattle Post-Intelligencer*
Syracuse, N. Y.:	*Syracuse Journal Telegram* *Syracuse Sunday American*
Washington, D. C.:	*Washington Herald* *Washington Times*

MAGAZINES:

United States:	*Cosmopolitan* *Good Housekeeping* *Harper's Bazar* *International Studio* *McClure's* *Motor* *Motor Boating* *Smart Set* *Town and Country*
England:	*Good Housekeeping* *Nash's* *Pall Mall*

FILM AND NEWS SERVICES (All headquarters in New York):

Hearst News Service, Inc. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is issued by this service)
International Film Service Company, Inc. (which also issues Cosmopolitan productions)
International News Reel Corporation
International News Service, Inc.
King Features Syndicate
Newspaper Feature Service
Premier Syndicate
Universal Service, Inc.

BOOK PUBLISHING:

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